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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XX

CONCORD, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1896

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF NEWPORT, N. H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

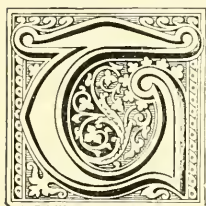
VOL. XX.

JANUARY, 1896.

No. 1.

NEWPORT: A MODEL NEW ENGLAND TOWN.

By H. H. Metcalf.



HERE is no town in New Hampshire, or in all New England, more favored by nature with all the elements tending to induce industry, enterprise, thrift, and prosperity among its people, than the town of Newport, shire of "Little Sullivan." Nor is there anywhere to be found a community which has more fully utilized its opportunities than that which peoples the banks of Sugar river, and the pleasant hill-

sides overlooking the beautiful, winding valley through which the pure waters of Lake Sunapee, and the tributary streams from the mountains of Grantham and Lempster, find their way to the stately Connecticut.

It is not claimed for Newport or its people that every possible advance has been made, every desirable improvement effected, or that it is not excelled in some respect by some other town or towns; but it may be maintained successfully that, on the whole, no country town has more generally improved its natural re-



A West View of Newport Village. Printed and Published by Simon Brown, Newport, 1834.

Drawn and engraved by Henry E. Baldwin. Used by courtesy of E. C. Hitchcock.



Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

sources, secured for its people a higher average degree of material prosperity, and a fuller measure of intelligence, maintained a higher standard of morality—or has, in short, developed a higher type of manhood and womanhood within its borders, and sent out into the land and world a stronger influence for good.

Favored with a wide variety of soil of more than average fertility, it is, and has been from its earliest history, an



Malvina Chapin Rowell.

excellent agricultural town in the general sense, with no marked tendency to specialties. Supplied with abundant and almost unfailing water power, its manufacturing

interests are and have always been an important factor in its prosperity. Settled originally by a sturdy, industrious, intelligent, and God-fearing class of people, whose minds and the character of whose descendants were strengthened and elevated by the mysterious influence of grand and beautiful scenery, its population has always been of the highest order, and its representatives, going out into other states, have been men and women of commanding power, while the influence of the town itself upon the general body politic, has been second to that of no other of equal population.

And yet, civi-



Rev. John Woods.

lization had established her haunts, reared her altars, and opened her schools upon the banks of the Piscataqua, the Cochecho, and the Squamscott, more than a hundred years before the white man's foot had pressed the soil of the Sugar River valley, and a generation of her pioneers

had done their work along the Merrimack before the first band of settlers from the "Land of Steady Habits" pitched their camp in the Newport forests.

About the middle of the last century, as is reputed, a noted hunter and trapper of Killingworth, Conn., named Eastman, made his way up the valley of the Connecticut to the mouth of Sugar river, since thus named from the extensive growth of



Dr. John L. Swett.



F. W. Lewis.

Newport village, where, on the broad meadows to the southward, he found excellent trapping ground, while he became strongly impressed with the richness of the soil and the desirability of the location for agricultural settlers. Returning home loaded with furs at the close of the season, he gave a glowing account of the natural advan-

sugar maples in the region through which it flows. He extended his trip up the valley of this tributary stream till he came to the present location of



Hon. Austin Corbin, Sr.

Capt. Seth Richards.



Amasa Edes.



Dr. Thomas Saaborn.

tages of the region he had penetrated, and inspired his friends and neighbors to move in the matter of secur-



ing a charter for a township there. Subsequently this man, Eastman, the first white man known to have visited this region, made another excursion

to the locality, from which he never returned. A few years later, after the settlement of the town, the discovery of a human skeleton, near a small stream about a mile west of where the village now stands, was regarded as in a measure solving the fate of the unfortunate trapper, who, through

sickness or accident, was supposed to have there perished.

On October 6, 1761, a charter for the township of Newport was granted by King George the Third to sixty-one citi-



Fred Claggett.



The Jenks Homestead.

zens of Killingworth and other towns in New London county, Connecticut, through Benning Wentworth, governor and commander in chief of the province of New Hampshire. These grantees, however, were not the men who became the settlers of Newport, they having generally disposed of their rights to others for a consideration, and it was not until three years after the charter was granted that action was taken in regard to the distribution of shares under the same. December 25, 1764, there was a meeting of the proprietors at Killingworth, and a committee was appointed to proceed to Charlestown (Number Four), the



Old Court House.

nearest settlement, and "attend to the allotment of the shares," which committee, consisting of Stephen Wilcox, Robert Lane, John Crane, and Isaac Kelsey, attended to the duty in July following, in the fall of which year six young men came up from Killingworth, cleared each a few acres of land, got in a crop of rye, and made other preparations for permanent settlement and a season's work the

following year.

Early in June, 1766, a party of



Edward A. Jenks.

eight men, including Stephen Wilcox and his two sons, Jesse and Phineas, Samuel Hurd, Absalom Kelsey, and Ezra Parmelee, came up from Killingworth and established the first permanent settlement. They located to the west and southwest of the present village, along what is the present road to Unity Springs, on the west side of the south bank of the river.

The party arrived within the limits of the township on Saturday night,

camped in the region of Pike hill, being hindered by bad travelling, pushed on to their destination the next morning, and, it being Sunday, engaged in religious worship under a large tree, the same being conducted by Deacon Stephen Wilcox, whose descendants were leading citizens of the town in subsequent generations. It is asserted, without dispute, that from



Residence of A. S. Wait.

In the fall of this year, October 13, 1767, it appears that the first regular meeting of the proprietors within the town was holden at the house of Jesse Wilcox, being called to order by Benjamin Bellows of Walpole, one of "His Majesty's Justices." Stephen Wilcox was chosen moderator; Benjamin Giles, clerk; Samuel Hurd, Charles Avery, and Zephaniah Clark, assessors; and a committee, of which Benjamin Giles was chairman, was also chosen "to lay out a second division of land." The original division, it is understood, had consisted of lots of fifteen acres to each settler, running east and west, across the meadow, while at this meeting it was



Edes Block.

that day to this, no Sunday has passed without religious observance of some kind in the town of Newport.

A number of accessions were made to the party of settlers during the season, and the next year a fresh start was made with the further accessions and the wives of several settlers also added to the number. A "cart road" had been opened to Charlestown, which was the base of supplies for the settlers, running over the Unity hills with more regard for directness than the avoidance of uncomfortable grades, according to the usual old-time way.



West Side of Main Street.



Hon. Ralph Metcalf.

voted to lay out to each proprietor thirty-five acres more, either at the east or west end of the lots already laid out. The meeting adjourned three days to the house of Zephaniah Clark, when it was voted that Zephaniah Clark, Ebenezer Merritt, Benjamin Bragg, Samuel Hurd, and Jesse Wilcox, having families in town, have each eighty acres of land, and also

that any proprietor who with his wife should become an inhabitant of the town, before the first of July following, should also have eighty acres, thus putting a premium upon the virtue of establishing the family relationship.



Hon. Edmund Burke.

Benjamin Giles, the first town clerk, who came in 1767, was a native of Ireland, and a man of great energy and force of character. He was about fifty years of age when he came to Newport from Groton, Conn. He appreciated the settlement's need of milling privileges, and the natural opportunity presented for meeting the same, and he proposed the building of a saw- and corn-mill at the falls in the "East Branch" or main stream of Sugar river, at the east part of the town, where the Granite State mills at Guild



The Edmund Burke Place.

now stand; and at an adjourned meeting of the proprietors, held October 29, of the same year, he was voted a tract of one hundred acres of land around and including the falls in the river at this point, and a tax or rate to the value of four days' labor on each proprietor's right or share was also voted, for his encouragement, toward building the proposed mills. These mills were built and ready for operation in September, 1768. Thus was taken the first practical step toward manufacturing in the town of Newport, it



Residence of Hon. Dexter Richards.

Revolutionary period. He was a delegate in the convention at Exeter, in 1775-'76, called to organize a provisional government after the flight of Gov. John Wentworth, and was one of the committee of twelve, chosen from the delegates to constitute an upper house, or senate, over which Meshech Weare, the first governor of the state, presided. He also



Hon. Dexter Richards.

having been as substantially encouraged by the settlers of the town as has been the establishment of any manufacturing industry anywhere in later years.

Benjamin Giles seems to have been the leading man of the town in the



Hon. Edwin O. Stanard.



Congregational Church.

served in several other sessions of the provincial or state congress, and was a member of the convention at Concord, in June, 1782, to settle a permanent plan of government. He died December 9, 1787, at the age of seventy years.

The first settlers of the town were Congregationalists, and devout worshippers, as has been seen, holding services from Sunday to Sunday in their different homes, as their town, or "proprietors," meetings were also held; but in 1772 it was determined to erect a building which should be used for public, religious, and school purposes, and a tax of fifteen shillings on each proprietor was levied to meet the expense.

The building was to be thirty feet long by twenty feet wide, with one fire-place, and to be ready for

use in July, 1773. The building was square-roofed, covered with rough boards, fastened on with wooden pegs, and located on the plain just south of what is now known as the Claggett place, on the Unity road.

Although religious services were maintained weekly, it was not until October 28, 1779, that a church organization was effected. At that date articles of faith, form of covenant, and rules of discipline were adopted and signed by the following, constituting the first church organized in town: Robert Lane, Daniel Dudley, Daniel

Buell, Aaron Buell, Elias Bascom, Matthew Buell, Josiah Stevens, Benjamin Giles, Esther Buell, Susannah Dudley, Lydia Hurd, Eunice Bascom, Mary Stevens, Esther Lane, Chloe Wilcox, Mary Buell, Jane Buell. Thus it will be seen that the women were in the majority even in the first church in Newport, as is the case there and everywhere at the present day.



Baptist Church.

It was not, however, until January, 1783, that a pastor was regularly settled over this church in the person of Rev. John Remele, who came at a salary of seventy pounds per annum and continued eight years in the pastorate, being dismissed October, 1791.

The church was without a pastor for more than four years, but meanwhile the town had erected a new meeting-house, land for the same having been purchased by vote of the town at a meeting held November 7, 1791, the site being a slight elevation at the four corners, at the foot of Claremont hill so called. Christopher Newton, Jeremiah Jenks,



Old Universalist Church.



Newport House and Methodist Church.

Phineas Chapin, Samuel Hurd, and Aaron Buell were the committee appointed to build the house, which was raised June 16, 1793, and soon after completed. It was at the raising of this building that a son of the Rev. Job Seamans, of New London, who had come over with others to assist in the work, was killed by a fall.

December 13, 1795, Abijah Wines, a young citizen of the town, and the first Newport graduate from Dartmouth College (class of 1794), was called to the pastorate, accepted, was installed, and served faithfully twenty-

one years. Two years later Rev. James R. Wheelock, a grandson of the first president of Dartmouth, was installed and continued four years, during which time, in 1822, the present stately house of worship, known as the "South church," was erected.

In January, 1824, the Rev. John Woods, the most notable of all Newport's clergymen, became pastor and continued till July, 1851. He was a man of dignified presence and austere manners, and his pulpit portrayals of



Catholic Church.



Residence of William Dunton.
Congregational Parsonage.

Residence of G. W. Britton.
Residence of C. W. Rounsevel.

Old Nettleton House and Residence of John McCrillis.
Residences of Col. S. M. Richards and Hon. Levi Barton.

the terrors of the "wrath to come" are remembered by many at the present day with feelings akin to awe. Subsequent pastors of this church have been Revs. Henry Cummings, G. R. W. Scott (during whose pastorate the interior of the church edifice was remodelled, and a vestry built), E. E. P. Abbott, Charles N. Flanders, George F. Kengott, and John Pearson Pillsbury, the latter of whom has just closed a three years' min-

istry, leaving the church with a membership of 295, and a Sunday-school of 275 scholars.

Congregationalism, however, has not alone "held the fort" in Newport, even from the early days. A colony of settlers came up from central Massachusetts in 1770, and located in the northwest portion of the town and the corner of Croydon, who were generally Baptists, and the same year

when the Congregational church was established (1779) they also organized a church at what was long known as "Northville," now North Newport. The origi-

nal members of the church were Seth Wheeler, Elias Metcalf, William Haven, Ezekiel Powers, Mrs. Seth Wheeler, Mrs. Elias Metcalf, Mrs. William Haven, and Mrs. Nathaniel Wheeler. Rev. Bial Ledoyt was the first pastor, serving from 1791 till 1805.



The Reservoir.

The church flourished, and in 1794 a house of worship, forty-four feet square, was built near the cemetery, services having been previously held

church building was erected in the village, at the north end of the common (where, with alterations and improvements, it still remains), and the



Prof. Jesse M. Barton.
Rev. John P. Pillsbury.

Dr. Christopher Sanborn.
Rev. H. D. Deetz.

Dr. Thomas B. Sanborn.
Prof. Herbert J. Barton.

in private houses, in barns, and in the school-house. Several clergymen held brief pastorates between 1805 and 1821, in which latter year a new

Rev. Ira Pearson, from Hartland, Vt., was installed as pastor, who, with a few years interregnum, ministered to the people with great success for



John McCrillis.

E. M. Kempton.

A. L. Hall.

eighteen years. Succeeding pastors have been Revs. Orin Tracy, Joseph Freeman, Wm. M. Guilford, Paul S. Adams, David Jones, Foster Henry, Halsey C. Leavitt, Charles F. Holbrook, Frank T. Latham, and W. F. Grant, with brief incumbencies by others. The present pastor is Rev. Joseph F. Fielden, settled March 1, 1892. The church has 170 members, and the Sunday-school, 157.

The town had grown and pros-

pered as a matter of course, while the churches were flourishing. The inhabitants in 1775 numbered 157, and in 1790 had reached 780. In 1850 the population was 2,020, and in 1890 it was 2,623.

While the first settlers had located on the western margin of the Sugar River valley, others came in and established themselves on the other side of the valley, where the present village is located, and in a few years the center of business was here removed, though even here there was, for a long time, a spirit of rivalry between the north and south ends.

A grist-mill, the first within the present village limits, had been built by Daniel Dudley in 1787, on the east branch of the river; and about 1790, the first framed house was erected by Isaac Redington at the north-east corner of the present Main and Maple streets, which was long after known as the "old red store." Mr. Redington had been in trade on the other side of the river and he continued here, and also had a hotel in connection.

The opening of the "Croydon



Court House and Town Hall.

"Turnpike" in 1804, from Lebanon to Concord, through Croydon and Goshen, which utilized the road down the east side of the valley, gave an impetus to business. In 1811, Gordon Buell erected a hotel, known as the "Rising Sun Tavern," a short distance south of Redington's, the proprietorship of which was soon assumed by Sylvanus Richards, progenitor of the Richards family in Newport, who was succeeded by his son, Capt. Seth Richards.

At the upper end of the village, upon the site of what is now the spacious Richards block, Col. William Cheney, who had come into town from Alstead, and had also been in trade on the west side, erected in 1810 a long, two-story block of stores, the most pretentious business structure in town for many years. He, himself, with his son, William H.



Richards Free Library.

Cheney, who afterward succeeded him, occupied the northerly store in general mercantile business. Colonel



Albert S. Wait.



Hon. L. W. Barton.



George R. Brown.

Cheney was a man of great energy, enterprise, and public spirit. He developed the water power, erected a cotton factory, an oil mill, and saw- and grist-mills, and subsequently pur-

the influence of Colonel Cheney, the town secured for itself the magnificent common at the north part of the village, now unsurpassed in beauty by any village park in the state. On this



George H. Fairbanks.

E. C. Converse.

William Dunton.

William Nourse.

Col. Edmund Wheeler.

Francis Boardman.

Hon. R. P. Claggett.

chased the entire waterpower at Sunapee Harbor, and built mills there also. In 1814-'15 he erected a large hotel on the site where the present Newport House stands. Through

common, for a long series of years, were holden the old-time regimental musters, which so delighted the hearts of the boys of the period, who regaled themselves on new cider and

gingerbread while watching the wonderful evolutions of the militia.

About the time when Colonel Cheney erected his first block, the old Nettleton block was erected on the other side of the street where the new Lewis block now stands. Here Jeremiah Kelsey, Aaron Nettleton, Bela

been owned and managed by Elbridge L. Putney with great success for more than thirty years. Mr. Putney is not only one of the oldest but one of the most popular landlords in New Hampshire.

In 1827 the new county of Sullivan was established, embracing the fifteen northern towns of the old county of Cheshire, and Newport, by vote of the people, was made the shire town, though Claremont contested strongly for the distinction. Already a two-story brick building had been erected by the town, with a town hall below and a court room for the use of the county above, at a cost of \$3,500.



Wheeler's Block.

Nettleton, and others, were successively in trade. In 1816, James Breck, another pushing merchant, came down from Croydon, built a brick store at the lower end, and was for many years in trade. In company with Josiah Forsaith, he built the Eagle hotel, a spacious, three-story structure, now Edes' block, which was a popular public house for a long time, principally under the management of Capt. John Silver. This hotel and the original Newport House, built by Colonel Cheney and subsequently conducted by Col. Joel Nettleton and his sons, were rival establishments and among the best in the state. The present Newport House, built after the original one was destroyed by fire in 1860, has



Lewis Block and The DeWolf.

Oliver Jenks was chairman of the board of selectmen who certified its completion. This Oliver Jenks was one of a notable family in Newport. His father, Jeremiah Jenks, had settled in the town as early as 1776, coming from Smithfield, R. I., and was at one time the largest landholder and heaviest taxpayer in town. In 1780 he built a frame house, still



Rear-Admiral George E. Belknap.

standing as the ell part of the mansion on the old Jenks place, a mile and a half northwest of the village, which yet remains in the family name. Here were born his eight children, including Oliver and Thomas Bowen, the latter of whom became a cotton manufacturer of Cumberland, R. I., and was the father of the distinguished congressman, Thomas A. Jenckes, of that state.

Here, too, were born the sixteen children of Oliver and Levina (Jackson) Jenks, ten of whom, including George E., and Edward A., both subsequently well known in New Hampshire journalism, grew up and passed middle life.

In 1873 a spacious new court house and town hall building was erected on Main street near the old one, and the latter building conveyed to Union district for school purposes, for which it was remodelled and has since been occupied. In June, 1885, this new building was swept away by a disas-

trous fire, which also destroyed the old Nettleton block and several other buildings; but a year later the present elegant structure, one of the best in the state, had taken its place.

The Congregational and Baptist churches could not forever monopolize the religious field in Newport. Methodism got a start as early as 1830, when, through the influence of Peter Wakefield of Northville, a class was formed and meetings held, first in the school-house, and later, in a chapel which Mr. Wakefield built in that locality. Subsequently the movement drooped, but it received new life when dissensions sprang up in the Congregational church in 1850, and that year Rev. Warren F. Evans was located at Newport, as a pastor, by the Methodist conference. The interest increased, and the present church edifice was erected and dedicated December 25, 1851. The society has been a flourishing one, and the church membership is now



Hon. William J. Forsaith.

about two hundred. The present pastor is the Rev. H. D. Deetz.

In February, 1830, a Universalist society was organized, which held meetings in the court house and town hall until 1837, when a brick chapel was erected on Main street, in which public worship was held with more or less regularity until about 1870. In 1873 a Unitarian society was organized and occupied the Universalist chapel for some years, but that, too, weakened and gave up the attempt to maintain services, the marked liberalization of the Congregational church rendering it impracticable if not unnecessary. This chapel was recently sold and will be remodelled for business purposes.

The Roman Catholics constitute a considerable element of the present population, and in 1854 a Catholic mission was here established. In November, 1883, a handsome wooden church edifice, located upon the hill in the north-east part of the village, was completed and dedicated.

In the early part of the present century there was a Free Will Baptist organization of considerable strength in town, with head-quarters at North-

ville, but it gradually died out, and the remnants were absorbed by the Methodist society. In later years the Second Adventists have had quite a following, and have maintained worship a considerable portion of the time.



Col. Seth M. Richards.

Dr. Henry Tubbs.

Frank A. Rawson.

As stated in the outset, Newport is a good agricultural as well as manufacturing town, favored with excellent soil and abundant water power. Its farmers were particularly prosperous in the early days, and their success to-day compares favor-



Dexter Richards & Sons Woollen Mill.

ably with that of their fellow agriculturists throughout the state. A town agricultural society has existed for some years, and an annual fair is usually held. Sullivan Grange No. 8, Patrons of Husbandry, one of the



Granite State Mills.

oldest in the state, is here located.

Since Benjamin Giles set up his corn- and saw-mill on the main branch of Sugar river, at what is now Guild, in 1768, the water power of the town, including the three branches of the river and their tributaries, has been utilized to considerable extent for manufacturing purposes, and a simple reference to each of the various enterprises in different lines, would alone exceed the limits prescribed for this sketch. Many have "risen, flourished, and decayed." Several mills have been burned and some of the sites are now unoccupied, offering excellent opportunities for enterprising capitalists; but there is a goodly amount of man-

ufacturing business now in progress in town, the leading establishments being as follows:

Sugar River Mills, Dexter Richards & Sons, proprietors, employ 100 hands, and manufacture 1,200,000 yards of flannel per annum.

Granite State Mills (at Guild), Sollace & Fairbanks, proprietors, employ 85 hands, and manufacture 375,000 yards of dress goods and repellants annually.

Establishment of the Newport Improvement Co. (capital, \$12,000), building, 260 feet by 45, two stories high; operated as a shoe manufac-



Peerless Manufacturing Co.

tory by Knipe Bros., of Haverhill, Mass., who manufacture 200 cases of gent's slippers per day, employing 175 hands.

Peerless Manufacturing Co., C. M. Emerson, president; A. E. Aldrich, vice-president; F. W. Cutting, sec-



Shoe Factory.



D. J. Mooney.
Wm. F. Richards.
James C. Grandy.
F. W. Cutting.

L. G. Ross.
Frank O. Chellis.
Edwin M. Hunton.
Sam. D. Lewis.

E. N. Johnson.
George H. Woodbury.
T. L. Barker.
John J. Dudley.

C. H. Fairbanks.
George E. Lewis.
Frederick J. Lewis.
Carlton Hurd.

retary; P. A. Johnson, treasurer;
E. N. Johnson, assistant treasurer;
manufacturers of ladies' muslin under-
wear, wrappers, etc., employing

150 to 200 hands. This company
has a capital of \$75,000, and operates
a similar establishment at Barton,
Vt.



Riverside Stock Farm, H. M. Kimball, Manager.

Quite an extensive business in the manufacture of scythes has been carried on at Northville for more than fifty years, being established in 1842 by Sylvanus Larned, and continued by Larned & Sibley, Sibley & Dunton, E. T. Sibley, and E. T. Sibley & Son. Various other smaller establishments in different lines have been, and many still are, operated in town.

Newport enjoys excellent banking facilities. The old Sugar River Bank, chartered by the state, was organized in January, 1853, with a capital of \$50,000. Ralph Metcalf was the first president, and Paul J. Wheeler, cashier. In 1865 the bank was reorganized as a national bank, with a capital of \$100,000. Frederick W. Lewis, who had succeeded to the office on the death of Mr. Wheeler in the fall of 1862, was continued as cashier, holding the position until his death, when he was succeeded by his son, Sam. D. Lewis, the present incumbent. Hon. Dexter Richards has been president since 1875. Newport Savings Bank, incorporated July 1, 1868, is one of the most flourishing in the state. Henry G.

Carleton is president, and George E. Lewis, secretary and treasurer. The Citizens' National Bank, organized in 1885, has a capital of \$50,000. C. M. Emerson is president and P. A. Johnson, cashier. Sugar River Savings Bank, incorporated the past season, has its office in connection with the Citizens' National Bank. Carlton Hurd is president, and P. A. Johnson, treasurer.

The Concord & Claremont Railroad, which had been built as far as Bradford in 1853, and there stopped, was carried through to Claremont in 1871-'72 largely through the enterprise of the business men of Newport. The first train running into the town November 21, 1871, and the first train through to Claremont, September 16, 1872. The completion of this road was hailed with joy by the people, gave new impetus to business, and greatly promoted the prosperity of the town.

The inhabitants of Newport have ever been a patriotic people. Twenty-six names of Newport soldiers are preserved on the Revolutionary rolls, the last two Revolutionary pensioners in New Hampshire, Joel McGregor and Joel Kelsey, having been of that number. Seventeen Newport men are recorded as serving in the War of 1812, and 240 in the



Col. Ira McL. Barton



Samuel H. Edes.

War of the Rebellion, the first of the latter to volunteer having been Ira McL. Barton, who recruited the first company, and was commissioned its captain in the First New Hampshire regiment. Many sons of Newport also enlisted in the Union army in other localities, and all did valiant service in their country's cause.

The town has also made honorable contribution to the civil service of the state and nation. Edmund Burke served with distinction in congress for six years, and was four years commissioner of patents. Ralph Metcalf was twice elected governor, and had previously been secretary of state. Josiah Stevens was also secretary of state for several years. Nathan Mudgett and Dexter Richards were members of the executive council, and Benjamin Giles, Uriah Wilcox, David Allen, Austin Corbin, Sr., Jeremiah D. Nettleton, Levi W. Barton, George H. Fairbanks, and Shepard L. Bowers were state senators.

The legal profession has been well represented in Newport during the greater part of the present century. The first lawyer in town was Caleb Ellis, who was here previous to the year 1800, but subsequently located in Claremont, and was elected to congress while there in practice. Hubbard Newton, Amasa

Edes, David Hale, Josiah Forsaith, Ralph Metcalf, Edmund Burke, Levi W. Barton, Albert S. Wait, Samuel H. Edes, W. H. H. Allen, Shepard L. Bowers, and George R. Brown, each practised many years in town, all with fair success, and some attaining distinction. Messrs. Barton, Wait, and Brown are still in practice, while Samuel H. Edes abandoned the law and engaged in general business many years ago.

Newport physicians have ranked well with their medical brethren, and some have been among the most valued and influential citizens of the town, as well as brightest lights in their profession. The first settled physician was Dr. James Corbin, a native of Dudley, Mass., who located in town about 1790 and continued in practice until his death in 1826. He was a faithful and intelligent practitioner and had also a love for agriculture, purchasing after a time a large farm above the Jenks place, on the road to Northville, to which he removed. A portion of this farm on the other side of the river subsequently became the home of his son, Austin,



A West Side Residence.

and the birthplace of his children, including Austin, Jr., Daniel, and James. Dr. John B. McGregor, a native of the town and a student with Dr. Corbin, was in successful practice in Newport from 1810 until his removal to Rochester, N. Y., in 1838. Dr. John L. Swett, a native of Clare-

pher, were educated to the same profession. The former succeeded his father, and died suddenly, deeply mourned, in 1894. The latter is in practice in California. The present medical practitioners in Newport are Dr. D. M. Currier, W. W. Darling (homœopathy), J. L. Cain, Amanda



Hon. James Corbin.

Hon. Austin Corbin.

Hon. Daniel Corbin.

mont, and a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, located here in July, 1836, practised for more than half a century with great success, and still enjoys a green old age in the town of his adoption. He was president of the N. H. Medical Society in 1874, and has been a member of the National Medical Society since 1864. Another physician, in long practice and of good repute, was Dr. Mason Hatch, who located in Newport in 1838, and remained until his death in 1876 at the age of 86 years. Dr. Thomas Sauborn, in practice here from 1843 until his death in 1875, except during the time of his absence as surgeon of the Sixteenth N. H. regiment during the war, was specially eminent as a surgeon. His two sons, Thomas B. and Christo-

B. Kempton (homœopathy), who have been several years here located, and two recent comers, Drs. A. S. Marden and Henry L. Stickney.

The newspaper history of Newport covers a period of seventy years. Cyrus Barton removed his *New Hampshire Spectator* from Claremont to this town in 1825. Edmund Burke removed the *New Hampshire Argus* from the same town, here, in 1834, and in 1835 the two were united under his management and became a strong and influential paper. In 1840 this paper passed into the hands of Henry G. Carleton and Matthew Harvey, two able, young, practical printers, and continued under their joint management until April, 1879, a partnership record unparalleled in journalism, since which time it has

been under the editorial management of Hubbard A. Barton, with whom George B. Wheeler has been associated in the proprietorship for fifteen years. The latter is a son of Col. Edmund Wheeler, the historian of the town. Mr. Barton, a native of Croydon, is a painstaking and conscientious journalist. The *Sullivan Republican* had an existence here of about two years, from January, 1859, till 1861. It was printed by E. H. Cheney, subsequently of the Lebanon *Free Press*, and edited by the late Hon. W. H. H. Allen. In 1881 the *Republican Champion* was started by Fred W. Cheney, editor and proprietor. In 1888 Mr. Cheney sold the paper to Edwin C. Hitchcock and William H. Wright. Five years later

New England settlers, and their descendants, as they moved out into the wilderness, followed their example. The cause of education has been fostered in Newport from the start, insuring a high order of intelligence among the people. The first public building was erected for school and church purposes, and the earliest appropriations included those for providing instruction for the young.

Early in its history the town was divided into six school districts. In 1837 a rearrangement was made, and nineteen districts organized.

In 1819 an academy was established. A building was erected for its use, and it became for a time a flourishing institution, with able teachers and a large attendance.



Dr. D. M. Currier.

Amanda H. Kempton, M. D.

Dr. Wm. W. Darling.

Mr. Hitchcock purchased Wright's interest, and has since been sole proprietor, making the paper a bright and enterprising sheet.

The church and the school were planted side by side by the early

Subsequently the building was disposed of, and the academy had accommodations in the lower story of the Baptist church edifice after that building was remodelled. Later it occupied the court-room. In 1874,

when the union school district was organized in the village, a high school was established, and the academy abandoned.

Under the present town system all the schools are under control of a committee or board of three persons. The present members are Mrs. Georgia Barnard Chase, P. A. Johnson, and Orren C. Kibbey. Mrs. Chase, a highly educated woman and experienced teacher, who has served several years, is the present chairman of

gaged in mercantile business at the old Cheney stand, and with whom his sons, Dexter and Abiathar, were subsequently associated. Later, engaging in successful manufacturing, Mr. Richards has amassed a fortune, and, greatly to the advantage of the community in which he has lived, has expended a liberal portion thereof in this and other public benefactions.

There are many thousand well selected volumes on the shelves of this library, for whose future maintenance



P. A. Johnson.



Mrs. Georgia B. Chase.



Orren C. Kibbey.

the board. Mr. F. O. Chellis is now the principal of the high school.

That education has been appreciated thoroughly in Newport is evidenced by the fact that more than one hundred sons of the town have received the advantages of college or university training, while many of the daughters have also been liberally educated.

The educational system of the town has been magnificently supplemented by the donation of a beautiful, costly, and finely appointed free library building by one of Newport's loyal sons, Hon. Dexter Richards, eldest son of Capt. Seth Richards, long en-

gaged in mercantile business at the old Cheney stand, and with whom his sons, Dexter and Abiathar, were subsequently associated. Later, engaging in successful manufacturing, Mr. Richards has amassed a fortune, and, greatly to the advantage of the community in which he has lived, has expended a liberal portion thereof in this and other public benefactions. There are many thousand well selected volumes on the shelves of this library, for whose future maintenance

Newport was the birthplace and for many years the home of that great woman pioneer in the field of American literature—Mrs. Sarah J. Hale,

(Sarah Josepha Buell), daughter of Gordon Buell, prominent in the early history of the town. Writing, first for pastime and later as a means of subsistence for herself and children, when, after the death of her husband, David Hale, a brilliant young lawyer, other means proved inadequate, it was here that she gave to the world the first of the long series of literary productions that rendered her name immortal. Subsequently she removed to Boston, and later to Philadelphia, where she was for more than forty

a century. She still lives, a cheerful, noble-spirited woman, with seven children and thirty-six grandchildren, one daughter being the wife of a brother of President Dole.

Another brilliant daughter of Newport is America's greatest female organist, Marion McGregor Christopher, daughter of Dr. John B. McGregor. Born with a soul full of music, she was given by her father the first piano ever brought into the town. Her career as a musician has been a notable one, culminating with



The Corbin Farm

years editor of *Godley's Lady's Book*, the first successful ladies' magazine in the country.

Another wholesome and prolific contributor to the literature of her time, Mary Dwinell Chellis-Lund, lived and died in Newport, and is held in fond remembrance by many of its citizens at the present time.

Here, too, was born Malvina Chapin Rowell, one of twelve children of Daniel Chapin, a pioneer of the town. She was one of the first alumnae of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, graduating in 1842; married Rev. George Rowell the same year, and sailed with him around Cape Horn for the Sandwich Islands where she did royal work as a missionary for nearly half

twenty-five years' service as organist at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York city.

The list of notable men whom Newport has produced and sent abroad contains many distinguished names. No name is better known to the American people to-day than that of Austin Corbin, the great New York banker, railroad operator, and man of affairs, whose recreations, even, assume magnificent proportions, as evidenced by his establishment of the greatest private park in the country, in the vicinity of his childhood home, where he also maintains a country seat of baronial magnitude. His brothers, Daniel and James,—the former extensively engaged in rail-



H. G. Carleton.

roading at Spokane, Wash., and the latter a heavy real estate operator in Silver City, New Mexico, of which he has been mayor,—are also men of great ability and

achievement. The late Col. Mason W. Tappan, of Bradford, and the late Hon. Samuel M. Wheeler, of Dover, two of the ablest lawyers at the New Hampshire bar, were both natives of Newport, as are Hon. Wm. J. For-saith, judge of the municipal court of Boston, Frank H. Carleton, of Minneapolis, and many other lawyers of distinction and success in different parts of the country.



Matthew Harvey.

Hon. Edwin O. Stanard of St. Louis, an extensive flour manufacturer and banker, formerly lieutenant-governor of Missouri, representative in congress and president of the chamber of commerce, first saw the light near the base of old Coit mountain in this town; and Frederick W. Dunton, the Long Island bicycle railroad projector and operator, a nephew of the Corbins, and a man of remarkable push and ambition, is also a Newport boy. Rev. Carlos Wilcox, an eminent clergyman and poet, some of whose verses are among the choicest gems in our literature, spent his early years here, and here was reared the Rev. Kendrick Metcalf, D. D., long

professor of Latin and Greek at Hobart College and for a time president of that institution. Another Newport born college professor of the present day is Herbert J. Barton, professor of Latin and Greek in Illinois University; nor should we fail to mention Miss Etta L. Miller, professor of English literature in Smith College.

But Newport's most eminent native and one of her most loyal sons, in whose record every citizen of the town, as of the state, takes pride, is that most distinguished living representative of the American navy, Rear-Admiral George E. Belknap. Appointed a midshipman in the navy, at the instance of Hon. Edmund Burke in 1847, at the age of fifteen years, the record of his rank and service is briefly summarized as follows: Commissioned lieutenant, 1855;



H. A. Barton.

lieutenant-commander, 1862; commander, 1866; post-captain, 1875; commodore, 1885; rear-admiral, 1889; retired for age, 1894. Participated in capture of Barrier forts, Canton river, 1856. Assisted in Fort Picken's, April, 1861. Executive officer *New Ironsides* in her fighting service at Charleston. Commanded monitor *Canonicus* at the battles and capture of Fort Fisher;



Edwin C. Hitchcock.

same vessel at fall of Charleston—received and fired the last hostile shots there. Commanded flagship *Hartford*, Asiatic station, 1867-'68. Led attack against Indians on Formosa, 1867. Ran two lines of deep-sea soundings across the north Pacific, in command of *Tuscarora*, 1873-'74, inventing some of the apparatus for the work. Landed forces from *Tuscarora* and *Portsmouth* at Honolulu, and quelled the riot there, February, 1874. Commandant navy yard, Pensacola, 1876-'81. Commanded corvette *Alaska*, Pacific station, 1881-'83. Navy yard, Norfolk, and superintendent naval observatory, Washington, 1883-'86. Commandant navy yard, Mare Island, Cal., 1886-'89. Commander-in-chief Asiatic squadron, 1889-'92. President board of inspection, 1892-'94. Retired for age, 1894. Total service afloat, in twenty ships, twenty-four years and six months; shore duty, eighteen years; unemployed, four years and nine months. In 1895 the honorary degree of L.L. D. was conferred upon Admiral Belknap by Dartmouth College.



Abiathar Richards.

The fraternal, social, and benevolent organizations are well represented in Newport, the Masonic order having been especially prominent for many years. Corinth-

ian Lodge No. 28, F. and A. M., was formed and opened here, in "Richards' hall," June 21, 1816, under a dispensation from the grand master to Arnold Ellis, Hubbard Newton, and others.



Frank H. Carleton.

the first candidate, was proposed for admission. The lodge grew and prospered until the time of the Morgan excitement, but surrendered its charter in 1833, the last master being B. B. French. In 1848 Mount Vernon Lodge No. 15, which had been established in the town of Washington in 1802, removed its location to Newport, its first communication here having been held July 10 of the first named year. This Lodge has had a flourishing career since its removal to Newport, its membership embracing many of the most prominent citizens. Its present officers are George Dodge, W. M.; T. L. Barker, S. W.; F. O. Chellis, J. W.; A. L. Paul, S. D.; E. A. Paul, J. D.; F. A. Rawson, treasurer; W. H. Nourse, secretary; A. V. Hitchcock, chaplain; F. J. Latimer, marshal; C. H. Dunbar, George E. Lewis, stewards; C. H. Little, tyler.



F. W. Dunton.

The first regular communication of the lodge was held July 2, following, when officers were duly elected and installed, with Arnold Ellis as worshipful master, and Nathaniel Wheeler, Jr.,



E. L. Putney.



Residence of S. D. Lewis.

Chapter of the Tabernacle No. 19, Royal Arch Masons, was instituted here July 15, 1872, the first convocation being held at the office of Albert S. Wait, who was the first presiding officer or most excellent high priest, and has been succeeded by George C. Edes, D. George Chadwick, A. D. Howard, Daniel P. Quimby, Abiathar Richards, Frank A. Rawson, Frank J. Latimer, David M. Currier, Charles M. Greenough, and Hubbard A. Barton, the latter being the present incumbent.

Odd Fellowship established its first tangible abode in this town May 25, 1874, when Sugar River Lodge No. 55 was instituted with five charter members, and 16 candidates were instructed in the work, Ahira Barney, noble grand. The organization has now 126 members and \$8,000 in invested funds. John W. Johnson is the present noble grand.

Stony Brook Encamp-

ment No. 27, I. O. O. F., instituted March 30, 1880, with 12 charter members, 12 candidates accepted and instructed, and Frank A. Rawson, chief patriarch, has now about fifty members, Charles H. Fairbanks being chief patriarch.

Hopeful Rebekah Lodge No. 31, I. O. O. F., instituted February 23, 1887, with 84 members, has now 135, with May E. Angell, noble grand. This lodge is especially active and has

done much for the advancement of Odd Fellowship in the town.

Newport Lodge No. 43, Knights of Pythias, was instituted May 24, 1892, with 41 charter members, H. H. Flanders, C. C. It has now about eighty members, E. N. Johnson, C. C.

Deer Park Colony No. 146, United Order of Pilgrim Fathers, organized December 8, 1892, with 35 charter members, Harvey F. Deming, governor, has now 55 members, Edmund B. Cutting, governor.



Residence of the late Dr. Sanborn.



Miss M. Kidder. Etta L. Miller. Mattie M. Chellis.
Mrs. N. S. Tandy. Mrs. Ellen E. Kimball. Mrs. T. L. Barker. Anne Parmelee.

Newport Commandery, United Order of the Golden Cross, instituted December 29, 1893, with 20 charter members, Dr. D. M. Currier, N. C., has already reached a membership of about seventy-five, and is in a very flourishing condition, with Mary A. Chase, N. C., and L. R. Bascom, V. N. C.

Fred Smyth Post No. 10, Department of New Hampshire, G. A. R., was instituted April 2, 1868, with 20 charter members. John B. Cooper was the first commander. His successors have been R. M. J. Hastings, Charles H. Little, William H. Perry, Ransom Huntoon, Charles A. Puffer, E. M. Kempton, William W. Hall, Albert L. Hall, Simon A. Tenney, A. V. Hitchcock, B. R. Allen,

James C. Grandy, Frank J. Latimer, Martin L. Whittier, Clarence F. Pike, Charles E. Stubbs, Nathan S. Tandy, and Frank Carpenter, the latter being the present commander. The membership of the post is now 76.

Fred Smyth Relief Corps No. 7 was organized May 12, 1882, with 23 charter members, and Mrs. Mary A. Cooper, president. Mrs. Ida M. Barker is now president, and the corps is in a flourishing condition.

The Newport Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized in May, 1886, with 23 members, and has labored earnestly to promote the cause of temperance in the town. Its president is Miss M. Kidder; corresponding secretary, Mrs. M. M. Mc-

Cann; recording secretary, Mrs. L. W. Barton. Miss Kidder is among the most prominent workers in the organization in the state, and is the present state superintendent of jail and reformatory work.

The Penawan club is a social organization of gentlemen, with upwards of 40 members, having pleasant and finely appointed rooms in the new De Wolfe building. John McCrillis is president; Col. S. M. Richards, vice-president; Sam D. Lewis, treasurer; and F. Wallace Reed, secretary. Social entertainments are held several times during the season to which the ladies are invited.

The "new woman" has found her way to Newport, and in the spring of 1894 the Ladies' Bowling club was organized. This club, which has 15 members, the president being the only officer, meets weekly, on Thursday afternoon, at the "Country Club" house, located on spacious grounds at the north end, and owned by a syndicate of gentlemen, who grant them free use of the same, aside from the price of the ticket for each string bowled, which pays for the

services of the boys in attendance who set up the pins. The names of the members are Mrs. A. C. Bradley, Mrs. S. M. Richards, Mrs. S. D. Lewis, Miss Georgia C. Wilcox, Mrs. H. A. Barton, Miss Anne Parmelee,



"Country Club."

Mrs. A. L. Hall, Mrs. John McCrillis, Miss Ella Robinson, Mrs. A. S. Chase, Miss Kathreen Sanborn, Mrs. F. E. Lovell, Miss M. E. Partridge, Mrs. G. H. Woodbury, Mrs. A. S. Wait. The first president was Mrs. A. C. Bradley, who was succeeded by Mrs. S. M. Richards, and she in turn by Mrs. S. D. Lewis, the present incumbent.

A more orderly, law-abiding, intelligent, and prosperous community than that constituted by the people of Newport is rarely, if ever, found.

A more beautiful or pleasantly located village cannot be seen in New Hampshire. The village streets are well kept, and the highways throughout the town in superior condition.

A first-class system of water works has been established, the source of supply being Gilman pond in Unity, whose water is remarkably pure and clear. With extensive and powerful hydrant service, supplemented by a steam fire



Residence of John Gunnison.

engine, the protection against loss from fire is of the most ample character, while it is generally conceded that the village is one of the best lighted in New England. The Newport Electric Light Company, S. M. Richards, president, W. F. Richards, treasurer, and Myron W. Tenney, superintendent, established in 1892, has a plant with a capacity of forty-five arc and two thousand incandescent lights, and the perpetrators of "deeds of darkness" necessarily seek other localities in which to ply their vocation.

With its beautiful meadows, green hillsides, delightful forests, and pleasant drives—six miles to Lake Sunapee, an equal distance to Corbin's park, in whose midst sits grand old Croydon mountain, the highest elevation in Sullivan county, four miles to Unity springs, and ten, by easy ride, to the beautiful sister village of Claremont,—no place presents greater attractions than Newport to the summer visitor, as none offers stronger inducements for the busy capitalist or the man of leisure, seeking profitable investment for his money or a



Ladies' Bowling Club.

delightful, permanent abiding place for himself and family.

Newport is, indeed, and has long been, a model New England town. Her record is a proud one in the history of the state and nation. Her sons have been loyal, industrious, progressive, patriotic; her daughters, pure, refined, intelligent—devoted wives, noble mothers, true women. Her contributions to every field of noble endeavor and grand achievement, to every phase of worthy character, have been notable and abundant. That her future may fulfil the prophecy of the past and the promise of the present, may well be the fondest hope of all her children, at home or abroad.

[The writer, in the preparation of this article, has made free use of Wheeler's "History of Newport" and of the Newport article in the "History of Cheshire and Sullivan Counties." He would also acknowledge his obligation for material assistance to Editors Barton, of the *Argus and Spectator*, and Hitchcock, of the *Republican Champion*, Col. S. M. Richards, Col. Edmund Wheeler, George R. Brown, A. L. Hall, L. G. Ross, and other citizens of the town. He only regrets that the publishers' space limit, which has been extended far beyond the average for articles of this description, precludes, not simply indulgence in rhetorical embellishment and anecdotal illustration, but the use of a vast amount of interesting facts, historical, biographical, and descriptive, left in his possession; while the most that he can hope is that what he has been able to present, in matter and manner, may not be without interest to natives and residents of the dear old town, wherein was his birthplace, however it may be regarded by the general reader.]

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SAMBORNES,

WITH A NOTICE OF REV. STEPHEN BACHILER.

[CONCLUDED.]

By Victor Channing Sanborn.



IN the Probate Registry at Wells are filed the wills of John Samborne (dated February 26, 1571) and Dorothy, his widow (dated April 20, 1572), which are as follows:

Will of John Samborne of Tymsborow, Esq.

Body to be buried in my parish church chancel at Tymsborow. To Dorothy, my wife, the use of five rooms in my manor-house, with wheat, barley, etc., and the keep of seven kine. To John Samborne, my son, and heir, a chayne of gold, value £20, which I will to remain to my Godson, Barnabas, and so to remain to the heirs of the name and family. To son John also my gelding, etc. To son Francis one cow. To daughter Gatonby one cow. To daughter Horsington one cow and one young beast. To Swithin Samborne, my son, 10 pounds a year to be paid out of Balwoodestine until said Swithin shall have the benefice of the parsonage of Timsbury, also to have one cow. To daughter Baber one cow to remain to John Baber my godson. To daughter Martha 120 pounds and one cow. To servant, Wm. Porter, 4 sheep. To my cousin, James Samborne, a yearling beast. To Joan Hall, my servant, an ewe sheep and a lamb. To Joan Sideham, my servant, one sheep. To John, the son of my brother Nicholas Samborne, the reversion of a cottage in Tymsborow, provided he shall use himself honestly towards my wife and heirs.

Wife Dorothy and son in law Anthony Gatonby, Executors; Son John to be overseer.

Will (nuncupative) of Dorothy Samborne, Widow.

Body to be buried in Tymsborow church, as nigh as possible to the body of John Samborne, Esq., her late husband. To Son Gatonby one cow, and to his wife another, and to her daughter Priscilla one cow. To daughter Martha Samborne one cow. To Mr. James Samborne one cow. To Mr. Francis Samborne's child Dorothy, one cow. To Mr. Horsington's wife one cow. Residue to Son in Law, Anthony Gatonby, sole Ex'r. Witnesses, Anne Gatonby (als. Samborne) and Robt. Panes of Beiston.

In Volume 1 of the English "Genealogist" is a pedigree of Samborne, reprinted with additions from the "Visitation of London in 1687." In this pedigree are given the dates of the births of the children of this John Samborne (said to be "taken from an old book in the possession of Wm. Samborne, who hath subscribed this descent") as follows:

11. i. JOHN, b. May 31, 1528.
 - ii. NICHOLAS, b. June 1, 1529, probably died young.
 12. iii. ANNE, b. Oct. 25, 1533, m. Rev. Anthony Gatonby.
 - iv. JANE, b. Oct. 15, 1540, m. Mr. Horsington.
 13. v. FRANCIS, b. March, 1543.
 14. vi. RICHARD, b. May 8, 1544.
 15. vii. SWITHIN, youngest son.
- And the will above given also shows:
16. viii. MARTHA.
 - ix. ——— m. Mr. Baber.



St. Andrew's Church, Sonning, Berks. The Burial-place of Henry and Thomas Samborne.

8. NICHOLAS⁵ (5) SAMBORNE; in 1506 inherited from his father land in Rodbourne Cheney, Wilts. We have no further record of him except that his brother John in his will dated 1577 speaks of "John Samborne, son of my brother Nicholas." John speaks also of his "Cousin James Samborne." Cousin in those days denoted nephew,—so I assume James also to have been a son of Nicholas. James (19) in his will mentions "brother Edward." So we have the following children of Nicholas:

17. i. JOHN.
18. ii. JAMES.
19. iii. EDWARD.

9. THOMAS⁶ (6) SAMBORNE, ESQRE., of Sonning, in Berks. and Oxon. A rich squire and land owner: like his father was a lessee of the Bishop's lands. Had several disputes with his under-tenants (*Memorials of Sonning*). Registered his pedigree in the Herald's Visitation of Berks. 1566. That Visitation states that he married four times. From his will we know of a fifth wife.

The will of Thomas Samborne, filed 12 Watson P. C. C., dated April 21, 1584, is as follows:

Body to be buried in Church of St.

Andrew at Sonning, as near as possible to the body of my father Henry Samborne. To Clemence, my wife, 100 marks &c. To Mary Chandeler, dau. of my brother Edmund, 33 s. 8 d. To Elizabeth & Margaret Stampe, wife's daughters, gold rings. To Thomas Garnett, eldest son of my daughter Frances £6, 13 s. 4 d., to be used towards his education. To Richard Garnett, second son of dau. Frances, one bullock. Residue to Lawrence & Richard Samborne, my sons, and Katherine Samborne my daughter, joint exrs. Richard Garnett, gent., my son-in-law, and Henry Samborne my son, Supervisors.

Will of Clemence Samborne, widow, of Wallingford, Berks., filed in Berks. wills at Somerset House, and dated June 5, 1618, is as follows:

To Richard Samborne my daughter's sonne, 20 s. &c. To John Samborne his brother 50 s. To Anne Samborne, their sister, 20 s. To Elizabeth Samborne, their sister £10. &c. To son Thomas Stampe, goods &c. To his eldest son John Stampe. To his daughter Frances Stampe my first wedding-ring. To all his other children. Residue to Richard & John Samborne aforesaid, joint exrs. Overseers, my son-in-law Henry Samborne & his son Sir Henry Samborne, Kt.

Thomas Samborne married, *first*, Margaret Vennour, and had

20. i. HENRY, born about 1540.
- ii. GRACE, m. Henry Peckham of Surrey.
- iii. FRANCES, m. Rich. Garnett, and had (I) Thomas, (II) Richard.
- iv. JEAN, died young.

Second, he married Jane, daughter of Lawrence Stoughton of Stoughton Hall, Surrey, and had

- v. LAWRENCE, m. Mary, widow of Richard Sands, and had (I) Margaret, (II) Jane, d. about 1617.

Third, he married Joan, widow of Hugh Beke of Reading, and daughter of Henry Polstede of Albury in Surrey, and had

- vi. THOMAS, died young.
21. vii. RICHARD.
- viii. KATHERINE.
- ix. WALTER, died young.

Fourth, he married Blanche Burdett, and had no issue.

Fifth (not given in Visitation), he married Clemence, widow of Richard Stampe of Cholsey, and daughter of Roger Harbord of Sufton, Co. Hereford. No issue.

10. EDMUND⁶ (6) SAMBORNE, of the parish of St. Giles's, Reading. Married Margaret ———. Their wills are filed in Berks. wills at Somerset House and mention child,—

MARY, m. John Chandler, and had (I) Clemence, (II) John.

11. JOHN⁶ (7) SAMBORNE, ESQRE., of Timsbury, Somt. Born May 31, 1528. Married Bridget Willoughby, of the Willoughbys of Turner's Puddle, Dorset., a younger branch of the Lords Willoughby d'Eresby. She died Feb. 14, 1574. Apparently he married again, Dorothy ———.

Will of John Samborne, Esq., of Timsbury, filed 40 Carew P. C. C., and dated April 11, 1575, is as follows:

The chain of gold, disposed of by my father John Samborne's will, shall succeed

to our heirs. To my four younger sons, Israel, Toby, Samuel, & Peter, during their lives, out of the rents of Bury Blunsden, £40 by the year. To my daughters Mary, Margery & Elizabeth, £500. to be raised out of the rents of my manors of Maiden Newton & Up Sydling. To Mary my daughter, her mother's wedding-ring. To my brother Richard Samborne the reversion of a tenement in Maiden Newton. To my brother Swithin Samborne, the presentation to the next avoidance after Richard Shepforde, parson of Tymesborow. My said brothers to have the use and charge of the said legacies during my children's non-age. Son Barnabas, Exr: Edw. Baber, Esqre, and John Slocum, Clerk, B. D., Overseers.

Dec. 11, 1576, a commission issued to Richard and Swithin Samborne, Chas. Smith, Esq., and Anthony Gattonby, clerk, to administer the goods of the late John Samborne during the minority of Barnaby Samborne, Executor *Dorothy Samborne*, relict of the deceased, renouncing.

Children of John Samborne, born at Timsbury :

22. i. BARNABY, b. 1561.
- ii. ISRAEL, bapt. Aug. 9, 1562.
- iii. TOBY, bapt. Dec. 9, 1563.
- iv. SUSAN, bapt. May 6, 1565, died young.
- v. SAMUEL, bapt. Nov. 3, 1566, d. unm. at Bath, 1614.
- vi. MARY, bapt. Sept. 29, 1567.
23. vii. PETER, bapt. Sept. 29, 1569.
- viii. MARGARET, bapt. Sept. 9, 1571.
- ix. ELIZABETH.

12. ANNE⁶ (7) SAMBORNE, born Oct. 25, 1533. Married Anthony Gattonby, Rector of Goodworth Clatford, Hants.

The parish registers of Goodworth Clatford, which Rev. Mr. Iremonger, the present rector, kindly showed me, date back to 1528. In them I found the death of Rev. Anthony Gattonby recorded. Goodworth Clatford, it will be remembered, is the next parish to Wherwell, where Stephen Bachiler was rector at this same time.

13. FRANCIS⁶ (7) SAMBORNE, ESQ., born in March, 1543, buried at Maiden New-

ton, Dorset, July 5th, 1590. His father leased to him in 1568 for 100 years the manor of Maiden Newton. Francis Samborne m. Margaret ———, and lived at Maiden Newton. Children:

- i. DOROTHY, bapt. at Timsbury, Aug. 26, 1571.
24. ii. RICHARD, bapt. at Maiden Newton, Jan. 9, 1575.
25. iii. FRANCIS.
26. iv. JOHN.
- v. PRISCILLA, m. Augustin Mervyn of East Knoyle, Wilts.
- vi. MAGDALEN, m. May 21, 1610, Nicholas Polden (V. No. 27).

14. RICHARD⁶ (7) SAMBORNE, ESQ., born May 8, 1544, lived at Wellsleigh in Parish of Wells, Somt. Married Anne, daughter of George Milborne (a sister of Rev. Swithin Samborne's wife), and was buried at S. Cuthbert's Church, Wells, May 25, 1609. His will dated April 29th, 1609, filed at Wells, leaves all to wife, she to be sole executor. Wm. Hall of Hornblotten to be Overseer. Witnesses, John Samborne, Grace Samborne, and Robt. Lambert. Children:

- i. DOROTHY, bapt. at Timsbury, April 27, 1578.
- ii. RICHARD, bapt. at Timsbury, Sept. 21, 1579.
- iii. GRACE, bapt. at Timsbury, March 26, 1581.
- iv. ALEXANDER, bapt. at Timsbury, July 22, 1582; buried at St. Cuthbert's, Wells, July 23, 1614.

15. REV. SWITHIN⁶ (7) SAMBORNE, B. A. of Magdalen College, Oxford, 1570; M. A., 1573. Married Martha, daughter of George Milborne, whose pedigree is recorded in "Somt. Visitation of 1623." Swithin Samborne was presented to the living of Timsbury in 1579; his will dated Aug. 8th, 1623, describing him as clerk of *Emborow*, Somt., is filed at Wells as follows:

To be buried in Chancel of Emborow Church. To poor of Tysmborow, To Son Cornelius, a great chest &c. To sons Ivell, Joseph, Obediah, Isaac and Ezra. Wife Martha. Daughter Jenny Evans, her children Rebecca, John and Cornelius. Daughter Phebe Villis, her children Sarah and Phebe. Nathaniel and Martha children of John Evans. Brother in law, Thomas Milborne.

Children of Rev. Swithin Samborne:

- i. APOLLOS, bapt. at Timsbury, March 7, 1586; buried May 7, 1586.
- ii. SHUBA, bapt. at Timsbury, Dec. 25, 1589.
- iii. CORNELIUS, bapt. at Timsbury, Nov. 21, 1591; apparently moved to Dorset, and died in 1652.
- iv. JOHN, bapt. at Timsbury, Sept. 16, 1593; buried June 1, 1595.
27. v. EZRA, bapt. at Timsbury, Jan. 1, 1599.
28. vi. JOSEPH
29. vii. OBEDIAH.
- viii. ISAAC.
- ix. JANE, m. John Evans, and had issue—Rebecca, John, Cornelius.
- x. PHEBE, m. ——— Villis, and had issue—Sarah and Phebe.



Church at Goodworth Clatford, Hants. Where Rev. Anthony Gattenby, Husband of Anne Samborne, was Rector.

16. MARTHA⁶ (7) SAMBORNE. Lived in Andover, Hants. In her will dated April 1st, 1572 (filed 11 Peter P. C. C.), she desires to be buried in church earth of Andover, and leaves a cow to Susan Horsington, her god-daughter. Residue to Anne Gatonby, sole executor. Thomas Child of Andover, Overseer. Witnesses. Mrs. Margaret Bridge, widow, Thomas Pattenden and Richard North of Andover.
17. JOHN⁶ (8) SAMBORNE, mentioned in his Uncle John's will, and given a cottage at Timsbury. In the Timsbury Register is this entry.—“John Samborne, son of John Samborne, bapt. Octo. 14th, 1574.” At Basingstoke Hants we find in 1641 a John Samborne chosen Sergeant of the Mace.
18. REV. JAMES⁶ (8) SAMBORNE. We surmise that he was a son of Nicholas because he is called “Cousin” by his uncle, John, a term then used to denote *nephew*. James was a clergyman of Hampshire, probably not beneficed,—at least no record of his presentation to a living is to be found. From Weyhill Register we know he lived there (just outside of Andover, and very near Wherwell and Clatford), in 1572.
- Rev. James Samborne's will, dated May 18, 1603, is filed at Winchester, and is the *only* Samborne will filed there. It is as follows:
- Will of James Samborne of Andover in Co. of Southt. Clarke. Body to be buried in chancel of Andover parish church. All my books to son James Samborne. All my wearing apparel to brother Edward Samborne, except my best Gowne. Residue to wife Eleanor and daughter Abigail, joint Ex'rs. *Overseers*: Anthony Gatonby of Clatford, and Rowland Hopgood of Andover. *Witnesses*: Edward Samborne and John Tanner.
- His inventory taken Aug. 25, 1603, by Anthony Gatonby, Richard Venables, Rowland Hopgood, and Wm. Barton of Andover, is very interesting (amount, £91 8s.), describing all the goods in detail, covering eight pages, and mentioning among other things—all the books (£5), a writing-desk (4d.), wearing apparel (£5 19s.).
- From this will it will be seen that the only surviving children of Rev. James Samborne were Abigail and James. These are the only ones of whom we have any record.
- i. ABIGAIL, bapt. at Weyhill, Hants, Apr. 13, 1572.
30. ii. JAMES, b. 1576 (Oxford Register.)
19. EDWARD⁶ (8) SAMBORNE. We only know of him through his brother James's will. He may have been the father of the Samborne who married Anne Bachiler.
20. HENRY⁷ (9) SAMBOURNE, ESQ.; lived at Sonning, Berks., and later became lord of the Manor of Moulsoford, Berks., a pretty village on the Thames. The old manor house is still standing. In Moulsoford church and Streatley church are tablets commemorating the Sambourne charities. Several items about Henry Sambourne occur in the Close Rolls. He married Anne, daughter of Wm. Barker of Sonning. The Barkers were for three hundred years the principal family in Sonning, and the owners of Holme Park, a fine estate there. Henry Sambourne died intestate. In the Archdeaconry of Berks, dated November 17th, 1631, is filed a commission authorizing Henry Sambourne, son of Henry Sambourne, Esq., formerly of Moulsoford, to make inventory of goods. Children:
31. i. HENRY.
ii. KATHARINE, m. Thos. Tipping of Woolley, Berks.
iii. MARY, m. Wm. Howe of So. Okenden, Essex.
iv. ANNE, m. Thos. Holmes of Berks.
21. RICHARD⁷ (9) SAMBORNE. Said in the Herald's Visitation to have lived at “Stokes Farm near Wokingham,” but this I think is a mistake for Stoke Farm, near Wallingford. North and South Stoke lie together in Oxfordshire near Wallingford and just across the Thames from Moulsoford. Married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Stampe of Cholsey, Berks., and Clemence, daughter of Roger Harbord of Sufton, Co. Hereford. Clemence afterwards married Thomas Samborne of Sonning,



Upper Clatford (Hants) Church, Where James and Thomas Samborne were Rectors 1610-1662.

Berks., father of Richard above, as his fifth wife. The Berks. Visitation of 1566 traces the Stampe pedigree for five generations. Children:

- 32. i. RICHARD, b. 1589.
- 33. ii. JOHN.
- iii. ANNE, bapt. at Reading in 1597.
- iv. ELIZABETH.

- 22. SIR BARNABY⁷ (11) SAMBORNE, Knight, of Timsbury, Somt. Born in 1561. Matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1577.

Sir Barnaby was the most prominent of the Timsbury Sambornes. He has a fine stone monument in Timsbury church, representing him in full armor, with his hands clasped together. His epitaph (which was bungled by the historian Collinson) is worth inserting in full. It is carved in a diamond-shaped piece of marble.

Here lieth the body of sir Barnaby Samborne, Knight, who lived all his days faithful to his Prince, and in loving affection to his country; being a zelous professor of the Trew Religion, and continued Constantly in the same: of whose worth & Vertew, much might be spoken But he resting from his labours His good works follow

him: who, when he had lived his years in hapie & peaceful manner, departed this life A. D. 1610. His body being here interred: His soul waiteth for the Resurrection to Glory.

Into Thy hands I commend my spirit for Thou has redeemed me O Thou Lord of Truth.

Sir Barnaby's nuncupative will, dated April 7, 1610, and filed 41 Wingfield P. C. C., leaves to his four *younger* sons—Thomas, William, Richard, and John—400 marks apiece, to be raised out of his farm called Peglinche and Woodberowe. Residue to Dame Margaret Samborne, his wife.

Lady Margaret Samborne's will, dated April 8th, 1626, and filed 62 Skyunner P. C. C., is as follows:

To son Thomas my wedding ring, the cup that was Sir Thomas Throgmorton's (my dear and loving father) &c. Son Thomas to be Executor. Son William 200 pounds, and inheritance in certain portions of Timsborow manor, *which has been in me to dispose of since the death of my husband*, Sir Barnaby Samborne. To son Richard Samborne 300 pounds, to be paid to my brother Sir Wm. Throgmorton, my kinsman Thos. Baynard, Esq., my friend Edw. Orange,

gent, to be bestowed in an annuity or living for the said Richard. Son John Samborne £200 to be paid to him in six months after he arrives at age of 21. In the mean time his brother Thomas to send him to a good school and to Oxford. To my said trustees the next advowson of the Church of Timsbury, to present the same to my son John if he enter the ministry. To my sister the Lady Dale, the ring which my Lord Conwaie's sister sent me.

Sir Barnaby Samborne married twice. His first wife was Cicely, daughter of Wm. Bassett, Esq., of Uley, Co. Glouc., by whom he had

- i. JOHN, b. 1588; probably died young.
34. ii. BARNABY, b. 1590.

His second wife was Margaret Throgmorton, daughter of Sir Thomas Throgmorton of Tortworth, Glouc., and aunt of one of the early governors of Virginia. By her he had

35. iii. THOMAS, b. 1601.
36. iv. WILLIAM, bapt. at Timsbury May 20, 1604.
37. v. RICHARD, bapt. at Timsbury Sept. 30, 1605.
- vi. BRIDGET, bapt. at Timsbury, May 21, 1607, and buried Aug. 7, 1607.
- vii. JOHN, bapt. at Timsbury Feb. 9, 1608; buried Dec. 4, 1641.
23. PETER (11) SAMBORNE. Born 1569, a goldsmith in London. An indenture dated Nov. 1, 1594, covers a gift from Barnaby Samborne of Timsbury, son of John, to Peter Samborne of

London, goldsmith, of £20 a year, to be raised out of the rents of Upper Sydling, Dorset, to be paid at the now dwelling house (called the White Grayhound) of Peter and Anne his wife, at the east end of London Bridge.

A copy of the Somerset Visitation of 1623 (with additions) at the British Museum (Har. Mss.) gives the children of Peter Samborne and his wives' names. In addition the will of his first father-in-law, Robert Hasall of London, farrier, proved April 8, 1606, filed P. C. C. Stafford 25, leaves "Peter Samborne, husband of my daughter Anne, the lease of my dwelling house on London Bridge, which cost me 230 pounds. I gave him 50 pounds at marriage. To his eldest son Markley and his other children."

The will of Peter Samborne himself, dated July 26, 1611, and filed 72 Wood, P. C. C. is as follows:

Body to be buried in Church of St. Olave's, Southwark near the corpse of my late wife Anne. My five children, Markley, Elizabeth, Ellen, Ann and Benjamin. Brother Samuel. Cousin John Hayman. Brother in law Simon Addams, father in law John Owens of Barnet. Mr. Bamford "a silenced minister" Father in law Mr. Monger. Cousin John Heyman, Executor; John Owen and Simon Addams, Overseers.



Upper Clatford Rectory. In the older part of which Rev. James and Rev. Thomas Samborne lived, 1610-1662.

Peter Samborne married twice. By his first wife, Anne, daughter of Robert Hassall, he had

- i. ELIZABETH, married (1) Miles Gray or Craime; (2) Wm. Aslett.
- ii. ELLEN, married Mr. Russell of London. Vintner.
- iii. MARKLEY, eldest son and heir; no further record.

His second wife was Mary, daughter of — Monger; by her he had

- iv. BENJAMIN; no further record.
 - v. MARY, buried at St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, July 14, 1603.
 - vi. ANNE.
24. RICHARD⁷ (13) SAMBORNE, born in Maiden Newton, Dorset, 1575. Became a merchant of Caen in Normandy, and married Mary, daughter of — Rignouf of France. Several entries in State Papers and indentures on Close Rolls relate to his ventures.

His will, dated February 21, 1631, proved in 1642, and filed 94 Campbell P. C. C. is as follows:

Whereas, John Saintlow, now in London, merchant, demised to me 2 out of three parts of the farm of Peglinch and Woodberowe in Camerton and Wellowe, Somt. and whereas Giles Green of Weymouth in Dorset, and the said John Saintlow, demised to me the other third part of the aforesaid farm, which part lately descended, or should have descended to Markley Samborne as a cousin and next heir of Barnaby Samborne, deceased. Now, I give the above to my brother in law, Nicholas Polden of Puscandle, and my cousin John Cole of Cullompton in Devon., upon trust that they sell the same, and distribute the proceeds equally amongst my four sons, Michael, Richard, Thomas and John.

Children of Richard Samborne:

38. i. ANNE, b. 1602.
 - ii. MARGARET.
 - iii. MICHAEL, probably never married.
 - iv. RICHARD, married and had two daughters.
 39. v. THOMAS, married, but had no issue.
 - vi. JOHN, married, but had no issue.
25. FRANCIS (13) SAMBORNE, a merchant of London, said in "Visitation of London, 1687," to have been a goldsmith. Married at St. Mary Magdalen, Ber-

mondsey, in February, 1606, Margaret Blincoc, daughter of Nicholas Blincoc of Southwark. Children of Francis Samborne:

- i. NICHOLAS, b. 1610; entered at Merchant Tailors' School, 1618; drowned at 16.
40. ii. FRANCIS.
41. iii. WILLIAM.
- iv. RICHARD, died unm. in London, 1643; will, filed in Com. Court of London, mentions brother William.

26. JOHN⁷ (13) SAMBORNE, said to have been a merchant in France with his brother Richard. He was born about the same date as the father of the three American Sambornes. In the "Herald and Genealogist," Vol. 1, is the following title of an old parchment pedigree exhibited by Mr. John Gough Nichols at the Heraldic Exhibition of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset House, thirty years ago. (I have searched for this pedigree, but cannot find any trace of it)

Genealogia, sive prosapia generosissimi viri: Johannis Samborne, jam in partis transmarinis existentis: filii quarti Francisci Samborne de Maiden Newton in Com. Dorset generosi: filii secundi Johannis Sambourne de Timsberie in Com. Somt.,—ex antiqua stirpe Sambournorum in Sunning in Com. Berks. oriundi

27. EZRA⁷ (15) SAMBORNE, of Stowey, Somt. Yeoman, b. 1599, apparently had no children. His will filed at Wells and dated May 4, 1666, leaves his property to the children of his brother Joseph.
28. JOSEPH⁷ (15) SAMBORNE, of Stowey Somt., husbandman. From him was descended a large family, whose wills are filed at Wells. I have not attempted to follow them farther than this generation.

Joseph Samborne's will, dated June 26, 1665, and filed at Wells, mentions

Brothers in law John and Isaac Robbins and their sister Prudence Robins, and father Misaac Robbins. Wife Sarah. Children, Richard, John, Deborah, Phebe, Sarah, Ezra and Martha.

29. OBEDIAH⁷ (15) SAMBORNE, of Farmborough, Somt. Nuncupative will dated Nov. 8, 1667, gave all to the poor.

30. REV. JAMES⁷ (18) SAMBORNE, born in 1576. Matriculated at Magdalen Col-



Magdalen College, Oxford. The College of Rev. Swithin, Rev. James, Rev. Thomas Samborne, etc.

lege, Oxford. Described as "son of a gentleman of Hants." Apparently had some family influence near Andover (perhaps at Thruxton, where his cousins the Philpotts held the ancient Lisle possessions). Foster says James Samborne was Rector of Grateley Hants in 1604, and of Upper Clatford, Hants, in 1610. We know that he was presented to the living of Upper Clatford by Arthur Swaine of Sarson, Hants (next parish to Thruxton).

A long bill, filed in chancery proceedings June 13, 1664, is, in brief, as follows:

Bill of Thomas Samborne, eldest son & heir of Thomas Samborne, late of Up Clatford Hants, Clarke, who was eldest son & heir of James Samborne late of the same parish. About 1610 one Arthur Swaine of Sarson, Hants, was seized of the right of presentation to p'sh. of Up Clatford, and presented the said James Samborne to the said Rectory, who was thereupon instituted &c. Shortly after, Arthur Swaine died & his son Edward sold all his rights to the said James Samborne. About 1628 your orator's father being then under 21 and a scholar of St. Mary Magdalen Hall in the Univ. of Oxford, the said James Samborne, being a very intimate friend of Sir Thomas Jervois, then of Herriard, Hants, did convey all his interest in Up Clatford in trust to the said Jervois & shortly after, died. Sir Thomas Jervois instituted one Hook to the living, but your orator's father coming of age, the said Hook resigned, and your orator's said

father, Thomas Samborne was presented to the living (in 1632) when Sir Thos. Jervois pretended that he had paid some debts of your orator's grandfather & said he would retain the title to the premises until the debts were paid. But the late unhappy wars breaking out, and your orator's father being a person of eminent loyalty to the late glorious mighty King Charles I; and the said Jervois being a person of great authority in the then pretended Parlyament, he procured your orator's father to be sequestered for a delinquent against the said parlyament (and he was the very first minister that was sequestered in that county or in the whole kingdom), and so he continued during all the time of the said trouble, until the late happy restoration, when your orator's father being legally restored to the premises died about 18 months ago. When he was so sequestered, the said Jervois came to him, confessed the deed to be a trust, & offered that if your orator's father would assert the interest of the then "godly & well affected party" as then called, he would not only restore him to the rectory but would reconvey the premises to him &c.

As an answer, Thomas Jervois of Herriard recited the indenture of 1637, whereby Christian Samborne, widow of James Samborne; and Thomas Samborne, Clerke, decd., son and heir to the said James Samborne, conveyed the said rectory, etc., for a valuable consideration to Sir Thomas Jervois.

Sir Thomas Jervois, mentioned here, was a prominent Puritan, a member of the "Rump Parliament," and a commander in the Civil War. A close intimacy existed between him and James Samborne, as can be seen from several entries on the Close Rolls, conveying property in trust to James Samborne and Henry Sherfield. Sherfield was a Wiltshire Recorder, who had strong Puritan tendencies, and was tried for sacrilege in breaking up a Papistical stained-glass window in Salisbury. From the intimacy between Rev. James Samborne and these Puritans it may be reasonably asserted that he was himself of their way of thinking, and this would bring him near in spirit to that "notorious inconformist," Stephen Bachiler.

Upper Clatford is a charming village on the banks of the Anton; and the church is an ideal country church, embowered in trees, and so old that its exact age is unknown. Parts of the present delightful rectory are also very old, and a beautiful avenue connects it with the church.

The dates of Rev. James Sam-

borne's children were very kindly given me by Rev. Mr. Noakes, the present rector of Upper Clatford.

Children of Rev. James Samborne:

42. i. THOMAS, b. 1606, probably at Grateley.
43. ii. JAMES, b. at Upper Clatford April 24, 1610.
- iii. DOROTHY, b. at Upper Clatford, Nov. 6, 1611.
- iv. LUCY, b. at Upper Clatford, Dec. 18, 1613. Following and making part of this entry is the addition, apparently by the same hand *at a later date*, "Lucy Jervois, b. Nov. 13, 1613."
- v. ELIZABETH, b. at Upper Clatford Sept. 14, 1616.
- vi. SYBIL, b. at Upper Clatford April 10, 1619.
31. SIR HENRY* (20) SAMBORNE. Knighted 1608. High Sheriff of Berks. 1616. Lived at Mouldsford, Berks. Married Dorothy, daughter and heir of John Stampe of Aston Thirrold, Berks., gent. Died in 1667.

Sir Henry was engaged in the manufacture of saltpetre, and apparently held crown contracts for the manufacture. During the Civil War he got into trouble with the Commonwealth party, and in 1646 nearly had his estate confiscated (*Cal. of State Papers*). At his death he was possessed of four manors—Mouldsford, Cholsey, Streatley, and Ashton Thirrold, Berks.



Church and Manor-house, Mouldsford, Berkshire. The Home of Henry Samborne and his Son, Sir Henry Samborne.

Children of Sir Henry Samborne :

- i. HENRY, b. 1611; probably had no issue.
 - ii. WILLIAM, died 1697; probably had no issue.
 - iii. ANNE, m. — Hatton, and died before 1700, leaving son, Wm. Hatton.
 - iv. DOROTHY, died unmarried.
 - v. MARY, m. Jeremiah Hand, April 12, 1664. (Called "an ill husband.")
 - vi. MARTHA, m. — White, and lived at Streatley, Berks. A widow in 1700.
32. RICHARD^s (21) SAMBORNE of Cholsey, Berks., born 1589. Married Dorothy, daughter of Richard Comyns of Cholsey. Children :
- i. HENRY, b. 1622; m. Mary, daughter of — Tery, of Avington, Hants.
 - ii. JOSEPH.
 - iii. BENJAMIN.
33. JOHN^s (21) SAMBORNE. We know nothing of him. He must have been born about the right date to have been father of the three American Sambornes.
34. BARNABY^s (22) SAMBORNE of London, merchant, born 1590. The eldest son of Sir Barnaby, it is difficult to tell why he left Timsbury. He is not mentioned in his father's will, which, however, leaves bequests to "My four younger sons, Thomas, William, Richard and John," thus showing that an elder son was then living. Apparently never married. In St Mary Aldermay Register occurs this entry. "1619, July, died Barnaby Samborne, out of Mr. Chamber's house."
- His will, filed Parker 104 P. C. C., is as follows :

All my lands in Camerton and Wellowe and elsewhere in England to be sold within one year, the proceeds to be divided to allow To Richard Samborne now resident in Caen, Normandy, 300 pounds, and to each of his children 20 pounds. To George Chamber my approved friend 300 pounds, to each of his children 20 pounds. To my aunt Elizabeth Caroles in Zealand 70 pounds. To Richard Stanfatte's children of Bristol, 20 pounds. To Kinswoman Margaret Langton, 100 pounds. To *Kinsmen James Samborne*, John Hayman and George Baynard £30 To John Gibbs, my tenant, and James his son. Residue to Brothers *William, Richard and John* George Chambers Executor. James and Richard Samborne, John Hayman and George Baynard, Overseers.

35. THOMAS^s (22) SAMBORNE of Timsbury, Somt., born 1601, married Amice, daughter and co-heir to Roger Maudley of Nunney. This was a great Somersetshire family. In Nunney Church are some fine Samborne monuments of the Stuart period.

His will, dated January 12, 1636, filed 47 Gore P. C. C., mentions

My three younger children, Margaret, Thomas and Anne. Manor of Nunney, which I bought of John Jessop. Brother Wm. Samborne Brother Richard Samborne, Marie his wife and William their son. Brother John Samborne.

The present Sambornes of Timsbury descend from Maudley Samborne, eldest son of above Thomas. Mr. S. S. P. Samborne's grandfather married a coheiress of the Sambornes, and assumed the name of Samborne.

36. WILLIAM^s (22) SAMBORNE, ESQ. of Paulton, Somt. Born 1604. Matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford, 1624, det. 1625. Married Anne, widow of Virgil Vaughan Esq., but had no issue.

His will, proved June 7, 1670, filed Penn 85 P. C. C., is as follows :

To be buried in the Chancel of Tymsbury Church, as near as possible to the Corpse of Lady Margaret Samborne, my mother. To wife Anne, £10. To poor of Tymsbury and Paulton. To Abraham Bailey. Residue to Nephew Maudley Samborne, sole executor.

37. RICHARD^s (22) SAMBORNE, ESQ., born 1605, married Marie —. Children born at Timsbury :

WILLIAM.
ELIZABETH.
MARIE.
ANNE.
MARTHA.
JOANNA.

38. ANNE^s (24) SAMBORNE. Born 1602. Married John Le Bas of Caen in Normandy, gent., son of John Le Bas. From this marriage was descended a large and influential family, the earlier generations of which are given in "Genealogist" Vol. 1, and "N. E. Register" for July, 1885.

39. THOMAS^s (24) SAMBORNE of Caen in France and later of London. He and his brother John were wealthy merchants, Royalists, who aided in the escape of Charles II, and in his restoration in 1660. In 1661, Thomas and John Samborne presented a memorial for recompense for services in this connection. (See *State Papers*, 1661.)

The will of Thomas Samborne, Esq., of Westminster (filed 92 King



Victor Channing Samborn.

P. C. C.), dated June 3, 1676, is as follows:

To be buried at Somerset House, or the Chapel Royal. To the poor 50 pounds. To wife Margaret Samborne. (besides 100 pounds a year out of estate of Llwyngertwyth) all right to the lease of the house where I now live in Axe Yard, Westminster. To eldest brother Michael Samborne, 100 pounds. To two nieces, daughters of brother Richard Samborne, £50. To Widow of late John Samborne, £100. To children of my nephew, John Le Bas, £50. To nephew, James Le Bas, £50. To loving friend, Lewis Lewis, Esq. To my wife's children, Francis and Richard Gosfruit. Rest to children of Nephew Richard Le Bas.—he to sell my goods to satisfy this will, including the jewel I bought from the Swedish Ambassador for £500.

40. FRANCIS^s (25) SAMBORNE of Westham in Essex, married Mary Goodfellow. Children:

- i. SAMUEL, b. 1640; died young.
- ii. MARY, b. Nov. 24, 1641; d. unmarried.
- iii. WILLIAM, b. Feb. 4, 1644; m. Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Brooke of Derby, and had issue.

41. WILLIAM^s (25) SAMBORNE, a Norwich factor; married Hester Clarke, widow, daughter of Robt. Haynes of Bristol. Children:

- i. WILLIAM, died young.
- ii. MARY.
- iii. ELIZABETH, living in 1687.

42. REV. THOMAS^s (30) SAMBORNE, Rector of Upper Clatford, Hants. Presented to the living by Sir Thomas Jervois in 1632. Matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford, 1623. Married Mary —, who survived him, and in 1664 with her son Thomas disputed the possession of the Rectory with Rev. Anthony Earbury. Children (From Upper Clatford Register):

- i. MARY, b. Oct. 9, 1634.
- ii. THOMAS, b. Aug. 29, 1636.
- iii. WILLIAM, b. Aug. 14, 1638.
- iv. ELIZABETH, b. March 17, 1640.
- v. JAMES, b. July 8, 1643; Oxford, 1661; rector of Mersham, Kent.
- vi. ANNE, b. Feb. 17, 1645.

No further Samborne record appears in the Upper Clatford registers except "The Reverend Father in God, Mr. Thomas Samborne, son of Mr. James Samborne, Parson of Upper Clatford, died Sept. 27, and was buried Octo. 2, 1662."

43. JAMES^s (30) SAMBORNE, Esq., of Andover, Hants. Linen Draper, born 1610. Bailiff of Andover, 1666, and his name appears often in Andover town records. In the tower of Andover Church is a white marble slab, bearing the Samborne arms and reading as follows:

Under this place lieth interred the body of James Samborne, gent., of this town, who died Sept. 19, 1669,—also in the same place lieth interred the body of Katherine Samborne, relict of the said James Samborne, who died Apr. 17, 1715.

James Samborne's will, dated Sept.

18, 1669, filed Coke 146 P. C. C., is as follows:

Wife Catharine to have £850 and household goods. Son James £800. Dau. Martha £500. (At age of 21 or day of marriage.) Son Julius £700. Dau. Christian £400. If I die without issue £100 to the poor, balance to be divided into two parts,—one half to my wife, if she die then £40 to sister Fleetwood. £30 to sister Merriatt. £40 to the poor. 20s. to sister Higge for a ring. Executors, Thos. Plummon of London, Henry Kelsey of Winchester, Joseph Hinxman of Andover, and John Rayley of London, £5 apiece to them. £4 to sister Lawrence. 20s. to Mr. Braithwaite, minister of Enham. 20s. to Philip Liddiard.

Children of James Samborne:

- i. JAMES, died in 1725, and endowed a charity school in Hatherden, near Andover. A memorial tablet engraved with the Samborne arms is over the door of the school.
- ii. JULIUS, bailiff and town clerk of Andover; an influential citizen.
- iii. MARTHA.
- iv. CHRISTIAN.

* * * * *

Besides the foregoing connected pedigree, I have come across the following scattered links, which I cannot connect with the main line:

- A. In Foster's "London Marriage Licenses" I find the following:—"Feby 10, 1599, BARNABY SAMBORNE of Paddington, Middlesex and Alice, daughter of William Blackleech of Paddington."

- B. 1. DAVID SAMBORNE, probably of London, only known of by the marriage entry of his son Richard.

2. RICHARD SAMBORNE, Barber, of London. In the Register of St. Peter's, Cornhill, I find this entry: "Feby. 15, 1578, wedded, Richard Sanborn, Barber, son of Davy Sanborn and Isabel Walker, daughter of Edw. Walker, Carpenter. Richard Samborne was the father (probably) of

3. RICHARD SAMBORNE, Barber Surgeon of London. Will proved July 22nd, 1615, Dean and Chap. of St. Pauls, D. 112, mentions wife Ursula, and following children, all minors:

- i. MICHAEL.
- ii. JOHN, b. Dec. 1604; entered Merchant Tailors' School, 1615.
- iii. NATHANIEL.
- iv. JONATHAN.
- v. JOAN.
- vi. SUSAN.
- vii. HESTER.
- viii. JANE.

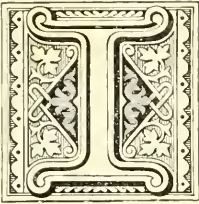
- C. Will of Richard Samborne, Skinner of London, dated Jany. 21st, 1693, proved P. C. C. Box 19:

Estate devised to loving brother James Samborne and my friend Christopher Davenport of the New Inn, to be sold: To sister Pinckney and each of her children £100. To brother in law, Mr. Burrowes, £100 hoping he will make better use of it than what he has had. To mother in law Mrs. Burrowes, and each of her daughters, £5 for mourning. To my brother Samborne, £200. To Bartholomew's Hospital £200. To Mr. Pride £10. To Mr. Davenport £10. Mrs. Bohee my housekeeper £35. Brother Pinckney to have my lease. Late wife's wearing apparel to sister Pinckney. Rest to son Richard when he comes of age,—if he die, then £500 to brother Samborne. Executors brother Samborne and Chr. Davenport, each 30 pounds. Witnesses Hussey Chapman, Thos. Lodge, Jane Pallett.



A TRIP TO WESTERN TEXAS.

By G. Scott Locke.



LEFT Concord on Thursday, October 25, for Texas, via Chicago, Kansas City, Trinidad, Col., Albuquerque, New Mexico, to El Paso; thence on the Texas & Pacific Railroad for Kent, a place consisting of one building, the railroad station, 2,908 miles from home. We had Wagner and Pullman sleepers, with dining cars, as far as Kansas City, then the eating houses on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé route. There is not much style in serving at these eating houses but the bill of fare is excellent. The trip was without any unpleasant incidents, and there were plenty of sights to interest an eastern man.

As the travel to California was heavy, our train consisted of ten tourist and Pullman sleepers, three day coaches, and three baggage cars, these being run in two sections. After leaving Chicago, for a thousand miles this route runs through a rich farming and grazing country, but after passing La Junta, Col., and following the old Santa Fé trail, made noted by the "forty-niners," there is a sameness in the scenery that soon fails to interest one. It is a long stretch of grazing country without a building in sight, and for many miles is but a slight trail beside the railroad.

A young man riding a bicycle bearing a sign on which was painted, "On to San Francisco," created a good deal of interest. He wore knickerbockers, sweater, etc., and presented the appearance of some adventurous college lad. It seemed a Herculean task, "kicking a bike" over those rough roads, against a heavy wind and through thick clouds of dust. The passengers waved handkerchiefs and hats, which he graciously acknowledged.

At Trinidad, Col., we began to climb the Raton mountains, with two heavy Mogul engines, pulling seven cars through the tunnel to the state line, where we reached an altitude of 7,622 feet. Here the old Wooten Ranch ruins were visible, where toll was expected of travellers over the Santa Fé trail when railroads were unknown through this desolate country.

Leaving cold weather and ice in Colorado, we descended through New Mexico to the banks of the Rio Grande river and El Paso. Here we had a temperature of 80 in the shade; flowers were in full bloom and everything was suggestive of mid summer. At 4 p. m., I took the train for Kent. One car bore a placard, "For Whites," another, "For Negroes," and these regulations are strictly enforced, as I realized, when I entered the wrong car and was requested to "Take a seat in the white car, sah."



The Railway Station.

Fearing that my man would not reach Kent in time to meet me, I was somewhat uneasy. The train was due there at 11:30 p. m., and as the station agent has orders not to allow strangers inside, the prospect of walking the platform in a heavy thunder storm was not a pleasant one. I was relieved of my anxiety, however, by meeting Mr. Newman, a ranchman, and our only neighbor between Kent and my ranch. An attempt to "hold up" the passenger train at this station had caused the railroad officers to be suspicious of strangers, hence extreme caution is used, but Mr. Newman introduced me to the station agent, who kindly offered me hospitality and took me inside.

Having no blankets with me, as is the custom when travelling through a ranch country, I was puzzled as to how I should pass the night with any degree of comfort, when, to my surprise, I discovered Mr. Perkins, the foreman of the ranch, asleep on the floor behind some boxes. After greeting me in hearty Texan fashion, he offered to share his blankets with me, and I "turned in." Despite the non-elasticity of the floor, these men fell asleep at once and snored in perfect unison until daybreak. As for myself, even though I like harmony, so much of it became tiresome and I realized that I had forgot to leave

my nerves at home. I counted black sheep and white sheep vaulting high walls, spelled Mississippi backwards, and resorted to other old-time remedies for insomnia without avail, and when day dawned I rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and punched my melodious companions with unnecessary vigor.

After "rustling the horses," we



The Nearest Neighbor.

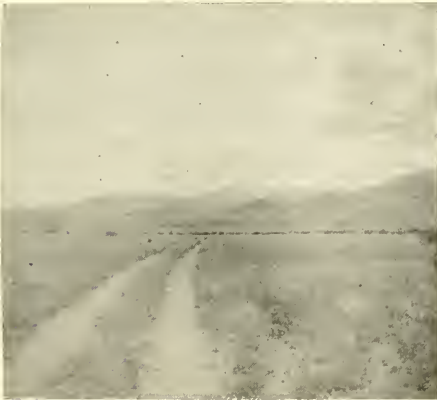
started for the ranch, thirty miles distant, passing but one house on the route. As the travelling was heavy, on account of the recent rain, we were nearly all day in making the journey. On arriving we found the cow-boys busy shoeing horses, getting their blankets ready, and bustling about generally. On inquiring the cause of the unusual commotion, I was informed that they were preparing for a trip to the mountains in search of wild steers. Most of the cattle are gentle, but a few steers will stray to the highest mountains and become as wild as deer, causing the other cattle to become unmanageable. We have good-sized mountains out there. The ranch has an altitude of 5,900 feet, and "Old Baldy," or Livermore Peak, towers 8,382 feet.

As I entered camp one of the cow-boys shouted, "Wall, Mr. Tenderfoot, you're jest in time for the picnic. We air sure goin' to get Old Midnight, Lightning, and Break-away this time. The critters have caused us a heap of trouble. They got away last year and year before, and now we air goin' to camp on their trail until we get 'em."

With fifty saddle-horses, three mules, six cow-boys, a "horse-wrangler" (herder), and a cook, we started wending our way through canyons and over mountains to the head of Lympia canyon, where we struck camp at Grubbs' spring. Long before daybreak we rolled up our blankets, and eating breakfast by moonlight, started for Livermore Peak. Seven men and seven horses,

and when your horse gets to sliding, as mine did, on this slippery mountain side, instinctively you would pull up on the reins. Not so here, for as my horse started to slide, some one shouted, "give him the rein, tenderfoot, and let him see where he is stepping!" As we stopped a moment to rest, Mr. Perkins said,— "Now we missed them yesterday, we must sure land them to-day! You and Jim Nunn," he said, turning to me, "go to the head of this canyon and turn northeast. Here, Rob, you and Lee go up Goat canyon and turn to the right. You, Buck, and Jersey, head up Ghost canyon for Pinery trail. Now work easy, don't talk if you strike the trail, and stay with 'em!"

After riding and walking for about two hours, Mr. Nunn and myself found Old Midnight and his pals with a "bunch" of twelve head. In a whisper Nunn said, "there they are!" Through the brush they went, snorting and roaring like a steam engine, we giving chase, with horses running for their lives over rock and *arroyas*, through brush and trees, until I rode into a treetop and



Prairie View.

in Indian file, began the ascent, occasionally stopping to rest or to get down and lead their horses along the side of the mountain, where a misstep would mean death to horse and rider. I must confess I rode when I preferred to walk, for I had a boyish dread of showing the "white feather."

These mountains in places are nearly covered with loose, flat rock,



Ready for the Start.

pulled up, with hat off, face bleeding, and Jim and cattle out of sight. I certainly found out what rough riding was. After following the trail for a long distance I lost it, and not only that, I discovered that I was lost with it. The mountains everywhere were so much alike that it was impossible to determine where to go.

Finding that my horse objected to going my way I let him go his, and in about two hours I struck a trail that led me to the cattle we found the day before. While resting, "Jersey" came in on a hard lope. "Come on!" he shouted, "the boys are up the Pack canyon, they have the steers surrounded and want help." Riding for a couple of miles, we found one of the men, who said, "get down and look to the left of that juniper tree yonder. There's Midnight and Lightning. Breakaway has gone over the divide."

Directing two of the men to go on to the other canyon, he gave me instructions, which, you may be sure, I followed closely, and soon came in sight of the runaways. Away they flew at full speed, but we managed to turn them over the mountain where the boys were ready for them.

For six miles they raced, followed closely by Rob and Jim, and as they turned up Lympia canyon they passed our camp, where Lightning was roped and tied down after a hard fight.

Up the canyon Midnight flew, with Rob in close pursuit. A wire fence spread across their path, and Midnight, with head close to the ground, roaring, made for it. Down went the steer for a moment, then up and away again, through the fence, Rob following at full speed, until, a mile above, he succeeded in roping the steer, which he held until help came. Imagine a wild, fighting steer attached to a half-inch rope thirty feet long with one end fastened to the pommel of your saddle, and that steer rushing at you and roaring like a wild beast. The cow-boy's horse is all attention, eluding the attacks of the rushing steer. The horse must brace himself to throw the steer, and by keeping the rope taut hold him down. The cow-boy must dismount to tie the steer's legs, knowing if his horse fails to do his duty that he will have a "close call."

Later in the day the other wild steer was captured, and with fifty head of cattle we moved "the outfit" five miles down the canyon to Dolan's ranch where we "made down" for the night, after the most exciting day's ride I ever experienced. As the cow-boys fell asleep under their blankets, I watched the camp-fire cast its shadows, and listened to the roar of the cattle, raised by an occasional dismal cry of the coyote, and I could but wonder what tempted those brave men to such a life of danger and hardship.





BY PERMISSION OF M. KNOEDLER & CO., NEW YORK.

ORPHEAN MUSIC.

By Edward A. Jenks.

The legendary Orpheus and his lyre,—
 Who led the wood-nymphs captive at the sound
 Of his clear voice and sentient strings, and bound
 The streams with bands so soft they could not tire,
 Thrilling the sylvan wilds with sweet desire
 To staunch for aye the ever-bleeding wound
 Left by his lost Eurydice,—are found
 Again when soft October's leafy fire
 Burns on the silent mountains, and the woods
 Are bursting with the melody that springs
 From hidden chambers—chauntings low and deep,
 Fit music for these sacred solitudes.
 Here, breathless, all things listen as he sings,
 And, listening, fall like children into sleep.



Dr. J. Alonzo Greene.

DR. J. ALONZO GREENE.

By Henry Robinson.



SEVEN years ago Dr. J. Alonzo Greene fixed his heart upon New Hampshire as a home. He spent the summer seasons of 1885, 1886, 1887, and a part of that of 1888, amongst our mountains and valleys, which hold for him a peculiar fascination.

He travelled extensively through the mountains, and along the lake and sea-shore resorts of New England, searching for what his family and himself might consider the best place, everything considered, in which to locate; leaving the busy cares of city life to pass their remaining years in comfort and quietness in the country.

In 1889, seven years ago, he had purchased the magnificent property on the largest and most picturesque island in our own beautiful Lake Winnepesaukee, in the town of Moultonborough, county of Carroll, and there with increasing devotion to the state of his deliberate and unselfish adoption has ever since held and kept, not only his legal residence, but the charming resort that has become famous for its grand and yet unostentatious hospitality, a home that is a happy consummation of the cheerful and consistent coöperation of nature, art, science, exquisite taste, wide experience, sound judgment, and a generosity that knows no limit.

It is a pleasing encomium upon the Granite State that a discerning gentle-

man of Dr. Greene's magnitude of mind and means should choose it as the one bright, particular spot on God's great footstool for him to cultivate, to love, to cherish, upon the soil of which he lives and wherein all that is mortal of him will commingle with its dust when the years of his earthly sojourn are over.

He had travelled extensively abroad; he had seen many lands; the biggest inducements, the most alluring enticements were offered; the glittering panorama of the whole varied world was unrolled before him; but amidst our own matchless mountains, along our own placid lakes, our winding rivers, our rippling brooks, enraptured with the unsurpassed spectacle of New Hampshire scenery, thrilled with the healthful exhilaration of our climate, already deeply ingratiated with our people in their agricultural and other important industrial interests, a champion and generous supporter of our beneficent and other worthy institutions, he came quietly, modestly, unassumingly, a decade ago, to be one with us and of us, to establish here a home that should be comfortable for himself, suitable in every way for his family, luxuriant for his friends however humble, and a beauty, a pride, and a glory to the commonwealth.

Such a man is not to be ignored. A man of Dr. Greene's iron constitution, courteous manners, breadth of intellect, power and force of presence and purpose, companionable temperament, frank

and open-hearted disposition, native tact, superior ability, and vast wealth of resource and experience, would not, could not, be ignored in any community, especially as he has asked nothing beyond the spontaneous good will of his fellow-citizens.

This confiding and respectful trust of those associated with him has been his mascot to the thirty-second degree of Free Masonry, where his comprehensive usefulness has been greatly felt. This unbroken confidence on the part of those who have known him longest and best has been his open sesame to a conspicuous prominence and salutary influence in Odd Fellowship, which he did not seek, but of the high credit of which he is far from being insensible. The lustre of his good name will be lasting, for his tent was pitched on "fame's eternal camping ground," when as a poor, patriotic young man, hardly more than a boy, eighteen years of age, December 14, 1863, he enlisted at Denver in the Second Colorado cavalry.

He was wounded in the Battle of Sand Creek, but served his country valiantly through the War of the Rebellion, and was mustered out at Fort Leavenworth in 1865, his commission as colonel coming only in time of peace, last year, when he was appointed senior aide-de-camp on Commander Buzzell's staff of the Grand Army of the Republic, a splendid brotherhood, whose glorious roster is "on the right-hand side and near the throne of God."

Dr. Greene is surgeon to the Amoskeag Veterans. He is also a favored member of the Knights of Pythias, and of various other orders and societies, but perhaps in nothing does he take more pride than in his membership in the Grange in his own town, to the great work and worth of which useful organi-

zation throughout the state he has been called to testify in able and eloquent addresses, which have given him front rank as a leader and orator, eliciting the deserved attention of the newspaper press and of the public.

Dr. Greene is president of the National Veterans' Association of New Hampshire and vice-president of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association. His memberships in various dignified bodies have been transferred, as far as practicable, to the Granite state, but exalted above all other orders, associations, positions of trust and confidence, is the commanding place that Dr. Greene holds everywhere in the Royal Order of Eminent Good-Fellowship, wherein he is always in close touch, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, keeping step with all the loyal good fellows of whatever faith, or kin, or circumstances, who are "the salt of all the elements, world of the world."

Do I hear some carping spirit exclaim, "Dr. Greene is one of the proprietors of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy!"

What of it? Is it not an excellent one? Is it not a legitimate one? Is it not a profitable one to us as well as to himself? He pays the Amoskeag Paper company, of Manchester, through their Boston agents, the Rice-Kendall Company, over one hundred thousand dollars a year for paper used in his advertising department. He pays the newspapers of New Hampshire between \$16,000 and \$17,000 a year for advertising space, and advertises in nearly every newspaper in the United States, and in many foreign newspapers in different countries.

Although Dr. Greene himself retired from active participation in the business as early as 1886, leaving the

charge in the hands of his worthy and competent brother, F. E. Greene, M. D., with whom he still remains a partner, yet the business has grown to be of such an extraordinary and tremendous magnitude and scope that to describe it in detail might awaken incredulity. I run the risk of this incidental mention merely to intimate how closely identified are the material interests of Dr. Greene with those of New England, and especially of New Hampshire.

Dr. Greene's almanac is already distributed for this year, and is a model of its kind, the issue consisting of 6,000,000 copies. The Commonwealth Magazine is widely circulated, over 15,000,000 copies being annually gratuitously distributed. He receives from the paper-mill every spring forty carloads of paper, and forty carloads every fall. At one place in the city of Boston Dr. Greene employs regularly between two hundred and three hundred girls and women, between forty and fifty men; and he has in the neighborhood of thirty men constantly travelling on the road. The medicine is sold all over the United States and shipped to Canada, South America, Central America, Mexico, and the West India islands.

But the mission of this cursory sketch is more especially to do homage to his persistence, courage, beneficence, integrity, and capability as an individual, rather than to compliment his acknowledged skill, punctuality, push, and success as a business magnate.

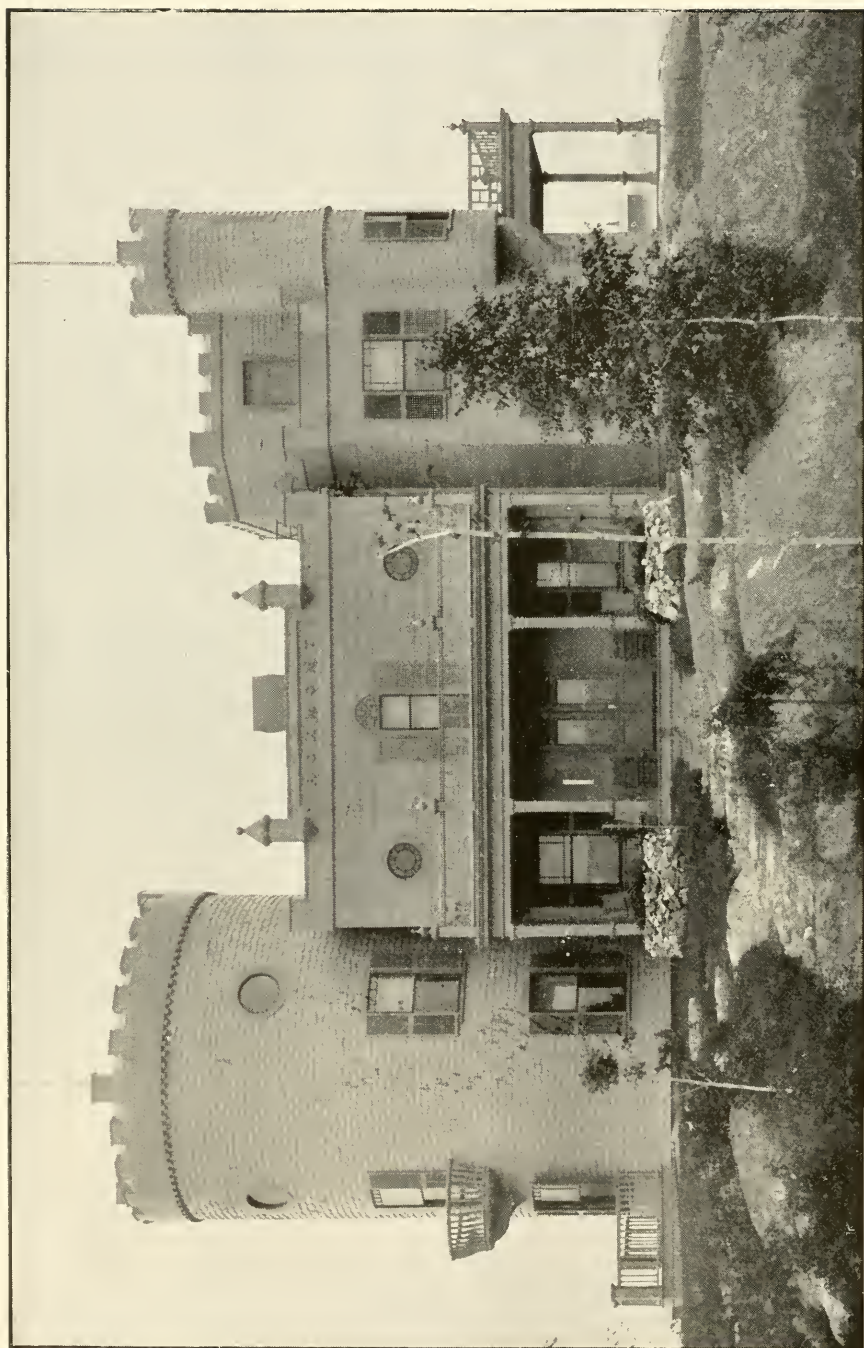
He "took occasion by the beard," and mastered all impediments. He would have succeeded anywhere and in any vocation. The faculty of success is strikingly marked in him. That rare combination of physical courage, men-

tal capacity, thoroughness, indomitable will, that he possesses constitutes him a Napoleon amongst men. Gentle as a child, tolerant and indulgent in his social relations, he is nevertheless equipped with that magical force, those indefinable qualities, that make one man so much superior to others. His is one of those fine spirits that have been described as never faltering. It rises to the ordeal, and, whatever the burdens and barriers, it bears them and surmounts them. The acuteness of his intellect, the rich treasures of his thought, study, and observation, the earnestness and honesty of his character and friendships, the self-respecting, high and irreproachable estimate that he puts upon his honor. That is true success!

Dr. Greene was born in Whitingham, Vt., ten miles west of Brattleboro, November 5, 1845. His grandfather, Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame, was one of the first settlers in that neighborhood, one of his earliest enterprises there being to erect a fence to keep the wolves from his home.

The Greene family moved to Boston a few months later, where Alonzo attended public school and afterward engaged in the study of medicine, with the view of succeeding his father, Reuben Greene, who was a learned and skilful physician in active practice when the War of the Rebellion broke out.

Young Greene had a skeleton under his bed to exemplify his researches in anatomy; his bureau drawers and room generally were filled with old bones, and he became tired of medicine. He dreamed of it at night and had frightful nightmares, and the thought of going into the active practice of the



Roxmont.

profession became very distasteful to him. He told his father that he was going to enlist in the army, but his father withheld his consent, the son being yet in his teens and in the judgment of the parent not old or strong enough to endure the hardships of a common soldier. If the truth were known it would be found that, notwithstanding the father's objections, young Greene did actually enlist in Massachusetts, but at the instance of his father was discharged. Then, with only three dollars in his pocket, he set out for the West. He drove six yoke of oxen from Omaha to Denver, in relief to General Fremont at Pike's Peak. His opportunity for enlistment in the West has already been mentioned.

After the war, Dr. Greene resumed his medical studies with renewed energy. He was creditably graduated from the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1867, and very soon thereafter engaged in business as a physician with his father, who practised medicine in the very same building in Boston (34 Temple Place) for forty years, in which Dr. Greene still has a business office to-day.

It is a remarkable incident that might be mentioned in this connection, that during the war Dr. Greene's father, Reuben Greene, was thrown from a carriage and had his knee-cap injured. He offered to enlist, but was refused. He then hired a man to go to the war for him, the substitute giving the name of Reuben Greene. This man was killed, and then Dr. Greene's father hired still another man to go in his place, taking the same name. The second man was also killed; so that Dr. Greene's father, or rather Reuben Greene, was killed two times during the Rebellion.

Dr. Reuben Greene, the father of Drs. J. Alonzo and F. E. Greene, treated many nervous diseases and used one particular prescription with wonderful success. When the young men purchased the interest of their father in the business, he told them that this prescription was a great nerve and brain invigorant, in fact the best and most effectual remedy that he had ever known for nervous diseases. It was included in the sale, and from that very same prescription the far-famed panacea, the "Balm in Gilead," Dr. Greene's Nervura, the great blood and nerve remedy, the superior merits of which are now so universally recognized, is made.

Dr. Greene's mother, a very estimable lady, was Lydia (Waste) Greene. In 1867 he married Miss Lucretia V. Drew, of Boston, a lady of culture, refinement, and taste. They have had three children, two of whom are dead, the surviving one, a son, being now twenty-six years of age. He has charge of the affairs of his father in relation to the farm, employing just now in the neighborhood of twenty men in cutting wood and otherwise on the premises at Roxmont Castle, Long Island, this state, which comprises hundreds of acres of rich tillage and other land. He is also extensively engaged in business besides his responsibilities at Roxmont.

It was in the summer of 1889 that Dr. Greene bought the two farms now comprised in his large homestead place on Long Island and moved thither with his wife and son, his household effects, bag and baggage, horses, cats, dogs, and all, and established his formal and legal residence there. Desiring to extend his farming and stock-raising operations, which were even then very considerable, he purchased four adjoining

ing farms in 1890. The deeds for these were made out by the owners or their agents and given to Dr. Greene's agent, without consultation with him. Two of these deeds are correct, and give his residence as Moultonborough, while one inadvertently gives it as Centre Harbor and another as New York. The doctor never had the pleasure of residing, voting, or paying taxes in either Centre Harbor or New York.

than four thousand were entertained by the hospitable doctor and his good wife at dinner, these numerous tourists and guests comprising various delegations from all sections of the state, each and every one of them anxious to make available the magical latchstring that always hangs out.

The farm is highly stocked with fancy breeds of fowl and cattle, and is a source of much pleasure and gratifi-



The Hall, Roxmont.

His Roxmont stock and poultry farm has been visited during the seven years last past by hundreds of friends and enthusiastic admirers, going by special trains and steamboats, including the Amoskeag Veterans and their ladies, the Masons and their ladies of Belknap and Carroll counties, the Odd Fellows and their ladies of Lake Village, the Knights of Pythias and their ladies, the State Board of Agriculture, the State Grange with their ladies, and it is a fact that in a single week more

cation to its owner, who spends the greater part of his time during the summer months in overseeing it and in hunting and fishing in the neighboring country, for Dr. Greene is a sportsman of no small calibre.

He organized the Winnepesaukee Transportation company, built two steamboats, the *Eagle* and the *Roxmont*, and chartered still another, the *Cyclone*, and the facilities for going to and from his residence are very fine. He has recently purchased all the stock in the

company, and now runs it, with his son as general manager and owner in part.

His superb castle is favorably located, commanding an unobstructed view in every direction. From one of the "towers" the extensive grounds, beautifully laid out, stretch away from the shores of the lake, studded with its charming islands, while an almost continuous chain of mountains skirts the horizon.

The main hall is over twenty-five feet high, with a gallery running around it, and entirely finished in oak, while the costly Eastern rugs which hang over the railing give it a rich, Oriental effect, and there is a broad fire-place up which the great fires of hospitality roar.

Amongst the numerous curiosities which are shown to visitors are swords and canes from nearly every country on the globe.



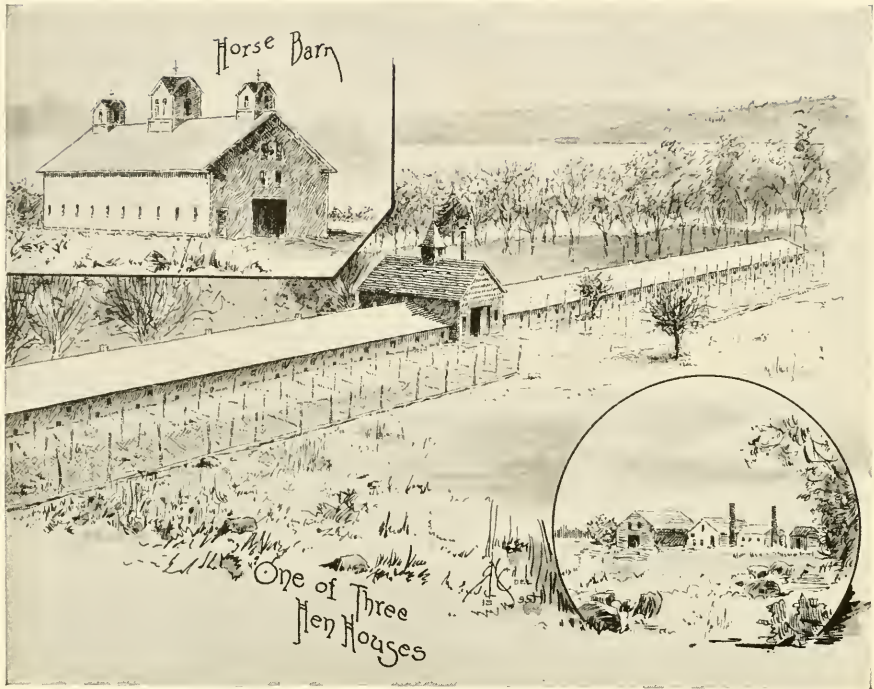
The Dining-room, Roxmont.

This castle is a veritable treasure-house of curiosities and rare articles of furniture and rugs collected by the doctor and his wife in their journeys over the entire world.

From the massive hall clock of English manufacture one can hear the beautiful Westminster chimes and the Whittington bells; and the music box, about five feet long and one of the finest in the country, dispenses the sweetest strains.

A visit to this elegant dwelling is especially interesting, from the fact, which is modestly mentioned, that the plans for it were drawn by Mrs. Greene from her own ideas. It was not an attempt to copy any foreign castle visited abroad, but the working out of her original theory of a good home.

The doctor has just now thirty-three brood mares, and two stallions, one the famous "General Lyon, Jr.," the other the well-known "Saucy Tom."



The story of his blooded horses and cattle with their several pedigrees would of itself make an interesting article. His is one of the largest horse-raising establishments in New England, as he is also the proprietor of the largest poultry farm. Along the sandy shore of the lake are placed houses for the accommodation of one thousand ducks and five thousand hens, which thrive in the healthful location. A small brook, fed by springs, courses down through the valley for a mile or more, and this stream is lined on either side by nearly a hundred houses for the accommodation of chicks and ducklings. The incubator house is a two-story building, seventy by forty, in the cellar of which are arranged the incubators, each with a capacity of six hundred eggs.

The doctor is a director in two building associations of New Hampshire, the

Masonic of Laconia and the Odd Fellows of Lakeport. He is an owner in the Weirs Land and Hotel company, a share owner in one of the most enterprising and widest circulating newspapers in the state, and he has various other local holdings, all conducing to make his responsibilities and liabilities one and the same with those of our people, and his home here one of permanence as well as elegance and prosperity. It is appropriate and fitting that the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, our own magazine, which has chronicled the merits and deeds of so many illustrious sons of New Hampshire, the home of Stark, of Webster, of Pierce, of Hale, should open its guarded covers to include and perpetuate the record of this worthy gentleman, this well-born, well-bred, and skilled physician, this popular lecturer and eloquent advocate of what is pure and beneficial, this extensive traveller

and close student, both of books and human nature, this kindly, hospitable, charitable, public-spirited citizen, this broad-minded, unassuming, unobtrusive capitalist and general benefactor, J. Alonzo Greene.

A rounded man of Dr. Greene's sort, with hardy common sense, a tremendous following amongst the people, a thorough, practical education, a quick, powerful grasp of understanding, a wonderful executive faculty and knack to deal successfully with men and things, a brilliant speaker, with prepossessing personality, and with important interests identical with all that pertains to the industrial welfare and general prosperity of his state, is almost sure to have his name mentioned sooner or later in connection with popular office; but it is only seldom that party leaders and their followers so persistently beset a man to become a candidate.

Dr. Greene has never been a political aspirant, and has uniformly declined to allow the use of his name as such, but it is well known that just now an unprecedented pressure is being brought to bear upon him, from all classes, to enter the field for the gubernatorial nomination of the Republican party, with the principles of which organization he is firmly allied, and it is a fact that hundreds—yes, thousands—of earnest solicitations and impatient importunities have been received by him to announce himself as a candidate; yet he has not consented to do so.

His claim geographically, as well as otherwise, would be equal, if not superior, to that of any other possible candidate for recognition, and upon none could the considerable responsibility and honor be more appropriately and safely placed; but Dr. Greene did not come to New Hampshire ten years ago,

to seek a home, as Ingersoll would say, "out of the mad race for money, place, and power," with any notion whatever of political distinction. The subject of this sketch is away, and I can not assume to speak for him now, but he has said:

"I fully appreciate the high honor and great responsibility of the office, and if my friends throughout the state feel next summer toward my candidacy as they appear to feel at the present time, I shall be very proud to allow my name to go before the convention. You may say, also, that if my name goes before that body at all, it will go there for the purpose of winning the nomination."

This last is a very significant remark, for Dr. J. Alonzo Greene is one of those indomitable managers, with the genius of conquest, who never yet was thwarted in his deliberate purposes. One is reminded of the comforting remark of the old man to the new teacher, about the dog, in Edward Eggleston's noted novel, "*The Hoosier Schoolmaster*," "Ef Bull once takes a holt, heaven and yarth can't make him let go." Such is the substantial structure of the robust character of the noble-hearted, patriotic veteran who let loose the American eagle at the National G. A. R. encampment, at Louisville, Ken., last September, that he suggests one of nature's elemental, invincible forces. As was said of Daniel Webster, it is like association with the law of gravitation itself.

At the Kentucky encampment, the twenty-ninth annual, the first ever held on southern soil, in the grand procession, close behind the veterans from Rhode Island came the New Hampshire comrades, at the head of whose column was borne a large bald eagle,

captured eight years ago in the Green mountains. The proud bird was in a large wire and wood cage, tastefully decorated, set upon poles, and carried by four negroes, clad in the national colors. He has been a conspicuous feature in every parade in which the New Hampshire comrades have taken part for the last seven years, but they determined to celebrate the occasion of their first visit south by liberating him in front of the reviewing stand. He was presented to the department by Comrade Greene. Although retaining his strength and power, the bird refused to leave the grand stand, and he was returned to his cage and brought back to Roxmont, Dr. Greene's beautiful home at Lake Winnepesaukee, the harbinger of victory to come. I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but I predict that the eagle will yet take his victorious flight over New Hampshire.

Dr. Greene's private life is above reproach. Against him has never been raised the clamor of scandal. Within the home circle he is gentle, affectionate, helpful, and all that an exemplary husband and father should be. His fondness for pets and his kindness toward all his creatures are characteristic of his noble nature. Never is he so happy as in noiseless charities, never so contented as when serving others. There is no discount upon his sterling merit. He belongs in the resplendent galaxy of the state's best sons. He is a positive star in the firmament of our stability as a commonwealth, a strong factor in our prestige and influence as a people. He is a guide and not a dictator, but his mature judgment justifies the deference of imperative command. Although a frequent attendant upon religious services, and a firm believer in

the Deity, he is closely allied to that great church whose sunlit aisles are broad enough for everybody.

Dr. Greene takes correct views of popular questions, whatever may be the sentiment of the hour, and upon all civic problems he is level-headed and statesmanlike. He has always been recognized as the strong friend of the laboring classes and the poor, for his beginning in life was amongst the humblest, and he may rightfully be said to be the architect of his own fortune. It is an honor to such a man to be rich, for his riches were acquired through a legitimate and honorable profession, the most exalted and ennobling calling upon earth and amongst men, that of a beneficent, well-read, and skilful physician. For him to have ample means is a benefit to all, for it is his chief pleasure to use them for the edification, education, and advancement of his fellow-men.

He abhors shams of all kinds. One of the salient features of his life is his frank sincerity, and his mission has been and is to build up, to encourage, to help mankind. He never stoops to idle gossip about his friends and neighbors. His impulses, his inspirations, his ideals are high and commendable.

As an observant traveller through Europe, South America, West India, Asia, and Japan, he is replete with information, and, being a remarkably fluent and captivating converser, he is a most desirable acquaintance and entertaining companion. I asked him, only the other day, what was the most startling adventure in his army experience, and here give his answer verbatim:

"The most memorable incident, as I now recall my army experience, happened two or three months after the close of the war, while my regiment was

on the way from Pueblo to Fort Leavenworth, to be mustered out of service. There was no railroad west of the Missouri river in those days, and we were marching down the Arkansas valley. Antelope were plentiful. Three of us went away from camp one evening for a midnight hunt, and became lost in the foot-hills of the Rocky and Ratoon mountains. My horse got lame. My two companions left me. A storm set in. After roaming around for four days, sustaining myself on dried antelope meat, which became so tainted that I could not eat it, and went hungry, I saw a herd of Mexican sheep and a Mexican boy herding them. From him I obtained food, and was shown the trail from Sante Fé to Fort Lyon (where now is the town of La Junta), for which place I set out. On the way thither I met a corporal's guard which placed me under arrest for desertion, and I was taken a solitary prisoner on the journey to Fort Lyon. Wolves would not permit of any sleep, except what I got in the saddle. We reached Fort Lyon after three days' travel, having been absent from my regiment seven days. I explained the matter to my captain (Anderson) and the major who was in command (Wyandope), and was excused and sent to my company for duty. Colonel Chivington was not with the regiment at this time. Chivington is now coroner at Denver. My companions were never heard from. They were killed by the Indians, or perished in the mountains, or deserted and succeeded in reaching the mining camps of the Rocky mountains or the cattle ranges of New Mexico." In a recent conversation Dr. Greene related the following interesting experience while in the United States service :

"I resided in Massachusetts when

the war broke out, and enlisted in the Sixth Massachusetts regiment. I was only sixteen years of age, and my father raised severe objections. In fact, he went to the army head-quarters, swore that I was under age,—as I was,—and had me discharged.

"But I was bound to go, and as soon as school let out, I skipped from home and started for Pike's Peak. I went with six yoke of oxen across the western plains to the mining districts of Colorado, and when I reached there I enlisted in the Second Colorado cavalry. That was in '63.

"Our fighting was mostly against the Indians, although we had to meet Price and his men a few times when they made raids into Missouri. In 1863 I was detailed as a scout. You see I was the kid of the company. I was a good rider and feared nothing, being very young, and so was placed in this line of work. I am one of the few men who went into the service as a private and came out a private."

"What was the most exciting time you ever had, Doctor?"

"Well, that is hard to tell, but probably the one where the greatest number of lives were lost was at Sand Creek. We had been chasing a band of three thousand Indians, consisting of Kiowas, Sioux, and Choctaws, who were on the warpath.

"We located them the night before in this creek and fought them all day, and when the sun went down there was scarcely one left. There were three regiments of us, under command of Colonel Chivington. That morning before we commenced the fight the colonel came to us and said :

"'Boys, kill everything that smells like an Indian.'

"We obeyed him to the letter. We

had to. Men, women, and children, three thousand of them, fell before us on that day. They fought like demons. They were armed with muzzle-loading muskets. The men shot the guns, and some of the women loaded them, while the rest of the women and children danced around a fire yelling their fiercest whoops.

"Our men were marshalled into three divisions. One of them was sent on one side of the creek, which is a big ravine in which there was little water and formed somewhat of a basin, another was sent on the other side, and the third was sent to the rear of the Indians. The company in the rear drove the Indians to the front, while those on either side fired into them as they advanced from the sides. No mercy was shown. They all fell down alike, but they died game, fighting till the end came.

"Did we take any prisoners? Just two white men named Smith. They were Texans by birth, and to them was due a great deal of the trouble. They started in as traders among the Indians, and got acquainted with them and their ways.

"They saw there was money in killing white people and plundering their settlements, so they stayed with the Indians and incited them to their cruel deeds. You can always put it down that when you hear of trouble among the Indians there is some white man at the bottom of it.

"As soon as these two men reached camp as prisoners, an officer, when hardly any one was looking, took out his revolver and shot them dead. The roll had been called, and a shot at that time attracted attention. Colonel Chivington knew what had happened, but didn't let on, as he was glad of what

had occurred, and perhaps knew about it beforehand. But he had to say something.

"'Boys,' said he, 'how often have I got to tell you to be more careful with your firearms in camps? Here are two more men killed by accident.'

"And the two men were reported to the department as accidentally shot. That day's work, however, cost Colonel Chivington his commission. He was reported to the war department at Washington for unnecessarily massacring the Indians, and he was cashiered, or, in other words, dishonorably discharged.

"What made Colonel Chivington so ferocious was because he had lost his wife and two children at the hands of the Indians. They had also destroyed some twenty villages, killed the men and children, captured the women, tortured and abused them, and mercilessly slaughtered many.

"Colonel Chivington was a clergyman. He went out West with Fremont's first expedition, and used to preach among the miners. He studied the Indian habits, and knew them well, and when the war broke out he asked for a commission, and raised his own regiment. Although he was ferocious on this occasion, he didn't forget that he was a clergyman, and often have I heard him gruffly call out:

"'Boys, take off your hats while I pray.'

"And he prayed, while we bowed our heads in silence.

"His knowledge of Indian methods was of great service to him in this battle. There is no question but that if the Indians had been on their horses they would have killed every one of us. They are very agile and expert on horseback, and we would have fared badly.

"The colonel knew this, and as soon as he learned where the Indians were he knew that their ponies must be grazing loose in the fields nearby. He accordingly sent a company of officers to find their horses, get between them and the Indians, and stampede them in the other direction. It worked like a charm, and the Indians were at our mercy.

"I went over this creek again about six months after, and there was nothing but the bones of the three thousand left. The wolves had feasted on the flesh."

Dr. Greene's standing and experience, his wealth of learning, his business success and intellectual versatility entitle him, as a representative man, to a full biography, such as might well fill a volume, but the space now allotted for the purpose is such that I close this article with a quotation from him, spontaneously and unselfishly testifying to his preëminent regard and fond admiration for his own state of New Hampshire, this "Switzerland of America."

It was the peroration of a forceful and very eloquent speech delivered extemporaneously at Boston on the 17th of June last, at the elegant banquet of the Amoskeag Veterans, the Putnam Phalanx, the Worcester Conti-

nentals, and friends of these organizations. His words were as follows:

"It has been my fortune to travel in nearly all parts of the world, and I affirm, without prejudice or partiality, that, from the spice-laden breezes of tropic isles, and the burning sands of Indian Egypt, to the snow-crowned Himalayas and the glittering frosts of the Empire of the Czar, from the home of the cowardly Chinese and brave little Japs, to the land of Cleopatra and the Golden Horn, from the diamond fields of South Africa to the Land of the Midnight Sun,—there exists no place superior to rock-ribbed and verdure-clad New Hampshire. Skies are nowhere brighter, fields nowhere greener, men nowhere braver, children nowhere nobler, women nowhere lovelier. The sun in all its course does not shine on more beautiful lakes, more picturesque streams, more fertile valleys, nobler mountains, more charming dells and hillsides. Here, throughout these dales, highlands, and lakeshores, silvered by night under the star-decked canopy of heaven, glorious by day under the genial sunshine, fanned by the pure health-given breezes of nature, and arched by the blue dome of the eternal sky, lies the garden spot of America, the Eldorado of the world."

REST.

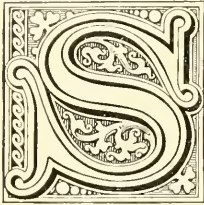
By Willis Edwin Hurd.

Calm as a northern twilight
That gently closes down,
There comes with hope's new insight
Sweet rest without a frown.

THE LEGEND OF JOHN LEVIN AND MARY GLASSE.

By E. P. Tenney.

CHAPTER I.



SWEET melodies flowing down from the sky, like rills from the mountains, awakened Raymond Foote from his refresh-

ing sleep in Boston jail. The prisoner's ear was quick to discern another voice than that of the songsters which rested in the maples hard by.

"If there were crevices in the firmament, I should think this song to be celestial."

"Perhaps," he added, listening, "the opening rifts of day dawn in the overarching heaven have allowed some angel to escape."

Listening again,—*"It is sweeter than an angel; it is the voice of an old friend."*

Listening again,—*"Mary! Mary!"*

At the sound of the minister's voice, Mary Glasse was startled like a timid bird, and she returned to her lodging. When Mary left the jail, it was with a curious sense of foolishness as well as self approbation.

"Martha," she called, "let us hasten home. I fear that the jailor will waken."

The faithful friend, who had just completed her toilet at the spring, sprang to her feet.

"Did you ever dream, Martha, of seeing the dead?"

"Yes. Last night, I saw your mother standing at your bed. But I cannot say it was a dream. I thought I saw her with my waking eyes. It was just before cock-crowing. And then she was lost to me."

"It was indeed my mother. This is the second time I have seen her. How can any one but dread to see one's dearest friend if now she belongs to the dead?" Mary hesitated, steadied herself upon Martha's arm,—*"I thought I saw the halter-mark. Did you see it?"*

"It was by that I knew her. You know that my mother saw it all. Would to God we'd never known it."

Mary, after a long pause, answered,—*"It meant something that she came, although she did not speak. There was grief and pity in her eyes, just as I first remember her; and she raised her finger, warning, and was about to speak, when the cock crew."*

"It was," said Martha, "that night when Mr. Levin stayed so long that I saw her first; but I fainted when she moved to speak, and I heard nothing." Then Martha stayed a moment in her words, as if she had no right to go farther. "Was that when you first saw her?"

"It was that very night before

cock-crowing. And she bade me thrice to befriend John Levin, nay, to be his best friend, and to cling to no one else; but never to marry him." Then Mary stopped short, and looked upon the ground, and waited for words to come. "But you know I had just engaged to marry him, and what could I do?"

"Did you engage to marry? You never told me that."

"I could not tell you after my mother warned me. I would not tell you now, but I am half beside myself with fear; and half in ecstasy with this morning's excitement, which was more whimsical than prudent. But do you know, Martha, that I determined last night to do it as soon as I heard of Raymond's arrest; for I believe John Levin had something to do with it. And if he did, I'll indeed be his best friend and tell him what I think."

"I'm glad to hear you say that; for I cannot bear to have you turn from Raymond, even in your thought, to this handsome, dark John Levin."

"Dark, did you say? Why, I am dark too."

"Yes, you do look like him. But you notice I said handsome. You know that I always clung to you for your manly beauty till the doctor came along with his three rings."

CHAPTER II.

When Raymond Foote heard the silence which followed his call of "Mary," he could but regret his speech. Next, he heard the jail-keeper, Hodgman, and saw him emerge, yawning, and rubbing his eyes and ears to catch sight and sound of the unusual commotion outside and in.

Hodgman heard the birds still singing,—nothing more; and since the cawing of crows was the only bird-music which from boyhood association on the Saugus marshes really interested him, he crawled back to bed again. Hodgman felt in good mood to sleep this morning, and to take his ease; Raymond Foote being no poor prisoner,—thanks to his sea-voyaging and mercantile good wit. With fees jingling in his mind's ears, Hodgman slept soundly.

Raymond, having come to jail for love of liberty, now, for the love of having his own way, went forth from his somewhat shaky prison house, by means which would have been little approved by the royal governor, and found his way to the house of Mistress Race where Mary was. He sang no puritanical hymn, but, as if to shock Mary Glasse's puritanical aunt, a rollicking sailor love-song. The niece of Mistress Race was, however, now so prudent as to make no vocal response; but what could the girl do less than snatch up a handkerchief and throw it out of the window,—no matter if it was Martha's. Raymond returned with his trophy; and began to storm, in a voice like a speaking-trumpet, at his jailor's door.

"It is June now. Do you mean to sleep till January? It's last month since I had anything to eat."

And opening the door he flung coins at Hodgman's head. "Get up, my hearty."

So the popular parson of Chebacco broke his fast, while the bird songs were still stealing in at his window.

CHAPTER III.

As the tall, broad-shouldered prisoner picked his teeth after breakfast,

standing in the sunlight, looking out at the jail window, his large-featured, smoothly-shaven face kindled with sunlight from within; for he saw Mary Glasse approaching, and about to enter the prison house. She too was glad, every inch of her five feet ten. Her spare, muscular figure moved lithely across the unkempt grass; and her well-browned features were tinged with red when she saw Raymond looking at her through the bars of the little window. Stooping to pluck a honeysuckle, she did not look up again till she confronted the jailor, whose heart and the prison door were opened easily by a small fee.

Red and white as to his complexion was Raymond Foote; but his whole face reddened when he saw within easy smiling distance his old-time acquaintance,—indeed, his child-friend he might call her, or “his” Mary; for had he not long had a lingering bachelor dream that somehow she might be his? It had never occurred to him that John Levin, for whom he had such unsuspecting friendship, cared anything for Mary.

Somewhat rudely this momentary dreaming was interrupted by his fair visitor recalling him to his situation: “Do you have no sense of shame, Raymond, in being brought to jail?”

“Yea, I am ashamed of him who represents my king.”

“Was it then the governor who did it? Was there no prompter? Has not John Levin become his bosom friend?”

“Jack Levin is my friend. I wot not to whom else he may be a friend. But why mention him? Tell me of Mistress Race and your Glasse

Head neighbors. I hear that Martha Dune is about to be married. Who is the fortunate man?”

“I’d prefer to talk with you about John Levin, that’s what I came for, to warn you; but it is of course more delightful to talk of weddings. If you have not heard of Martha and the doctor, your Chebacco parish must be a closer place than a jail. I would that you had been half so ignorant of the governor’s tax, which you say is illegal.”

“But, Mary, do not talk politics; for I am in the mood to talk about weddings—when I see you.”

Mary blushed, and twirled her honeysuckle, which she had forgotten to give to the minister. Her mind could not quickly let go her suspicion of John Levin; but she thought it better to allude to it later. Lifting her eyes first shyly, then archly, Mary gave the flower to Raymond.

“And don’t you know Doctor Bob Langdon?”

“Bob Langdon? What, is he to marry Martha? How odd! Well, if that be so, I must tell you about Sue Rand and the fortune teller.”

“Tell me, then,” said Mary with curiosity all alive, and an eager, quizzical expression. “You cannot tell me so good a story as I can tell you, of Martha’s green dress and the doctor’s black horse.”

“The green dress? Why, that must be a part of the same story.”

“How?”

“Well, I’ll tell my story, then you tell yours. Who knows but they go together and match? And if they do, it’s as good a yarn as ever was told at a mess-table.”

“Doctor Bob, as Jack and I

always called him, was mightily taken by Sue Rand of Plymouth Hoe, whom he met in her father's shop not long before we sailed upon our long cruise. He engaged himself to her at once. Whether she engaged herself to him I don't know. Perhaps it wasn't mutual. But, according to old sea-port custom, since he was to be gone so many months, he left his best coat and his watch with the girl till he should return. But the *Fast Bind* did not sail so soon as we expected; so Doctor Bob went ashore again to visit Sue,—and he met her walking with another man who wore his coat and watch.

"Now, Bob is the most violent-tempered good fellow in the world, but this so struck him all aback as if 't was a hurricane, that he could not be angry, unless indignant with himself that he should be in such a boat.

"I've heard that he so staggered that with difficulty he turned on his heel; and he was like to faint, for he loved Sue to desperation. And he's slow-like, you must know, to love any body; and a trifle superstitious.

"Now, it so happened that there was an open door off the walk behind him, and he sailed into it. It was Aunt Nabby White's, she who told fortunes. As soon as he recovered himself a bit, Doctor Bob thought he might as well laugh as cry. So he asked Aunt Nabby to tell his fortune. She told him all about his voyage true; and then asked him if he did not want to see his future wife. When he plucked up his heart and took a peep into Aunt Nabby's magic mirror, he saw a very handsome young woman, of full figure, wearing a green dress and a ribbon tied in a

true-love knot. The doctor paid his money, and went to sea with all the world before him in which to search for that green dress, and that true-love knot. But we never saw it; and the last I heard of Doctor Bob, he was still laughing to himself, and putting on and off green spectacles searching for that dress and that knot, with implicit faith in his fortune.

"But I never thought Martha Dune as being capable of dressing in green or wearing a love knot."

"Yes, she did in a frolic; when she went two Sundays to Salem. She said that she expected to meet her fate in that green dress in Salem. And it was there that Doctor Langdon first saw her, in the meeting-house. I remember laughing at her for her love knot. But her dress was becoming, and you know what a fine figure she has. I don't wonder the doctor was enchanted. But Martha told me something else, even more strange. Have n't you heard of the rings?"

"No, only that Bob spent half his time at sea, polishing up three rings for his future wife."

"I believe in dreams," replied Mary; "and Martha dreamed about the doctor before she saw him. I remember how she came to me that Sunday morning before she went to Salem, and told me with a seriously comical face that she'd had a vision of her lover, who had come far over the sea; that she saw him riding upon a black horse to visit her; that he had made love to her, and given her three gold rings. And that very Sunday on which she went to Salem the doctor first saw her. And the next Sunday morning Martha had

the same dream ; and again she told it to me,—on Sunday morning, mind you, before breakfast. And upon that very Sunday afternoon after she had returned from Salem, Doctor Langdon came to her father's door, riding upon a black horse ; and he made love to Martha, and gave her three rings, and told her that she was fated to be his wife. And she said that he was fated to be her husband. And now they are just as happy as —— ”

“As if they'd always known each other, as you and I have.”

This sudden turn by Raymond silenced Mary, and set her to blushing and to thinking about—John Levin and her engagement to him ; concerning which Raymond did not know.

Hodgman now put in his appearance, with a key large enough to be the key of knowledge, and dismissed Mary ; and Raymond was left in solitary confinement,—too solitary, he thought.

CHAPTER IV.

“Do you think, Martha, that it was quite prudent in me to serenade Mr. Foote, this morning?” asked Mary, that afternoon, when they were far upon their homeward way, toward Manchester-by-the-sea, which by some of the old people was still called by its early name, Jeffrey's Creek.

“No, I do not. You would not catch me bouncing out of bed before daylight to serenade a man I was not engaged to.”

“Very likely.”

“Perhaps, however, you are bent on having a quarrel with John Levin. If so, it will not be strange if he

imagines that he has grounds for it.”

“That's a fact, for I suppose he will know it and know much more that never happened, before night ; for, did you not see our angel, our lovely widow, our Adipose, hovering near, when she returned from sitting up with Dame Dobson?”

“Oh, yes, Angelica will make sure to tell John Levin all she heard and a good deal more, as soon as she can get back to Salem. If she was not so fat, she would be there on a broomstick inside of an hour. Angelica Adipose is so angelic, so apt to fly about, with that heavenly disposition of her's, I don't see how you ever survived having her for your nurse. But then she's a good sewing woman ; and you know that she made my cucumber dress—just her taste you know—and that true-love knot which the doctor so dotes on. And of course I had to have her take my wedding stitches for me. If she comes to-morrow to finish me off, I hope you'll come over and see her.”

CHAPTER V.

No sooner was Mary Glasse alone in her father's house than she was quite sure she had been imprudent. She had gone too far. Too far for what? Too far to be pleasing to John Levin.

Then she blamed herself. Had she not always been too shrinking, else ever-bold? Too shrinking she had been, if she had known it, as to Raymond Foote ; who would long since have declared himself her lover as well as friend, upon the slightest encouragement or demonstration on her part. Her impulsive self-assertion of this morning, following her instinct rather than her judgment,

would certainly disturb John Levin. So thought the sensitive girl, so easily moved hither and thither by the breath of the hour.

And she thought of it all next day, when she pulled the weeds out of her garden, and adorned her flower beds with a margin of quahaug shells. The imaginative and not quite well-balanced Mary fancied to herself all that day that she had set up a see-saw in her heart, with a new friend at one end and an old friend at the other. She imagined her father—now homeward bound from Spain—standing in her heart, not steadfast, but adding his weight to that of John Levin upon one side of the see-saw.

But it almost threw her off her equipoise when she thought of her mother, resting uneasily in her tragic grave, and rising from it in night visions to warn her daughter against John Levin. Had she not schooled herself since she had been a child to keep this dreadful thought of her dead mother out of her mind, ever since her wretched and mischief-making child nurse, Angelica, had so injudiciously told her the horrible story? No wonder that she tried to keep it out of mind, to push it out of mind violently, and sometimes to compel herself by seeming levity to speak and act as if it were all a dream.

And then, too, there arose before her, as she set the purple edged shells in orderly rows, the forms of her two brothers, the manly Tom and the roystering, yet sensible lad, Jim, both asleep at the bottom of the sea. Had they not always loved Raymond Foote? What would they have thought of the handsome, dark-featured stranger who had come up out of the mysterious sea?

Then Mary stood long upon her own threshold, in the twilight, wondering whether it had been a happy providence that she had fished John Levin out of the brine with a boat-hook at the Misery.

At the evening fireside she gazed alternately upon dancing flames and smouldering embers, and saw visions forming and dissolving,—the fascinating John Levin and his great mastiff, Raymond Foote imprisoned, and Martha's wedding. And when Mary went to her cot, it was not to sleep. It was in that corner of the room where her mother had slept. Who could tell whether the dead might revisit her daughter before morning?

But there was that night no unwelcome ghastly return to the old home of one torn from it by violence, and no warning finger raised to quench the flaming of Mary's heart which finally centered—for the night—upon her accepted lover with whom she was to "stand up" at Martha Dune's marriage with the doctor.

Wide-awake, after brief napping in the small hours, Mary went out to watch the delicate tints of the day-dawn stealing up from the heart of the sea.

Can it be said of her, any more truly than of her mother before her, and of the young women of a thousand generations, that the early hours brought pleasant fancies concerning her tall, lithe-limbed lover, whose muscular vigor had so pleased her father? Of simple ways and ignorant of the world was Mary, of strong sympathy, and with penetrative powers little experienced or disciplined. Not accustomed to asking herself questions, or to analyzing her

own moods, she could but wonder at the strong hold John Levin had upon her and the hold she certainly had upon him.

His deep affection, and her own, did not stand in doubt. She loved him when she first saw him dripping on her boat hook. And his eyes had never ceased to center upon her from that day to this. But now, when she thought of actually fulfilling her plighted word to marry, there was the vision of her warning mother, and there was a strange heart quaking; and she did not believe that she should ever be his wife. No uplifted finger out of the unseen world could, however, disturb the serenity of her deep, passionate love for this strange man who had come so recently from over the sea, to whom she believed herself to be allied as a friend if not a wife by foreordaining heaven. She could at this particular moment no more argue and philosophize, and inquire whether her love was preceded by faith in the man, than she could tell why the purpling east and the hues of the roses in her garden gratified her eye and made her heart glow. Did she need to know much about the chemical analysis of the sun in order to rejoice in his light?

"Mr. Levin and I are so like and yet so unlike," she said aloud in talking with herself, "that we can be of infinite help to each other. So, indeed," she added slowly, weighing every word, "unless there are deeps upon deeps in his nature which I can never fathom."

Concerning him who stood upon the other end of the see-saw, which Mary was now conscious that she had erected in her heart, she said to

herself that she had always maintained friendliness,—friendliness, not love. At times, indeed, a glow of warmth had kindled in her impetuous nature when she had been in Raymond's presence.

"Had I not drawn John Levin out of the sea, who could have foretold what I might have said if Raymond Foote had spoken to me in words of fire and with heart leaping, as John Levin did?"

Since Mary's imprudent caroling with the birds and her early visit to a prisoner whom she first knew when she was two years old, she was sure that Raymond Foote loved her in his calm, undemonstrative way. But how was it, she asked, that he who was a sailor still, even in the pulpit, could be so subdued and fearful, in her presence? Perhaps he loved her too much to treat his affection with that levity which he sometimes put on,—for example, toward Hodgman.

CHAPTER VI.

"Are you here so early?" asked Martha, touching Mary's dark tresses with her finger tips.

And they stood, with arms about each other, gazing out over the gleaming sea.

"How is it, Martha, that you can marry so soon one whom you have known for so short a time? I understand that you can love, but how can you marry?"

"It is fated that I should. And, too, what is better, we are perfectly at one. I do not now think of my girlhood freedom, but the happy life inside of a wedding ring."

"Unhappy am I, then, for I told Mr. Levin that I would marry, but I can never think of a definite day, or

mouth, or even year, when I will do it. I love him, but, strangely enough, I love him as I would another person, not as if he were any part of my person. I think of him as I would of a near relation, just as I do of you, only infinitely more so; but I cannot think of him as the other half of my own true self. I love him dutifully, passionately, and would lay down my life for him."

"But, Martha," she added, with tears glistening in the rising sun, "what would you do to-day, if you did not have implicit faith in the doctor, as the basis for your love to repose upon? Perhaps at bottom that's why on my part I rebel at my word given to Mr. Levin so hastily and heartily. My love starts up restlessly and almost flies away, when I think of absolutely trusting John Levin. If it were not so horrible a thing to say, I should picture myself to you as a creature fascinated by him, charmed by his eyes, from which I can never free myself,—but I trust him no more than a bird would a black snake. I know that he loves me devotedly. But aside from his love for me and his love for himself, he has not, that I can discover, a particle of love for any other being in the universe, unless a mingled half love and half dutiful respect for his mother."

"Well, Mary, what do you want of a lover who has a love for being, as our minister says, a universal love for all possible creatures in all worlds? I'm amply contented if the doctor hates everybody except myself."

"Mary! Mary!" now called a voice like a fog-horn, "Mary! why

don't you come and fry them eels?" It was the voice of Skipper James Glasse, returned from the Spanish main. And Mary started to fly to her father.

"Why, Mary, how do you do?" eagerly asked the widow Angelica, meeting Mary as she turned about. "Can't you fry enough for four,—at least one eel apiece? I am getting hungry."

"But you are fat enough," interrupted Martha, "and oily enough, and slippery enough, to get on without hanging about James Glasse's eel-kettle at this time of day. Come over to the mountain; and there fast with me and my sisters three."

And the Mrs. Dr. Langdon, about to be, thereupon undertook to march off the widow, whose needle must fly swiftly before the next neighing at her door of the doctor's black horse.

"I guess you are satisfied now," said the widow to Mary, coming to a stand-still for a moment and looking back over her shoulder, "that what I told you is true, that John Levin was going to put a stop to your flirting with Raymond Foote by putting him into jail. Why don't you get married at once, and make an end of it? He will, I trow, make you march straight when you are once married."

CHAPTER VII.

Had Dr. Robert Langdon, when he stood up to be married, been less than four feet in circumference, it would have been less noticeable that he was less than five feet high.

"And Martha, too," the physician had been careful beforehand to tell John Levin, "has a remarkably well-proportioned physique,—five feet two by two feet five."

This was, however, in the doctor's eye, to which the balance and beauty of his wife lacked nothing. Her true height being five feet six, it never would have done for her epigrammatic husband to have described her chest as six feet five, although she did measure half that, when accoutered for calling upon her neighbors.

Martha was truly magnificent, if the etymological significance of the adjective be noted; Langdon's letter to Levin picturing her as having blue eyes, high, arching brows, and long lashes, not too thickly set; with features full and broad between eyes and mouth; with nostrils adapted to easy breathing; a generous mouth with fine lips, and a pointed chin; for a woman, very square shouldered and deep chested; her arms muscular, and hands and feet equal to a good day's work without weariness.

"Who," confidentially asked Langdon of Levin at least once a week, "ever saw so restful a face to gaze upon, or one more fully informed by light and love, by cheerful faith, nimble wit, high courage, and reserved power?"

Indeed, after that wedding was over, the doctor rarely talked about the weather to John, but, instead of a "Good morning," he would say,—"My bright-eyed wife says," or "my cheery helpmeet says,"—"and I think so too."

It is but fair to add that the rotundity of Dr. Langdon never in the least detracted from his dignity. Who of Martha's friends to whom he was a stranger, could fail to notice the size of his well-proportioned head, adorned by short, curling jet-black hair and beard; his generous, intelligent features, marked

by penetration and apparent good judgment; his shoulders so powerful, and chest so immense, as to make his waist appear to be not unusually large; and his whole frame made alive by his long, swinging, sinewy arms, and quick-moving, massive lower limbs? How could Martha, who never remarked upon the personal appearance of her husband, but take pride in a certain delicacy of the doctor's hands and feet, as if his grandfathers in far-off generations had not been obliged to toil and trade like common folk?

What could be more beautiful than the words of Martha, in her serene old age after death had divided her from her husband,—“We two were always upon the same side, being one and not two so far as related to all outside ourselves.”

As to their wedding garments, the doctor was always so well dressed that it was not easy to remember what he wore. His face and words, his personality, took off attention from his clothing. Martha's raiment was tidy if not tasteful; her taste having been made up for her by the gaudy and tawdry widow Adipose.

But the twain most noteworthy at the wedding, were John Levin and Mary Glasse. With coal-black eyes, deep set, and glowing like coals when kindled; long lashes; shaggy brows, fringing a prominent forehead; hair black, and dressed with care; a highly-bridged, thin nose, with nostrils alive at every breath; a small, mobile mouth, with lips of high color, and compressed when in repose; his smoothly-shaven lower face not prominent but well rounded; small ears far set back; of dark complexion; of agile limbs; of powerful

framework, light, well-knit, and finely proportioned; a man so quick motioned withal, as to carry the impression of being always upon the alert: so stood John Levin,—six feet four. And Mary Glasse was so nearly his image, as to be called by others by the name he best loved, “My Alter-Ego.”

But he was at least thirty-five, looking ten years younger; and she was eighteen, looking as mature if not as old as he. She did not appear to strangers to be lacking in experience; and he looked so guileless upon this wedding day, that no one could have dreamed his life story.

There was no one who could keep his eyes off John Levin and Mary Glasse when they addressed each other. Their faces were so animated that the blood came and went, and every emotion rippled upon the surface, so that even James Glasse said that “looking at ’em ’s like watchin’ the livin’ sea.”

Nothing could be more apparent than their mutual affection. With the older, it was an intense passion, masterful when in Mary’s presence; but her love was apparently tempered if true, and there was sometimes a shadow of distrust or withholding of confidence in jest or earnest. Mary kept her lover aloof, or played him at will, as served her fancy. She was a girl, the world was before her. He was a man, and so much of the world was behind him that he knew his mind.

It cannot be said that the groomsman and bridesmaid used this wedding occasion for paying their attentions to each other in the hour set apart for the doctor and Martha; but they were so attractive to every one who

set eyes upon them that none could do otherwise than to watch them; and everybody said, who had seen John Levin before, that there never was a man more transformed by his love than John Levin; who otherwise was so cold, so undemonstrative, so secretive, so unreadable, as to be called a social iceberg,—unless, now and then, it served him a good turn to be affable.

And Tom Wimbleton went so far as to say, “I s’pose it sarves John Levin some kin’ of turn to make love to Skipper Glasse’s daughter. ’T aint much money the skipper’s got, but there’s the flakes and sixteen boat.”

The wedding of course was no more and no less hilarious than was pleasing to Elder Perkins, the magistrate.

“What a pity,” said the doctor to his bride, “that Raymond Foote, instead of being here on this joyous occasion, is chained to his bedpost in jail.”

“But he ought not to resist the king,” replied his loyal lady.

“The clerical jail-bird,” quoth Farmer Goadby, “can ill afford to trifle with our royal governor.”

“But I did not tell you, Mr. Levin,” said Mary Glasse, “that my conscience led me to consult the minister more than once when I was in Boston.” And she looked archly for the effect of her words.

“Yes, I heard about your serenading him in the small hours of the night, when modest girls are asleep,” interposed the widow Angelica Adipose, sharply, making sure that John Levin should look at her when she said it.

“It is indeed a very serious matter, that has brought my shipmate to

sorrow," gravely answered Mr. Levin, with a slight flush stealing upon his dark features.

And the brown cheeks of Mary Glasse glowed a little with strange fires.

So ended the wedding at Peter Dune's, at the foot of the crag, upon the west of Norton's mountain.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Ah, Doctor," said Levin next day, in Langdon's office, "I would give all the world if I were fixed as you are. But Mary will consent to set no day; she is restless, aggravating, untamable, and beautiful as a thousand leagues of ocean. I am tortured by her, but can no more leave her than our planet can cease to circle round the sun."

Dr. Langdon was one of those beings who fancied that he knew John Levin; or that he might come to know him. And he believed that his illustrious patient (who had at this time no particular ailment, save that he was always wanting to see his doctor, chat with him, and upon some pretense pay him large fees,) imparted to him now and then a tithe of information that could be relied upon as to the true nature of John Levin; and many were the days which came and went before he made up his mind that he knew absolutely nothing about him.

For the present, the doctor believed himself to be, to all intents and purposes, his patient's peculiar and confidential friend. It was probably on this account that, surgeon as he was, the doctor was always probing John Levin's heart as if for a bullet. But to all the doctor's suggestions, whether interrogatory or dogmatic,

John Levin went rattling on, this way or that, as if what he said was complete answer; and he did it in tones so sincere as to pass unquestioned. And it was a long, long time before the doctor was led to believe that Levin's social or confidential talk was solely for his own diversion for the hour, and that nothing certain could be known thereby about his real opinions or emotions,—that he might or might not be revealing his interior life.

Was there ever a man to whom it was so amusing as to John Levin, to pose in a thousand attitudes before those whom he called his friends, each confidential; and in the most secret manner, tone, word, represent himself to be what he was not?

This served one important end. There was much truth at bottom of what he said; his own true life was perhaps unveiled in its most dreadful secrets; but so much that was not true was ostensibly unveiled to this or that one who fancied himself Levin's most intimate friend, that the narrator himself looked upon himself simply as an ink fish, darkening all waters around him and escaping whence, how, whither, he himself could never tell.

Amid his masterly mercantile transactions and professional triumphs, which so astonished his contemporaries, Mr. Levin so "diverted" his mind by a mingling of lies and truth-telling, deception and frankness, that this "amusement," as he called it when talking to himself, smacked of mental aberration.

But there was one thing that he could by no act conceal, it was his love for Mary Glasse, which became, when he was thirty-five years old,

the mastering passion of his life; although, in all he said about it to any one, he may, or he may not have truthfully represented his own life. Much of it must have been true; and much was certainly invented to please the fancy of the hearer.

When, therefore, Dr. Langdon undertook to probe the heart of his "friend," John Levin, for his secret, as he would probe for a bullet endangering life, the shipping merchant, the lawyer, knew how to answer him.

"It's plain enough," replied the doctor to Levin's assertion that Mary would not marry him at any definite time, "that you gravitate toward Mary; and that the centrifugal forces of your soul are held in check by the centripetal impellation of your being toward hers. But if she fails to be regulated by the principles and laws which actuate all true celestial bodies, she must in time fail to put forth influences so potent as now, and then the centrifugal forces of your soul will impel you to fly to some other center of attraction,—for example, to the widow Adipose."

"Confound your science, Langdon; and confound the widow. You know me too well to trifle when I need your help. You are married at last, married by magic and triple rings. There was a time in which I thought I should make of you as great a rake as myself; but now I thank heaven that you were a better man than I took you for. But what am I to do? You know me for better and for worse,—for the worse mostly.

"Now I swear to you, Doctor, by the red ring of Ulla, that Mary Glasse has it in her power to change

my whole life,—to change my heart, as the doctors of divinity say, and to make me a new creature, as St. Paul says. You know how long it is since I have believed in God, for any certainty, but I have profound faith in Mary Glasse. She is a divinity to me. It is no more possible for me in her presence to think of those passions which are most degrading than it is possible for me to have evil thoughts in the presence of my mother,—God lengthen her honored days."

"But John," said the surgeon, "I do not understand that you are now where you were a year ago in respect to foolish courses of life."

"I tell you, Doc., that I am under the reign of natural law. I have formed habits more powerful than those forces which impel the sun. I can no more change my currents of thought and action than you can call Orion out of the skies, or chain the bear in his walk about the pole.

"Now Mary Glasse,—hear me, man, do not look so drowsy, man,—Mary Glasse is so much of a true divinity that she has changed my whole habit of thought and life. Her influence over me is miraculous. But all this is only for such time as I am with her, or when I 'have faith' in her. When she puts me off, as to our marriage, or goes to fooling with Parson Foote—the powers of darkness overtake him—then I straightway tumble to pieces, and all is over with me till she is again 'gracious.'"

"Ah, I see," said the doctor, "your divinity studies still influence your phrases in the worship of your goddess."

"I curse the divinity I used to know, but no power can persuade me

that there is not something divine in Mary Glasse. I sometimes think the God-head I finally lost at Hardwick has reappeared in myriad forms. Possibly, although it's hard to think it, you yourself may be a fragment of deity, and Martha too—God bless her. But Mary Glasse,"—

"Levin, if you don't stop this 'Mary Glasse,' 'Mary Glasse,' 'Mary Glasse' repetition, I'll have her arrested and hung for a witch, that I will."

"Ah, man, but you are married. I would that I could invite you to my wedding. Let's liquor."

After the toddy, John Levin left; and the doctor was slightly puzzled. There was a slight insincerity in Levin's later words, which made him uncertain as to what else had been said: "He's the same old sea-dog, I warrant."

CHAPTER IX.

No sooner had Mr. Levin left the doctor's office than Myra, the maid, came in; and the doctor told her to be seated until he could find his stump-puller. In the anguish of her toothache she sat down upon the doctor's new hat.

"What did you do that for?"

"I did not mean to," whimpered the girl.

"Did not mean to! What did you do it for, then?"

Myra hung her head and cried.

"You never did sit down upon my hat before, what makes you commence to form the deleterious habit now? Can't you speak, girl?"

"I'm so sorry. I'll buy you another one."

"Buy me another? You can't, unless I give you the money, and do

you suppose I shall be such a fool as to do that? But what's the odds? You've spoilt this particular hat." The doctor took it up, and looked at it, and then tried to take the crush out of it with his fist. "If you take my money and purchase a new one, you'll make a cushion out of that one before night, I wager. I never saw such stupidity."

The doctor was now white with rage. Myra trembled like a leaf.

Three rings were now placed upon the doctor's shoulder; Myra began to laugh hysterically, when she saw her mistress's hand extended toward her fuming, sputtering husband, with a quiet, but determined air, as if she was about to lift off a steaming tea-kettle. The doctor, hardly feeling the gentle pressure, turned himself about in a slow and dignified manner, and took his wife's hand,—

"What did I say, Martha?"

"Nothing my love, but I have just prepared the confections you are so fond of. And I was going to ask you to go out into the garden with me to taste the sweetmeats."

"Precede me, and I will come subsequently."

"Not so. Will you take precedence, as you always do,—when we go to meeting, for instance?"

Stumping along a little ahead of her like a fore-runner, as he commonly did upon the street, the doctor went to the garden with the confection cook.

"Do you know, my adorable one, that your saline properties have a tendency to exercise a valuable conserving influence upon society, and so, indirectly, upon the age? But you will bear with me, my good angel, if I say what it is not becom-

ing in a husband to say, that the salt of the earth is improved by the addition of pepper. I could not love you more if I should try; but I should esteem you more highly and hold you in more lofty regard, if possible, had you been endowed with a fiery, nay, a furious temper like mine."

"But you know that we've agreed to be opposites, so that what I lack you'll have, and what you lack I'll have. I do not need, therefore, to be fussy and particular and out of sorts about small things; although I do think that my good husband ought to be spirited if things go wrong."

"Yes, I had forgotten that we were to be as unlike as possible, in order that, as two halves made one, we might present to the admiring world of Juniper Point, a full-orbed state of perfected matrimonial bliss."

"I am so proud to be united to a spirited, even if a peppery, family. You've often told me that your ancestors were of volcanic and earthquakey and hurricanic temperament. I believe those were the adjectives."

"And I, on my part, am perfectly hilarious upon my good fortune in being allied to one of opposite temperament,—one who can take me off when I boil over."

"I always think of you, my beloved physician, as I think of the green, restful, wholesome world we live upon, as having such qualities that we can put up with storms now and then, which, after all, help clear the air."

"And I always think of you, as I told John Levin, as being a genuine goddess who has stepped out of the world's golden age, with no particular studies, pursuits, learning, or mission, but by nature having the

perfection of every grace which lends a charm to life."

"And pray what did Mr. Levin say, when you told him that?"

"I don't think he appreciates you. He went on, and just doted on Mary Glasse. Now I think that Mary Glasse has nothing very uncommon about her, that so great a man, as he is, should run on so. John Levin is a genius. I should think all the women in the world would fall in love with him. But Mary Glasse"—

"Why, Robert, Mary is far superior to me. Her endowments are wonderful, I think. But I do not see anything for a woman to run after in John Levin, he can't stand comparison for a moment with Raymond Foote, not to mention my bubbling and tempestuous leach."

"We are indeed opposites, if that be your mind as to John and Mary. Let's drop the subject, and be at one, upon at least one thing to-day."

"Seriously, my dear, do you think that John Levin expects that Mary Glasse will ever marry him?"

"Why not? She will, unless she be daft."

"What makes you admire John Levin so?"

"How can I tell you off-hand? I should have to write a book to tell you a tithe of what's admirable in my friend. But, pray tell me, on your part, if you know, how John Levin came to be enamored of Mary Glasse? I never could find out."

"Raymond Foote introduced him to Mary, when she rescued him from the tide-wash. John Levin's body would have been swept off by the river under the sea if Mary had not hooked him out. He was literally caught upon her hook. Raymond

Foot, less exhausted than Mr. Levin, helped himself out the brine, that so nearly pickled them both; and he at once introduced John to Mary." him, so John says. I don't fancy her, but I want him to be suited; and I wish you would try to persuade her."

"Very romantic. And, still, now "There's Mary, coming out [of that she's got him, she won't marry the house, now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ESTHER'S DEFENCE.¹

By Emma E. Brown.

Since those far-off days when Mason came,
And Fernando Gorges of old-world fame
To found on Piscataqua's rock-bound shore
A "royal province" (not only in name!)
With its sure, safe harbor and bounteous store
Of nature's wealth in fish and game—
"New Hampshire's Daughters," stanch and strong,
Have left their record in story and song.

And we never tire to hear them told—
Those valiant deeds of the days of old,
When dangers threatened on every hand
The lives and homes of that little band
Of pioneers—brave, patient, strong,
Unfading laurels to those belong
Who pushed their way through the pathless wood
Undaunted in faith and fortitude,
Till among the Granite Hills at length
Rose our little state in beauty and strength,
And, helping always a tireless band,—
Through the bye-gone years we see them stand,
New Hampshire's Daughters, stanch and strong,
Leaving their record in story and song.

There was Hannah Dustin and Molly Stark
And many another of shining mark,
But among the names that are handed down
From sire to son with their wide renown—
Among the many, I think of one
Who faced the enemy all alone?

¹ Read before "New Hampshire's Daughters" at Hotel Vendome.

A frail and slender woman, they said,
Was this Esther Jones with her clear, wise head,
But she always knew what was best to do—
That rare, fine gift bestowed on the few !
And to Esther it was that every man
In the garrison came for the wisest plan
Of guiding the colony, day by day,
And keeping the savage tribes at bay—
For whatever she said they always knew
Was the best and the safest thing to do.

The planting, one time, had been long delayed,
Because of a treacherous Indian raid
And when, at last, it could safely be done
If they worked together till set of the sun,
She bade them go and leave her on guard
In the garrison fort, well bolted and barred.

So with loaded guns they had gone away—
Man, woman, and child, from the fort that day,
And Esther alone in the garrison stood,
Surrounded each side by the dense pine wood ;
The nearest house was miles away,
And the savage tribes in ambush lay
Near the forest path, but she knew no fear—
This dauntless Esther who waited here !

The long, long day is nearing its close,
When—hark !—a wild shriek !—and Esther knows
The wily foe at length have guessed
How weak is the fort ! She must do her best—
She must rally all her wits to the front,
For 't is she alone who must bear the brunt
Of this savage raid—they are coming fast,
And she knows each moment may be her last.

But, undismayed, she challenges all
The murderous host, and her figure tall
Arrayed in her husband's coat and hat
Looks now from this loop-hole, now from that,
While with gun in hand they can hear her call
To Peter, to John, to Henry, to Paul,
And a host of others, as if there stood
Beside her a stalwart brotherhood
Of valiant warriors !—With puzzled mien
The Indians pause—and while they wait,
As if hypnotized, there by the gate,

A troop of well-armed men is seen
 Hemming them in on every side,
 While a panic seizes them far and wide !

The planting was over ere set of the sun,
 And an easy victory now is won.
 Brave Esther Jones !—till the day was done
 Alone she had held the fort ! Among
 New Hampshire's Daughters, stanch and strong,
 Let *her* name be known in story and song.



THE SUNSET LAND.

By Bela Chapin.

Far away o'er the hills lies the sunset clime
 That in vision we sometimes behold ;
 That in fancy we build or weave into rhyme
 When the clouds are all burnished with gold.

From those radiant hills that afar off extend,
 From those plains and blossoming vales,
 Sweet odors, the incense of flowers, ascend,
 And are wafted along on the gales.

There the gayest of creatures of bird-kind throng,
 In the hues of the rainbow arrayed ;
 And they fill all the valleys and meadows with song,
 Every forest and evergreen glade.

There the soft, clear streams un murmuring flow
 Through meads, over crystalline sand ;
 And the rose-hued skies are mirrored below—
 The glittering skies of the sunset land.

Oh, the sunset land is brighter than this
 Where we live, where we labor, and die ;
 'Tis a foregleam, perhaps, of the bright world of bliss
 Where the purified dwell upon high.



THE DOCTOR'S THANKSGIVING STORY

BY
SARA H SWETT

HILLTOP, NOV. —, 1895.

MY DEAR FELLOW: I hope you have n't forgotten that you gave your promise last summer to make one of our party on Thanksgiving day. I write to remind you that we have not forgotten, and hope you will not disappoint us. There will be only a small party of us, and we shall keep our Thanksgiving very quietly. Come up into the hills and see what the country is like in winter. You will find it pretty cold, but I can assure you of a warm welcome from *all*.

Faithfully yours,

R. GRAY.

HILLTOP, N. H., NOV. —, 1895.

MY "MENTOR": Can I not imagine your expression when the date of this letter meets your eye? Don't I know how scorn scintillates from every part of your majestic being? Ah, but too well! "And so," you say, "you are back there again, singeing your wings, like a foolish moth, in the light that probably does not burn for you at all." Even so, my dear boy, but with all due respect to your intellect, I would call your attention to the fact that you say "probably," and I propose to give myself the benefit of the doubt.

In the mean time, here I am, and I have been listening this evening to a story that has not left me in a particularly somnolent mood, hence this letter, though it is already past midnight. I am going to tell you the story, but in deference to your orderly habits, I will begin properly, by giving you a brief resumé of some of the causes (apparent) of my being here. Prominent among them, is the following letter, which I received a few days ago:

Yesterday morning found me en route for Hilltop. What did I understand you to say? Was it not a fine opportunity for a "poor but deserving" landscape painter? Why not kindly regard it purely in the light of a business trip? Remember that I have never been in the country in America except in summer, and could get some hints on tints and coloring that might be invaluable to me in working up my academy picture.

I don't propose to gratify you by informing you at what unearthly hour the train left, but the sun had not melted the frost on the platforms and car rails. Men hurried past with their shoulders drawn up, and their hands in their pockets; boys did n't

beset you for a "shine," and news-boys stamped their feet and blew their cold fingers. The passengers who came hurrying in, all looked cold and discontented I noticed. Strange, I thought! I had been repeatedly told by anxious friends that it was a strange time to go into the country on a sketching trip, and I felt the exultation of one who has overcome all unworthy obstacles, and triumphantly has his own way in spite of them; and as the train steamed rapidly out of town and into the open country, I leaned forward and watched the long series of pictures, that seemed to flit past the meadows, with a sense of keen enjoyment that made me smile at myself it was so boyish.

It was all so strangely different from anything I had ever seen,—like a series of pale sketches in sepia after brilliant paintings, yet it was very beautiful, and there was color here too, but in softened, sober shades. The frost lay thick and white along the fences and across the level fields; the trees stood bare and gray, with the infinitely delicate tracery of their branches outlined clearly against the pale sky. Everything looked cold,—even the sunshine seemed thin and pale and ineffectual, and presently disappeared altogether behind a film of gray cloud, that spread gradually over all the sky.

A tall man, in a gray coat, remarked in a cynical voice, as if creation in general, and the passengers in particular, were responsible for the fact, that it "was goin' to snow before night." And in an hour or two the snow began to fall; a few large flakes drifted down in a leis-

urely, purposeless way, and a little later others came with a little flurry at first, then falling fast and steadily in a determined, businesslike way that soon showed substantial results. The fences put on ermine, and every common tree and bush and shrub was transfigured; the telegraph lines beside the track were long ropes of eider down, and the mountains, which we were fast approaching, were all misted with white, thin and lovely as a bridal veil.

Passengers came in from time to time powdered thickly with the soft, cold particles, and looking as if that were the last straw added to their accumulated load of discomforts. I have noticed that the only people who appreciate discomforts, which happen at the same time to be picturesque, are those to whom the novelty compensates for the inconvenience. Nevertheless, I enjoyed with unflagging interest the beautiful transformations which were taking place before my very eyes, until it grew too dark to see.

Not until then did I remember that I had a stage-ride of some four or five miles to take at the end of my railway journey, and begin to appreciate my fellow-travellers' objections to the picturesque. But I had roughed it too much in my various sketching trips to be much dismayed by the prospect, and, indeed, I had not time, for the conductor threw open the door, at that point in my reflections, with a slam that admitted a good deal of cold air and a small avalanche of snow, as well as himself, and called the name of a town, which by courtesy we accepted as English, but which might as well have been Hindostanee, for all evi-

dence our ears gave to the contrary. But, as the announcement was accompanied by a jerk of the head in my direction, and the beckoning of a grimy finger, both of which *were* intelligible, I picked up my grip, turned up the collar of my coat, and prepared to face the outside world, which seemed to be in a very bad temper just then, judging from visible evidences.

My usual good fortune did not desert me, however, for the first person whom I encountered was the stage-driver, who had, evidently, been instructed to look out for me, for he inquired at once "Be you the feller that's goin' to Dr. Gray's?"

I assured him of my identity with that "feller," and was piloted across a platform to a long, low vehicle,—evidently the stage,—and a very comfortable conveyance it was too.

Apparently he expected no other passengers, for we started at once, and we went on and on, I have no idea how far or how long, for the storm seemed to grow thicker every moment, and through the blinding drift of flakes I could see only a long, white opening, between dark, snow-laden trees, and, now and then, a light from a farm-house window. By-and-by one shone out, bright and clear, high above the others, and the driver turned to me, and pointed with his whip,—“There 's Hilltop,” he said briefly.

It was an entirely superfluous piece of information, for I had been watching it for five minutes,—trust the “moth” to find his light!

A little later we drove up at the door of what seemed the white ghost of a house, but a ghost with the familiar outlines I remembered so

well. The door was thrown open at once, and Rex ran down the steps to meet me, and the promise of a warm welcome from *all* was fully made good. However, as this cannot be of interest, I will pass very briefly over what followed—merely remarking that to an ordinary mortal, like myself, it was thoroughly delightful.

Supper over, we adjourned to the sitting-room, and gathered round the large, open wood-fire for a cosy, social evening. It seemed that I was the only one of some half-dozen invited guests who had had the courage to face the storm. I readily forgave their lack of perseverance, and mentally blessed the storm as I glanced around our snug little circle.

I had brought along a portfolio of Florida sketches I made last winter, intending to finish up two or three of the best for Mrs. Gray and Virginia, and naturally the conversation turned on Florida, and Dr. Gray asked, apropos of a little sketch of the pine barrens, if I had ever witnessed a forest fire on the pine lands. I replied in the negative, and expressed a regret that I had failed to see what I had so often heard about while I was there, and he answered quickly “Never regret it, but thank God you were spared the sight. You have no idea of the terrible, irresistible might of such a fire or the speed with which it travels. It is more fiendish, more awful and devilish than anything I ever saw.”

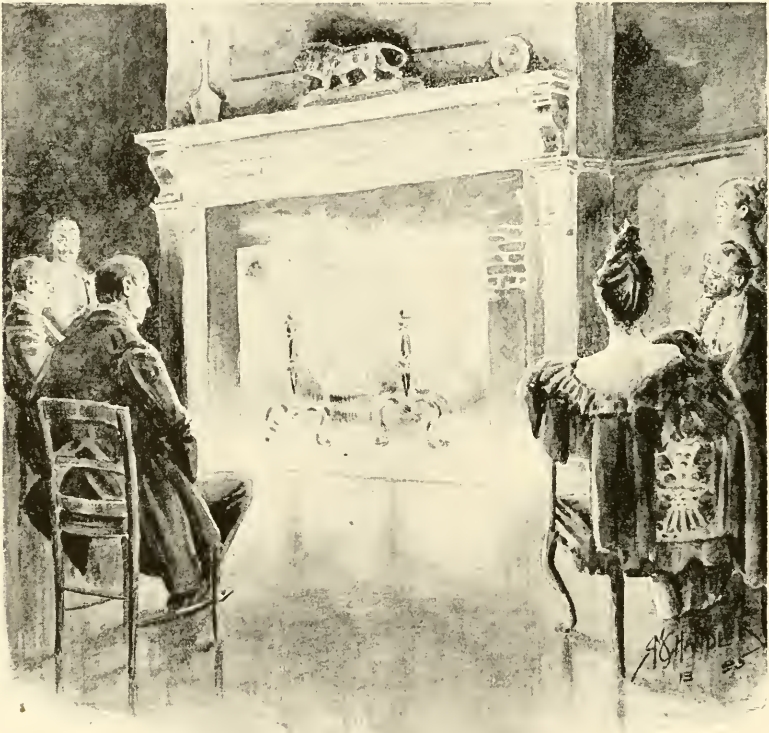
He spoke with strong feeling, and I fancied that Mrs. Gray grew a little pale. There was a moment's silence, and then he turned to his wife,—“Mary, shall I tell him what happened fifteen years ago to-day?” She assented a little reluctantly I

fancied, and he seemed in no haste to begin, but drew his chair a little more into the shadow, and sat silently stroking his beard and gazing into the fire.

"You may not know," he said at length, "that my wife is southern-born, but thereon hinges my story,

to the south again after the war was over.

"We were married, and I began practice in her native town. During the years we remained in the south we frequently passed the winter months on a little plantation we owned in the Florida pine lands, and



as it was the cause of many years of our early married life being spent in the south. Her home was in Virginia, and the regiment of northern soldiers in which I went as surgeon, was quartered for many weeks near her father's plantation. During that time I learned many things which it is, perhaps, needless to enumerate—most people learn them sooner or later—but which caused me to return

it was while we were there that I became acquainted with this story which I am going to relate to you,—in fact, this is the anniversary of the day on which it happened.

"Fifteen years ago this morning, two children,—a little girl of four years, and the colored girl who had care of her, and who was called Sip, partly on account of her unusual blackness, and partly as a convenient

shortening of her proper name, started out to walk across the pine lands to a plantation about two or three miles distant.

"Sip had been sent on an errand, and, as usual, had begged to take the child with her. Permission had been readily granted, for Sip was always careful of her, and there existed between the two that strong affection so often seen in the south between black and white, but which always seems so incomprehensible to northern understanding.

"So the two had started out, hand in hand, till the baby feet grew tired, and Sip lifted her in her strong young arms, and beguiled the time by telling stories. The child never tired of Sip's stories, and Sip, apparently, never tired of telling them, or of singing the old plantation songs, in her weird, mournful voice, keeping time with her bare, black feet, in a queer, half-dancing step, which was the baby's special delight. So the time went quickly, and when Sip judged that about half the distance had been passed, they both sat down beneath a large pine and shared the luncheon Sip had carried in a tin pail, hung across her arm.

"The moments slipped by unheeded, the sun climbed higher and higher, and a strong westerly breeze began to blow. By and by Sip became aware of a strange sound that made itself heard above the soft chant of the pines,—a sound that made her start up suddenly, with a wild look of terror on her face, and strain her eyes anxiously in the direction from which they had come.

"Nothing was to be seen but the level sweep of the pine lands, covered with the tall, waving, brown grass,

flecked here and there with wild flowers, and golden with the sunbeams that flickered through the pine boughs; overhead, the sky was as blue as only southern skies can be, with a single soft, dark cloud showing its edges above the tree-tops in the west.

"Sip watched it a moment, her dark face growing strangely set and gray about the lips. She knew that the dark cloud, rising higher and higher above the tree-tops, meant that a fire was sweeping across the pine lands, blown directly towards them by the wind. She knew the rapidity with which such fires travel, and had comprehended their danger in an instant. To reach home was impossible, for the fire would cut them off—the faint, distant roar was growing more distinct every moment. She must go on, and quickly.

"She caught the baby in her arms, and started down the path towards the distant plantation. You know how impossible it seems to run on the pine barrens, where the deep sand and the smooth, wiry grass are equally treacherous footing, but Sip ran with all the speed of which she was capable, the thought of their awful danger nerving every muscle to do its utmost.

"On and on she ran, her breath coming in deep, heavy gasps with the terrible effort she was making, but she dared not stop even for a moment, for the deep, ominous roar of the fire grew more and more distinct every instant. Now and then a heavy fall told Sip's practised ears that some giant pine had fallen before the resistless might of the fire.

"The baby had grown strangely quiet, and clung silently to the girl's

neck, with her face turned backward towards the strange sound, which she understood only as a half comprehended danger. Sip's efforts were becoming every moment more painful. She staggered as she ran, and little flecks of foam stood on her lips, but still she kept on. Suddenly the child cried out sharply, 'Oh, Sippy, the trees are afire!'

"Sip stopped running for a moment, and, leaning heavily against a tree,

roots, with the earth still clinging to them, had been left. Between that and the advancing fire was an old lumber road, its furrows worn deep into the soft ground by the heavy logs, the grass trampled down and destroyed by the plodding feet of the mule teams.

"In a moment Sip remembered the fire guards the orange growers plough around their groves, and her eyes brightened with a gleam of hope:



looked back. Yes, there was the fire; she could see the flames now in the distance, and the smoke was thickening around them fast. The child clung to her neck with low, frightened sobs, her eyes fixed on the fire. Sip looked around her despairingly—was there nothing she could do—nothing?

"A few rods ahead of her, at a little distance from the path, an immense pine had blown down, from which the trunk had been cut away, but the huge mass of upturned

here was her fire guard! It was her only chance—could she do it? She *must*! She clasped the little form closer, and ran on, murmuring huskily, 'Doan' cry, Baby, Sippy's g'wine tek ca'h ob yo'.'

"Behind the roots of the pine was a large cavity, half filled with loose earth; Sip hastily wrapped the child in an old woollen shawl she wore, and placed her where the roots of the tree would shelter her as much as possible from the heat, and fell to work. Somehow, in all that ter-

rible flight, Sip had clung to the tin pail she had carried slipped upon her arm, and she used it now with an energy born of her despair, scooping out the loose sand from the cavity behind the roots of the tree and scattering it over the scanty grass that grew between them and the old road. Soon she had covered every inch of it with the moist sand, and she contented herself with throwing the rest in a long, irregular heap on one side of the cavity, not daring to take time to carry it further.

"The baby crouched in the old shawl sobbing pitifully, but still with her eyes turned toward Sip with a beautiful trust in her promise to take care of her. The girl glanced at her now and then as she worked, and her dark face grew more set, and there was a terrible tightening in her parched throat,—what if she could n't save her after all, when she trusted her so?

"She bent to her task desperately. The smoke grew thicker, and little tongues of flames were creeping through the tall grass beyond the road with a faint, hissing noise, like fiery serpents. Sip dared wait no longer; she held out her arms to the child, who crept into them with a confidence that went to the girl's heart, and for a moment she held her close, and tried to smile as she murmured again, 'Sippy's g'wine tek ca'h ob her baby;' then wrapped her closely in the old shawl and laid her in the cavity as far back as possible under the roots of the tree, and half covered her with loose sand, and fell to work again.

"The heat was terrible, for the fire was burning close to the other side of the old road now, lapping up

the long grass, and swinging in fiery streamers from the gray moss on the branches of the trees. Again and again it caught in the grass, lying between the road and the upturned tree, blown across by the treacherous wind, and again and again Sip choked it with sand and trampled it out with her bare, black feet, hardly conscious of the pain in the terrible struggle for life.

"She could hear the baby sobbing sometimes when the dreadful roar subsided for a moment, and once a few words of the little prayer Sip had heard her say so many times in the nursery at home, reached the girl's ears, coupled with her own name,—'and God bless Sippy,' the baby voice said, but the rest was drowned in the fierce, hungry roar of the fire.

"After a while,—Sip never knew how long,—she fancied the heat grew a little less intense. She raised her head; the smoke seemed to be lifting a little, and it was not so difficult to breathe. She felt something cool and moist on her cheek, and stretched out her hands eagerly,—yes, thank God! it was rain,—one of those swift showers that so often follow in the wake of such a fire. The wind had changed too, as the shower came on, and began to blow from the south-east. The fire hissed angrily beneath the lash of the rain, but crept back slowly and swept sullenly away in the path of the wind.

"Back to the west, over the path they had come in the morning, all was blackened and smoking, and hundreds of trees and stumps were still burning, but the danger was past.

"Sip straightened herself slowly, and pressed her hands against her

aching eyes; the hands were blistered, so was her face, and the bare feet were dreadfully burned. Her head felt strangely dizzy and confused; she staggered blindly back to the cavity where the baby lay, and stretched out her hands, unable for the moment to speak.

"The child crept out to meet her,—a pitiful little figure, with smoke-blackened face, and the old woolen shawl drenched by the rain, clinging around her, but *safe*,—no shining curl of the dear little head was injured. Sip made sure of that, passing her hand over the soft hair and the little shoulders from which she had torn the old shawl, almost as if she doubted the evidence of the poor aching eyes. Then she sank heavily down, half leaning against the huge roots of the old tree, and the tall trees, with their blackened, smoking tops, seemed to reel suddenly, the sky grew strangely dark, and the air was full of a rushing sound like falling water; Sip's head fell forward lifelessly, and she lost all consciousness.

"You can perhaps better imagine than I can describe, what had been taking place at the house in the meantime. I was there, and I shall never forget it, but I cannot tell you the awful, sickening sense of utter helplessness with which we watched that cloud of black smoke, and listened to the fierce, hungry roar of the fire, and realized how powerless we were to do anything but wait—we dared not think what that waiting might mean."

The doctor's voice had grown very husky, and he paused a moment and passed his hand furtively across his eyes before he continued his story.

"I urged my horse down the smoking road as soon as it was passable, and found them there by the old tree, both unconscious, and both so covered with smoke that for a moment my heart stood still until I had assured myself that they were still living. The baby, frightened by the girl's strange silence, had crept as closely to her as possible, and sobbed herself to sleep with her arms clasped around Sip's neck. The girl's poor, burned hand still clung protectingly to the baby's little gown—faithful black heart, true to the last!"

Again the doctor paused a moment, then turned towards me, trying to speak lightly, "So we carried them home across the blackened pine lands, and long weeks of tender care and nursing healed Sip's dreadful burns. That's all my story," he added, "and the clock points to twelve."

"But," I exclaimed, "the black girl—I hope the family rewarded her faithfulness!"

He smiled a little as he bent down to stir the fire. "I don't think she wished to be rewarded," he said softly, "she only wanted to live near her nursling. Is it possible you have not guessed that the black girl is our own Mississippi, who waited on you to-night at supper, and the baby—was Virginia?"

No, I had not guessed it, and for a moment I was speechless with an emotion I could not analyze; there was a strange, tingling sensation about my eyes, and a tightening in my throat that would not let me speak. Hardly conscious of what I did, I turned to Virginia and, without a word, held out my hand. She placed hers in it silently, and I said, in a voice that surprised myself, it

was so unlike my own, “God bless Mississippi!” and every voice answered, “Amen.”

It is sunrise, and Thanksgiving day, and my story is ended; and, so,

my dear Mentor, good bye. Come and singe your rusty wings in the light that *burns for me*.

Yours,

TELEMACHUS.



“WAHLSPRUECHE” FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[From the German.]

By Mrs. Ellen M. Mason.

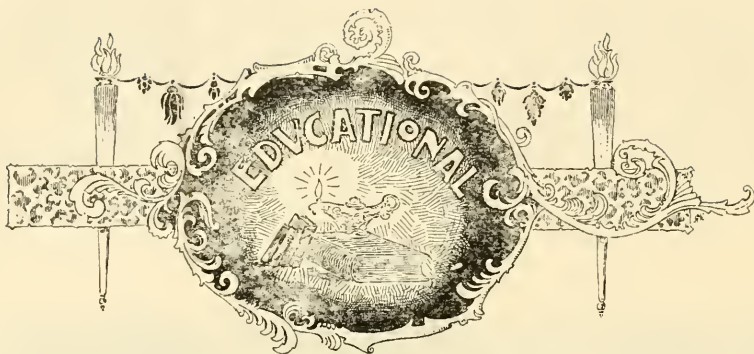
It were a vain and worse than useless folly,
To blench while on the moving wheel of Time;
Swift-winged from hence, it onward bears the hours;
Old things disappear, and all new things are ours!

—Schiller.

Man, deride thou not the Devil,
Only short is the life here,
And the everlasting Torment
Is no folk-tale born of fear.

Man, pay up also all thy debts,
Somewhat long is the life here,
And thou wilt still have to borrow,
As thou borrow'st ev'ry year!

—Heine.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

STATE CERTIFICATION OF TEACHERS.¹

By Dr. C. C. Rounds, Plymouth.

The present tendency in school administration is to larger educational units. We have recently passed from the district to the town. In some states, for administrative purposes, the unit is the county, of which in the east altogether too little account is made, and the opinion is gaining ground that the educational functions of the state should be enlarged. There is no ground for doubt but that the standard of qualification for teaching should be uniform at least throughout the state. This, however, should be considered but as a stepping to a further advance if teaching is to become a profession as law, medicine, engineering, are professions. A standard should be set by the teachers themselves, rigid terms of admission to the profession should be prescribed, and one proving himself able to comply with all the requirements should be considered everywhere entitled to recognition as a teacher.

Educational societies, like the Peda-

gogical Society of Maine, which requires for admission a certain standard of scholarship and a certain period of experience in teaching—two years for the second grade and ten years for the first grade of membership—could so conduct tests for admission that their certificates of membership would be most authoritative evidence of professional standing. But as yet this prospect is below our horizon, and we must advance as directly as may be towards our first goal,—state uniformity to be secured by state examination. I consider the *agencies*, the *standards*, the *methods*, for these examinations.

The agency may be the state superintendent of public instruction, a special examining board, or a state board of education when such board exists. Any state board of education should be so constituted that its decisions shall carry the authority of experts, and that within it the various phases and interests of public education shall be ade-

¹ Read before the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association, November 2, 1895.

quately represented. It should be entirely free from political control in its appointment and in its conduct of business.

If the examination be, as in Ohio, by a special examining board, it would naturally be an examination by experts.

If the work of examination and certification is to be conducted by the department of education of the state, a large expense must be provided for. The results will be amply worth the price.

Times and places for examination should be announced frequent enough and numerous enough to meet all reasonable demands. The scope and character of the examinations should be announced long enough beforehand to enable candidates to consider the matter deliberately, as is now done in regard to examinations, for admission to college. Information as to books for use, and as to modes of preparation, should be given. The papers set may not be identical in matter but they should be uniform in general requirement. Each examination should be conducted by an expert, and the papers should be critically examined. The plan followed in Canada of having the papers examined by experts in the various subjects, usually by professors in college, is an admirable one.

Certificates granted should be graded as to range of examination, not as to length of validity. A one year's physician would receive little credit, why should a one year's teacher receive more?

Examinations should cover the range of the work required of the teacher, and should be written, oral, or practical. The written examination should be planned, not to test the candidate's

range of acquirement, but, rather, his style of thought, his mental grip, and those not succeeding in this should not be admitted to the oral examination.

The oral examination should be adapted to test the range of attainment or the personality of the candidate and his readiness of resource.

The practical examination should be planned to show, so far as examination can show, the practical efficiency of the candidate.

The elementary examination must of necessity be made simple. The certificate of the elementary grade must be presented as a condition preliminary for examination for advanced examinations. In all cases the most satisfactory evidences of character must be required.

For the elementary or third grade certificate the candidate should pass an examination in common school studies, with the elements of natural science. The questions should be few but comprehensive, and such as will test the reflective power of the candidate. The oral examination will supplement the written, and enter more into detail.

The professional examination for this grade of certificate should not be severe, but should require clear general statements regarding methods of conducting recitations, and the organization and management of the school.

For the second grade of certificate the examination should also be oral and written, and should include the English studies of a high school course, and a special certificate should be given for knowledge of a foreign language. This examination should include psychology and ethics, drawing, and the elements of vocal music.

The professional examination for this grade should include history of educa-

tion, methods of teaching, general principles of pedagogy, and the organization and management of schools.

For admission to the examination for the first grade certificate the candidate should present certificates for the two lower grades, as these must attest his scholarship in the various branches. The examination will consist of several parts.

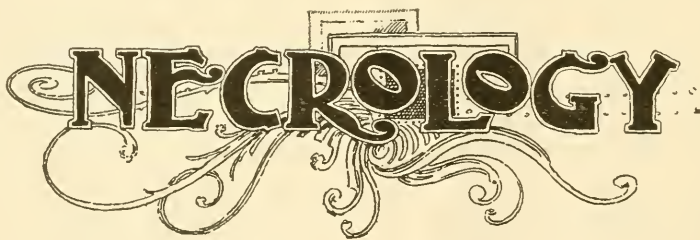
1. A paper upon some subject of elementary instruction.
2. A paper upon some topic selected from psychology or ethics.
3. The examination, discussion, and marking of an examination paper written by a pupil.
4. The criticism and oral discussion of a drawing by a pupil.
5. The statement, written or oral, of the treatment to be adopted in some case of school discipline.
6. The writing of the plan of a lesson, and the giving of the lesson to a class of pupils of the grade selected by the candidate, twenty-four hours notice

being given to the candidate of the subject selected.

At first it might be necessary to grant some certificates as now on mere scholarship, and that of a grade not high, but such certificates should be for one year only and not renewed.

I recently questioned thirty-nine intelligent young women who had been pupils in the ungraded schools, in regard to the character of the instruction which they had received therein. I asked them to class as good teachers all those whom they, acting as examiners, would be willing to certificate for teaching schools which their own brothers and sisters were to attend. Of these five stated that they had in these schools only one good teacher; thirteen (one third the whole number), only two; ten, only three; twenty-eight of the thirty-nine had had only one to three good teachers in the ungraded school.

These thirty-nine young women represented nearly as many towns. Verily these things ought not to be.



CHARLES CARROLL CHASE.

Charles Carroll Chase was born in Hopkinton September 18, 1829, being the youngest son of Hon. Horace Chase. His life, since early manhood, was spent in Chicago, Ill., where he died, December 4, of neuralgia of the heart, after a short illness, at the age of 66 years and 3 months. In his death Chicago lost one of its oldest residents. He entered the business life of that city the day following his arrival, in May, 1851, as assistant to the city clerk, continuing in that office until 1852, when he resigned to accept the position of bookkeeper in the Exchange

bank of H. A. Tucker & Co. The city, during those years, was building rapidly, and capable business men were ever in demand. In 1854 Mr. Chase was chosen secretary and treasurer of the Chicago Hide and Leather company, remaining a faithful, efficient officer in this company for eight years and leaving it to accept the position of chief clerk in the city comptroller's office, where he remained until February, 1870. Five years previous to this date he was chosen school agent by the board of education, which position he held at the time of his death, making thirty years of service to the city. In this capacity he handled many millions of dollars, performing his duties satisfactorily through all the changes of administration. He was a witness to the growth of the city, with unusual opportunities for personal observation through his position. When first appointed he used to carry his money in a tin box, the monthly payments then amounting to about \$12,000. At the present time the teachers are paid by check, and the monthly pay-roll is about \$380,000. In 1870 he joined, with his two brothers, Samuel B., and Horace G. Chase, in forming the firm of Chase Brothers, engaging in the abstract business. In their hands rested the abstracts of all the property in the city of Chicago. The full importance of this trust was not fully realized until the great fire swept all records of real estate away. It was by the greatest effort and untiring watchfulness that these valuable records were preserved during the destruction and confusion consequent upon such a disastrous fire. For weeks these books were guarded,—until order was brought out of the chaos,—at the home of Mr. Chase, in Lakeview. When the firm of Chase Brothers consolidated with several others into the Title Guarantee and Trust company, Mr. Chase retained an interest in the business. Since 1875 he has, in addition to his duties as financial agent of the school board, carried on a private business as a real estate and loan agent, representing the business interests of many men both east and west. He was ever faithful, and acted for others as though it were a personal matter. His two sons by his first marriage are young business men in Chicago. He leaves a widow and two young daughters. The latter group came to Hopkinton this summer, as has been their custom, and his last birthday was spent with his aged mother under the home roof. His love for his native state increased as the years rolled by. He came and went, as one who knew the welcome that awaited him wherever his genial face was seen. Warm of heart, noble of impulse, he was a man one might be proud to call a friend. Chicago papers speak of him as "a good citizen, whose record for honesty and fidelity to his important trusts was never challenged or criticized."

COL. S. A. WHITFIELD.

Col. Smith A. Whitfield died at Chicago December 2. He was a native of Francestown, born March 24, 1844, and enlisted as a private in the Second New Hampshire in 1861. Rising rapidly through all grades he became a lieutenant-colonel at 19. After the war he engaged in the internal revenue service as inspector, deputy collector, and agent, winning much renown and undergoing many thrilling adventures in the course of a three years contest with the "moonshiners" of Kentucky. In 1880 he was made assistant postmaster of Cincinnati, and in 1882 postmaster. At the expiration of his term he became a member of the board of

public affairs of that city. President Harrison appointed him second assistant postmaster-general in 1889 and in 1890 he was nominated for the office of first assistant, made vacant by the resignation of J. S. Clarkson. In these capacities Colonel Whitfield added to his reputation as a faithful and efficient public official.

COL. J. D. HOSLEY.

Col. Jewett D. Hosley, a native of Hillsborough, died at West Lebanon December 8 at the age of 75 years. He was educated at Hancock academy and at private schools. Engaging in lumbering until 1847, in that year he was appointed superintendent of the track laying of the Northern railroad. Upon the completion of that work he became superintendent of the road's western terminus with headquarters at West Lebanon, which position he retained until three years ago. Colonel Hosley was many times the candidate of the Democratic party for congressman and minor offices. He was one year selectman of the town, and served as postmaster under Presidents Pierce and Buchanan. He was a colonel of the Twenty-sixth regiment, New Hampshire militia, and a trustee of Tilden ladies' seminary from 1856.

CHARLES A. CROOKER.

Captain Charles A. Crooker was born at Richmond in 1819 and died at New Bedford, Mass., December 14. He shipped on a whaling voyage when a boy and continued to follow the seas until the outbreak of the Civil War, rising to the position of master. He served with distinction in the war and in 1865 was appointed to the command of the fourth division of the Potomac flotilla, assisting in this capacity in the capture of Wilkes Booth. In 1873 he was the only man who would consent to take charge of the small-pox hospital at Clark's Point during the epidemic.

DR. LUTHER PATTEE.

Dr. Luther Pattee was born in Warner December 1, 1831, and studied medicine with Dr. Leonard Eaton of that town and Dr. Gilman Kimball of Lowell, Mass. He attended lectures at Harvard university and the medical schools at Pittsfield, Mass., and Woodstock, Vt., graduating from the latter in 1852. He practised his profession in Candia, Wolfeborough, Boston, and since 1863 in Manchester. He was renowned as a surgeon and entirely devoted to his profession, overwork being one of the causes of his death, which occurred at Manchester December 2.

JACOB TAYLOR.

Jacob Taylor, the oldest person in Weare, died December 7. He was born in Stoddard January 10, 1797, and resided there until 1868 when he removed to Weare. He was a lifelong Democrat, voting at every election from 1818 until last fall, and had held many offices, among them moderator in Stoddard eight years, chairman of selectmen eighteen years, representative eight years, state senator two years, road commissioner for Cheshire county two terms. He is survived by a son, a daughter, fifteen grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

BRICE S. EVANS.

Brice S. Evans was born at Allenstown in September, 1821. When 17 years of age he went to work in a Lowell cotton mill and a year later opened a small dry

goods store on Hanover street, Boston. In 1850 he entered the real estate business and had since continued prominently in it, being considered an expert in real estate values. Mr. Evans was a leader in church and charitable work but had never sought public office. He died December 5, leaving eight children. He was the promoter of the annual Allenstown grove meetings.

ALEXANDER M. WILKINS.

Alexander McCauley Wilkins was born February 25, 1806, at Merrimack, and died there November 28. He was in early life a school-teacher and then a prominent farmer and manufacturer. He represented the town in the legislature in 1855, was chairman of the board of selectmen five years and town treasurer four years. He was for several years director of the Indian Head National bank at Nashua, and was justice of the peace for more than 25 years. He was largely employed in the settlement of estates.

JOHN J. PILLSBURY.

As the result of a carriage accident John J. Pillsbury died at Tilton November 26. He was born in Northwood in 1828, studied law with Judge Clark of Manchester, practised at Pittsfield, and was later engaged in the shoe business at Lynn, Northwood, and Tilton. Since 1888 Mr. Pillsbury had been engaged in the woollen business and was treasurer of the Tilton Mills corporation from its organization in 1889 to his death.

REV. JOSIAH TYLER.

Josiah Tyler was born in Hanover, July 9, 1823. He was educated at Amherst college and the theological seminary at East Windsor Hill, Conn. For forty years, from 1849, he labored as a missionary among the Zulus of South Africa. Since his return to this country he had lived with his son at St. Johnsbury, Vt. Amherst college conferred upon him the degree of D. D. in 1895. He died, December 20, at Asheville, N. C.

MAJOR L. B. PRATT.

Leonard Barnes Pratt was born in Providence, R. I., 62 years ago, educated at Brown university and served with the First Rhode Island cavalry through the war, receiving the rank of major. He became a resident of Lisbon twenty years ago and was prominently identified with its interests especially in educational lines. He was a member of the legislature in 1889 and of the board of education at the time of his death, December 16.

NEWELL TILTON.

Newell Tilton, born in Meredith 58 years ago, had resided in New Orleans for the last 35 years, and died there December 1. He learned the mechanic's trade in New England, and during his life was master mechanic on several prominent western and southern railroads. Since 1883 he had been the manager of the Whitney Iron Works, New Orleans, and was generally regarded as a leader in his line.

CHARLES H. CUSHMAN.

Charles H. Cushman was born in Norwich, Vt., October 12, 1857, and was edu-

cated there. Coming to Manchester at the age of 21, he learned the clothing business and entered into a partnership with George H. Hardy which continued until Mr. Cushman's death, December 1. He was one of Manchester's leading business men, and prominent in church and secret society work.

WILLIAM E. GAY.

William E. Gay died at Hillsborough December 9 at the age of 60 years. He had been selectman of the town, had held all the offices except master in Valley grange, Patrons of Husbandry, and was a leading member of the Methodist church. He was an extensive and successful farmer and was regarded as an authority upon agricultural questions.

A CENTENARIAN.

Mrs. Sarah Dinsmore Holmes died at Antrim December 7 at the age of 100 years, 7 months, and 5 days. She was the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier who came from Ireland and settled in Antrim in 1778. In 1820 she married Thomas S. Holmes and they lived together fifty-six years, until his death.

GEORGE A. COSSITT.

George A. Cossitt was born in Claremont May 31, 1807, but moved to Whitefield and thence to Lancaster in the early thirties. He was a practicing lawyer but served as cashier of the Lancaster bank for twelve years and register of probate for fifteen. He died at Lancaster December 14.

J. B. TRICKEY.

Joseph B. Trickey, proprietor of the Jackson Falls House, Jackson, died December 3, aged 75 years. He was town clerk for twenty-five years, representative and selectman many times and justice of the peace for a number of years. He was leader of the church choir for thirty years.

BENJAMIN E. WEBSTER.

Benjamin E. Webster of Walpole, who died November 28, aged 80, was a native of Gilsum, but was for a long time in business in Boston. He had resided in Walpole some thirty years, where he had filled many civil offices, having been twice elected a member of the legislature.

JOHN MORRILL.

John Morrill was born at Chichester June 25, 1823, but lived at Nashua half a century and died there December 6. For forty-eight years he served as blacksmith for a manufacturing company, and in public life had held many city offices. He was a prominent Odd Fellow.

EDWARD E. DAY.

Edward E. Day was born in Enfield in 1853. He studied law, was admitted to the bar in Massachusetts and built up a large practice at Kankakee, Illinois, where he died December 14. He was twice a candidate of the Prohibition party for congress.

JOSEPH E. LANG.

Joseph E. Lang died December 13 at Exeter in his 63d year. He had been connected with the Exeter machine works for twenty-five years. He was prominent in Masonry, a member of the board of health, and secretary of the board of trade.

FREEMAN BABB.

Freeman Babb was born at Barrington December 9, 1835, and died at Dover December 10. He was a successful farmer, and had served as common councilman, street commissioner, and representative to the legislature.

THE PRIZE STORIES.

The prize fiction competition instituted by the *GRANITE MONTHLY* was gratifyingly successful in both the number and quality of the manuscripts submitted by New Hampshire authors. The judges, Prof. C. F. Richardson of Dartmouth college, Prof. J. A. Tufts of Phillips academy, Exeter, and Mr. J. Carter Knox of S. Paul's school, performed their duties with care and impartiality and made the following awards:

In the serial competition the prize of \$50 was awarded to E. P. Tenney of Cambridge, Mass., a native of West Concord, for his historical novel, "The Legend of John Levin and Mary Glasse." Honorable mention was made of "Polly Tucker," by Mrs. J. R. Connell of Portsmouth. The opening installment of the prize-winning story is given in this number. Upon its conclusion the publication of "Polly Tucker" will be begun.

From the large number of short stories submitted in competition the judges selected as the most meritorious "The Doctor's Thanksgiving Story," by Miss Sara M. Swett of New Hampton, and awarded it the prize of \$25. It will be found complete in this number. The following stories were also recommended for publication, and will appear during the year:

"Farnum," by G. C. Selden, Chicago, Ill., a native of Northwood.

"Light of Gold," by Walter LeRoy Fogg, Manchester.

"How Old Corncob Was Fooled," by Charles R. Harker of San Jose, Cal., a native of Dover.

"The Dago," by F. W. Rollins, Concord.

"Aunt Betsey's Thank-Offering," by Mrs. Mary Jenks Page, Worcester, Mass., a native of Concord.

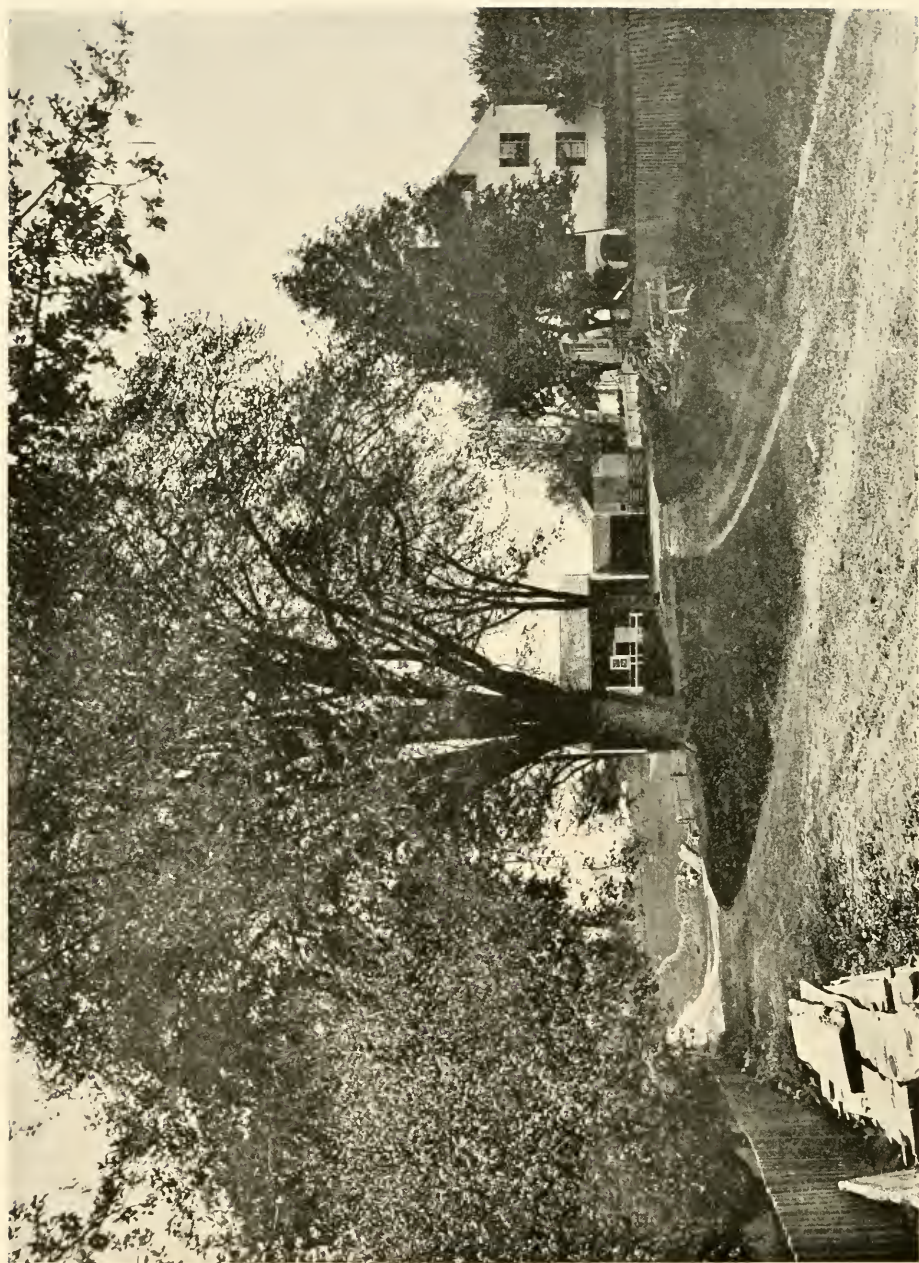
"The Lucky Snap-Shot," by Mrs. C. E. Bingham, Nashua.

"Only an Engagement," by W. A. Guild, Milford.

"August Sunshine," by William Tenney Bartley, Andover, Mass., a native of Concord.

Rev. E. P. Tenney is the son of the late Rev. A. P. Tenney, for thirty-four years pastor of the Congregational church at West Concord. He fitted for college at Pembroke academy, and entered the Dartmouth class of 1858, but was obliged to leave college upon the advice of his physician. After three attempts to resume his college course, he finally entered Bangor Theological seminary. Upon graduating he was advised to pursue some out-of-door employment, and acted as traveling editor of the *Pacific* newspaper in California. On his return to New England he spent some years in special studies, a part of the time at Andover seminary, and in connection with parochial work. He preached five years at Manchester-by-the-sea, and then went to Central City, Colorado. This border service was relinquished on account of an attack of nervous prostration. After preaching for some years at Braintree, Mass., and at Ashland, he returned to Colorado and engaged in building up the new college at Colorado Springs. Finding it without means and in debt, he maintained the work for eight years and gathered for it a substantial property. At a subsequent date Mr. Tenney acted as general missionary for the Home Missionary Society in Washington, upon the Pacific coast. He has also supplied pulpits for some years in New England, filling two engagements in New Hampshire,—at Orford and at Pembroke. He now resides at Cambridge. During all these years Mr. Tenney has been a careful student in the libraries, and has written several books. His writings in behalf of education in the New West had an immense circulation. "Coronation," "Agamenticus," and "Constance of Acadia," have made many literary friends for the author. His latest work is the "Triumphs of the Cross," the result of ten years of library and desk work. Mr. Tenney received, some years since, the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth college. Sarah Holden, daughter of Daniel Holden of Concord, was his first wife. His present consort is a descendant of Leonard Weeks of Greenland. Her father was a drummer-boy at Fort Constitution in the War of 1812.

Miss Sara M. Swett is a native of Bristol, whence her parents moved to New Hampton when she was very young. She was educated at the widely known institution in the latter town, graduating in the class of '82. Her life since that time has been the typical one of the cultured woman of the day, largely spent in travel and in the study of people and places as well as books. Writing has been with her a habit of long standing, one of whose results is "The Doctor's Thanksgiving Story," which is also to some extent a transcript of personal experience.



THE POOR HOMESTEAD, RAYMOND.

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No. 2.

A WINTER IN A LOGGING CAMP.

By Rev. Orrin Robbins Hunt.

THE camp of which I write is one of the Connecticut River Lumber Company's, located in the most northerly part of this state, in the town of Pittsburg. The company was chartered under the laws of the state of Connecticut in 1879, and then had 250,000 acres, more or less, of lumber land.

The Hon. Asa Smith, of Hartford, Conn., was the first president, and a pioneer in the lumber interests of this part of the state. After four years of service he resigned, and was succeeded by George Van Dyke of Lancaster, who is now the president.

Having camped for ten successive seasons, during the months of August and September, on the western shore of the Second lake, I had made the acquaintance of nearly all the leading men of the company, and, finding them to be good men, and true, I pulled the latch-string of Samuel Watts, the business manager and treasurer of the company, for winter quarters, in one of their logging camps.

My request was cheerfully granted, and, after spending the night with Mr. Watts, he took me into the woods, where he had driven me on a buckboard, ten years previous, when he was a hostler for the company.



Ready for the Woods.



Building the Dam.

Arriving at the camp, on the eastern shore of the lake, I was introduced to the "boss," Clarence Robey, and to the cook and "cookee." "Boys," said Watts, "I have brought this fellow in to live with you this winter and keep you straight. Feed him well, and let him do as he pleases, and you will have no trouble." At once the cookee offered me the use of his bunk to sleep in, while he, kind soul, persisted in wrapping himself in his blanket and lying on the floor.

The first healthy omen in the study of the lumber works, is the construction of the dams and camps. At the First and Second lakes, and on the East inlet, two miles above the Second lake, are located these dams. The one on the inlet is thirteen miles from civilization, and among the many obstacles in constructing it was a quicksand. This necessitated the use of a pile-driver, and, notwithstanding the fact that it was fifty six miles to the nearest railway station, a team of good horses was sent down to North Stratford, and in five days was back to the lake again, bringing the necessary machine.

Another difficulty then confronted the workmen,—viz., the crossing of the lake. To do this, two rafts of

logs were built large enough to carry the pile-driver and another to carry the horses and the provisions for the horses and crew. For the propelling power of these rafts they had eight sturdy Frenchmen in a bateau. With Mr. Van Dyke steering, they reached the opposite side of the lake in about

two hours, a distance of one and a half miles.

The time spent in building the dams varies according to the location. The accompanying picture is a view of the one at the foot of the Second lake, and, while taken in an incomplete state, shows something of the workmanlike manner in which the dam is built. The second picture gives a view of the workmen, the tent they slept in, and a hovel for their horses.

The Second lake is about three miles long and two wide, and by means of this dam can be raised thirteen feet, thus covering a very much larger area than at its natural height.

Crossing the lake to the east shore, and going up about three miles, we come to one of the winter camps. They are usually located beside a



The Men and Where They Live.

good spring or stream of water and built log-cabin style, one-story high, with two rooms. One, 20x30, is for the workmen and the other, 18x20, is for the cook and for a dining-room.

Formerly the camps were covered with splits, the first covering being laid the flat side up, and the second one the flat side down, covering the joints. The floors were formerly made of small trees hewn on the top side, but now both the floor and the roof of the camps are of boards,

berths, and furnish their own blankets. All this goes to show that there are improvements made even in lumber camps.

These pictures give a view of each room in the camp. The first one shows the bunks where the men sleep, the stove over which they dry their clothing, and the room where they sit and smoke. As it happened, there are four nationalities represented in this group,—American, Italian, Irish, and French.



A Camp Interior. 1. American. 2. Italian. 3. Irishman. 4. Frenchman.

and the roof has two thicknesses of tarred paper.

These camps are very warm and comfortable, and under the supervision of a good cook are kept clean and orderly. The lights are put out and the men are all in bed at 9 o'clock in the evening. Formerly the beds were made of fir boughs and straw, covered by a long, heavy spread, held in place by means of rings and pins at each end, and with a spread over the men, secured at each end the same as the under one. At the present time the men have

The little fellow in the corner is the cook's woodchopper, who said, "I no want my picter tooken;" but, he is in it, just the same, as are all the others, because of "La Grippe." The other picture represents the cook and the dining-room. By the way, let me introduce you to our cook, Archie Pomelo, and his general assistant, Ed. Clevet.

The cook, you will know by his long apron, but to know Clevet you must camp with him. He rises at 4 o'clock in the morning, builds the fires, and at 4:30 calls the cook,



The Cook and the Dining-room.

which, by the way, he does loud enough to arouse the entire crew.

At 5 o'clock the cook has his biscuits made, and the breakfast is ready. It consists of baked beans, hot biscuits, sweetbread, doughnuts, dried apple sauce, molasses, and tea. The other meals are varied each day, although baked beans are always on the table for those who wish for them, and they are preferred by many.

Sunday is a day of general repairing and visiting, and in all the camps the Sunday dinner is pea soup,—good enough for a king. The supplies are brought from the store at the First lake daily by mule teams, as seen in the picture which shows them on the lake at the fork of the road.

Shoppie is going up to Leighton's camp, two miles up the main inlet, and "Tony" is going up to our's. The tote team is always welcomed by every man in the camp, for

it usually brings some bit of information from the outside world as well as the camp supplies. The following view shows that the work of the company is done by able-bodied men and large horses; in fact, everything they have to do with must have the power to do what is required; hence, a lazy man, or a poor horse or mule, will find no place with the company.



The Cook and Cookee.

The man in the picture with a snowball in his hand is the blacksmith, who has by no means an easy task. I have known him to come into camp with a lot of shoes all prepared, and shoe all night, and then, next morning, go to some other camp, and after a little sleep, repeat the operation until he had made the rounds of the entire camps. This night work was, of course, done to save time.

In this camp, where it was my privilege to stop, we had teamsters, road men, landing men, choppers, swampers, and yarders. The choppers fell the trees, the swampers clear



The Parting of the Ways.

the way to them, and the yarders drag the logs to the yard where the teamsters load. The two-horse team, as seen in the picture, represents a team at the yard loading for the landing.

Most of the teams are composed of four horses, and make three trips daily from the yard to the landing at the lake, where the logs are drawn out upon the ice and unloaded. The men on the load beside the driver in the next picture are landing-men, whose duty calls them to assist the driver to unload, put the company's mark on every log (which, by the way, is a four x, \times), and keep count of the same to compare with the number of logs returned by the scaler, who, by



The Blacksmith and Others.

around the logs on the lake for the purpose of forcing them down to the dam at the foot of the lake. This boom is made by attaching the ends of the logs by means of short chains with sharp, pointed hooks which are driven into the logs; or, in some instances, by means of a large wooden pin through the end of two logs, thus forming a swivel joint where the logs unite. The picture herewith is of the dam on Second lake, and is a good representation of the way the logs are driven through the gate-way into the lake and river below. I have witnessed this work, with watch in hand, and they have averaged one per second going through the gate-way, and unless there is some obstruction down along the river the work is continued at that rate.

There are men stationed within sight of each other all along the bank of the river, from the Second lake down to the First, and, should any of



Able-bodied Men and Large Horses.

the way, stands with book in hand at the rear of the load, as seen in the picture. Each teamster cares for his horses and assists in loading and unloading.

The road men are the first over the road in the morning, that they may have the hill road well covered with hay, which is used instead of a bridle, and the last over it at night to gather up the hay and put it in little piles beside the road, lest it be covered with snow and be of no use.

In the spring, just before the ice breaks up, there is a boom thrown



Loading for the Landing.

the men fail to clear the obstruction, the fact is signalled to the next man above, who repeats the same until the message reaches the dam and the gates are closed. By the time the crew have arrived at the jam, the logs already through the gate-way



Load and Landing-men.

have arrived, and are piled up like a keg of board nails dumped on a floor.

The first thing is to find the key log, and either cut it or else bore a hole in it and by means of a dynamite cartridge, blow up the log and loosen the entire jam.

The crew of men standing in the front of the picture below are river-drivers, and have their cant-dogs and other implements of warfare.

As a whole, logging is hard work, and the men, cut off from any society save that of each other, present a rough exterior; nevertheless, they are large hearted and have their recreation and pleasure. I have sat in the "deacon's seat" with them, and listened with great interest to some of their daring adventures as choppers or river drivers.

The most of this crew were from Canada, consequently I thought it would be a grand opportunity for me to learn French. One day while alone in camp with the cook and cookee, I asked the meaning of "sarcaree mojee." I heard these words more

than any others which I could remember.

Surprised at my inquiry, the cook said, "Oh, that is bad, you no want to know." "Ah!" said Clevet; "you no dare tell him." "Well, then," said the cook, "why don't you?" Whereupon Clevet gave me the English of it.

That evening, Clevet told the men, and there was a great hurrah at my expense when the fact was known that the minister was learning to swear. From that day until this, they have been very solicitous for my spiritual welfare, and when we meet, do not fail to ask how I am getting on in the study of French.

There was no service which they could render me which they did not hasten to perform, and much of my contentment among them was due to this fact. They were a little shy of me at first, but soon that feeling wore away, and nearly every evening they would ask some favor or seek my



Driving Through the Logs

advice. I was glad indeed to be counted a useful member of the crew, by administering to the needs of both man and beast.

The remedies which I took with me were "homeopathic," consequently, instead of mild treatment, they preferred something, as they said, which had more taste to it.

and therefore chose a French "hot-crop,"—a dose composed as follows: Black pepper, Johnson's Anodyne liniment, one tablespoonful each, and a pint of boiling water, well sweetened with molasses, taken as hot as they could drink it.

For a cut or bruise, a fresh "chaw of terbaccer," or a slice of salt pork, directly over the wound; while for a sprain, beef brine was of great value. In many instances four tablespoonsful of kerosene were taken. For

shoe-thread, about the tooth by means of two half-hitches, he went and got two of the largest horse-shoes he could find and a stick of wood which he attached to the other end of the cord.

"For heaven's sake," said I, "what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I drop de weight, and snake him out quick!"

"Do n't you do dat, John," said the cook, "you break you neck if you do."

Whereupon old John stood upon



River-drivers.

toothache, when the "chaw of terbaccer" did not give relief, they would "snake it out," as they said.

As there is usually a clown in every circus, so we had one in camp, familiarly known as old John. One evening he was very busy, and at the same time remarkably quiet about it, so much so that I asked if he was sick. "No! by Gor!" replied John, "but my tooth, he ache bad."

"Well," said I, "snake him out."

"All right, I do that." So, placing his five-stranded cord, made of

one of the deacon seats, and, pressing his head hard against the roof of the camp, said, "Dare, now, Minister, count t'ree, and away he go."

Slowly and loudly I counted, "One, two, three!" when down came the wood and horse-shoes and old John with them, all sprawling.

"By Gor, I fetch him!" said old John, as he picked up the various parts, and betook himself to his bunk for the night.

"By Gor" was old John's byword. I thought I would break him in the use of it, although he said,

"No harm to swear unless you got *mad* in your heart."

One afternoon I trimmed all their lanterns and had them bright and shining when they came in for them at evening. They were all thankful for the little act, and especially old John, who referred to it as we sat

about the fire in the evening. I told him I was glad he appreciated a clean lantern, and told him if he would not swear any more while I was in camp, I would clean his lantern every day.

"Give me you'n han' on dat, an' I no swear any more, *by Gor!*"

A WINTER MIDNIGHT.

By J. B. Lawrence.

Black night reigns over hill and vale.
The wind moans out its chilling wail
Athwart the eaves, around the hedge,
And yonder at the mountain ledge.

The crystals, beautiful and white,
O'ershadowed by sepulchral night,
Are falling from you ebon skies
That veil their Author's paradise.

Against the pane the flakes are hurled;
Adown the road in clouds they're whirled,
'Till, wearied his stentorian breast,
Old Boreas sits him down t' rest.

All 's still! Sleep's lullaby we hear
As silence broods o'er night so drear.
Then known is nothing furthermore—
The mind has left time's dreary shore.

In dreams, soon real, returns the sleet
Upon the angry wind and fleet,
Loud beating on the roofs and doors
And sifting 'round the sills and floors.

The chimney howls its ghostly moans;
The weathercock sharp creaks and groans;
The straining timbers neath the test
Of Eurus' rampage, know no rest!

Begone, ye winds, to distant caves!
The orb of night his great torch waves!
The mist clouds from the vault dispells!
His glory pours o'er snow-clad fells!

There by the humble cottage pane
At midnight, stands the lowly swain
Entranced, with such a heavenly sight
As winter shows on some midnight!

FARNUM.

By G. C. Selden.

HE had no idea that the city had changed so much. But twenty years is a long time—long enough for Farnum's hair to grow white and his frame thin and stooping—and he had heard but little from the great world outside the walls.

Of course he had gathered from the new prisoners that things were far different now. They had told him about the vast blocks and the densely crowded streets and the splendid parks and boulevards, but he had always felt a little doubtful about the truth of it all—it seemed unreasonable; and had he believed it every word he would been little wiser. Occasionally the guard would give them a newspaper, which would be passed from hand to hand until it was worn and greasy, and greedily devoured by those who could read it. Farnum could read pretty well, but the papers did not tell him a great deal; they took so much for granted.

He had looked forward very eagerly to the time when he would be free to go. He had so longed to breathe the fresh air again, and stride up and down the well-remembered streets, and see the sunshine on the lake once more. He did not expect to find his friends again. His wife had died five years before, and his boy Jim—a chubby little golden-haired youngster, as Farnum remembered him, had grown up and drifted away. He had never seen little Jim—never

since that day so long before, when the judge had said "twenty years at hard labor." His mother had never brought him to the prison. She would have done so if Farnum had asked her, but he always said, No, he did not want the boy to see him there.

He had scarcely paused to bid his comrades goodbye—they were his companions from necessity, not choice—and there was a quick throb of exultation in his veins as he found himself upon the streets. He had no thought then of his white hair and dim eyes; his thin, bent shoulders were straight and strong again, and his hand was steady. His glance was keen and his step was firm. He felt in his heart the courage to grapple with the world right sturdily, as he had done when he was young.

It was but a short time that he felt so. Very soon he began to find that he was like one lost in a strange country. This was not the place he had known; it was some new, grand city sprung up over night. The roar of the streets confused him and to look up at the buildings almost made him dizzy. There was not a feature that he knew, hardly a relic of the old days.

After he had wandered about a little while he tried to find the place where he had lived, and where the boy was born. It was a rickety little house, and stood in a humble section

of the city; he could have found it blindfold, in those days. Now it took him a long time to trace out the spot. Twice he became confused and almost gave it up; but at last he came upon what he thought must be the place. It was in the midst of a network of railroad tracks, where the switch engines snorted back and forth and the freight cars stood lined up along the sides. He sat down on a rail between the heavy trucks, and thought of the day that Nell and he were married. A big sob rose in his throat, and he almost wished the cars would start suddenly and end it all.

For several weeks after that Farnum drifted about the city, spending the night in a cheap lodging house and the day upon the streets. He watched the carriages roll up to the theaters in the evening—until the police drove him away. Silken gowns rustled up the steps and bright faces turned to look back at the husbands and sweethearts, with their dazzling linen, telling the coachman when to come again. It made Farnum angry to look at them. They were no better than he; they had no more right to be happy.

"Oh, well," he said mournfully, as he turned away, "they're lucky. I ain't." And the little girl with the shawl over her head, who was coaxing people to buy the evening paper, really pitied him, he seemed so unhappy, and walked so slow across the street.

He stood upon the corner and watched the people going home at night. He imagined every one of them was hurrying toward warm hearts and a cheery fireside. Their happiness made him sad. "If I only knew where the boy is," he said

again and again. "He'd take care of his old father. He was a good little cuss, Jim was. Took after his mother."

Sometimes he tried, faint-heartedly, to get work, but it seemed a hopeless quest. He was not strong enough for hard labor and no one would give him anything else to do. "It's no use," he sighed wearily. "I've lost my grip. I ain't no good anymore."

So the day came by and bye when Farnum's money was gone and he grew desperate. "I don't know any reason," he said to himself, dejectedly, "why I should crawl away and die like a dog, an' I ain't goin' to. I'm goin' to give one more squirm. They used to call me the 'King' before I was sent up. I'll take another whack at it." Then he thought a while, and added huskily, "Oh, well, I s'pose it don't make much difference. I can't be no worse off."

It had been as burglar that he earned the title of "King;" but a burglar must have tools, and Farnum had no money to buy them—unless he could rob some one. He could make a sand-bag of some sort. He disliked to strike any one—he had never done that—but there seemed to be no other way, now.

It was a dark night and a lonely place that he chose for the attempt—a little way west of the river, where the street was almost deserted after midnight, and only the rays of a distant arc-light could penetrate the gloom. It was here that belated merry-makers sometimes passed on their way to the boulevard beyond.

It took a great deal of courage, he found, to step out from the dusky alley and strike down an unsuspecting victim. Several times he decided

upon this or that man coming across the bridge, only to make some weak excuse at the last moment. One was too muscular, another too poorly dressed, a third somewhat watchful. He had half a mind to give it up, but hunger is a strong motive—and Farnum was hungry that night. At last he said to himself, in a sort of savage despair, that the next man who came along, young or old, rich or poor, he would attack.

In a few minutes he heard a firm tread upon the bridge. He could not prevent his knees from shaking—the night was so chilly, he told himself. He watched the approaching figure from the shadow where he lurked—a tall young fellow, swinging easily along, his right hand in his coat pocket.

The moment he had passed, Farnum sprang out, noiseless as a cat, but every nerve and muscle as tense as steel. Just as he raised his arms to strike, the young man turned his head a little to one side, showing a clear-cut profile against the white electric light beyond. Farnum's arms dropped limp and weak, and his heart leaped into his throat. If he had struck!

"Well, what's the matter?" asked the stranger, calmly, turning around. He drew his hand from his pocket, and Farnum caught the gleam of a silver-mounted pistol. "Hold up your hands!"

Farnum pitched his sand-bag into the gutter for wondering children to pick up in the morning, and held up his hands, while the young man went carefully through his pockets. "What? No revolver?" he said in surprise. "You're a pretty foot-pad, aren't you?" He looked Farnum

over curiously. "Well, walk along," he said, "I s'pose I'll have to turn you over to the police."

Farnum did as he was bid without speaking. Something in the bent figure before him touched the young fellow. "Say, my friend," he said, not unkindly, stepping up beside him as they came out upon the boulevard, "you seem to be in hard luck."

"I guess that's about right," replied Farnum, after a pause.

"Hungry?"

"Yes."

"Well, come along home with me. It's too bad to send a man to the police station hungry."

It was a handsome little house to which Farnum's companion led him, and a bright fire was blazing in the grate. "Is that you, Jim?" said a woman's voice from an adjoining room. Farnum heard the quick cough of a sleeping child.

"Yes," was the reply. "I've brought a friend of mine along to help eat this lunch of yours." They sat down at the little table and ate in silence.

"Smoke?" said the host, pushing over a box of cigars.

"Don't care if I do," replied Farnum, puffing contentedly. The little clock upon the mantel ticked industriously along. The wind sighed around the corner. The fire blazed higher in the grate.

"What's your name?" said the young man, suddenly.

"Jones."

His companion laughed. "Can't you make it Smith?" he asked.

Farnum grinned. "I see you're up to tricks," he answered.

"Well, I didn't s'pose you would tell me, so I'm not disappointed."

"Won't you have a glass of wine?" he added, going to the sideboard and pouring it out. It was good wine, Farnum could tell that, although it was the first he had tasted for many a year.

"Say, Jones," he went on after a long silence, in which he sat gazing into the fire, "what are you going to do if I let you go?"

"Give it up."

"Will you let me give you a little advice? Don't try to sand-bag anybody again. You're not strong enough. You won't make a success of it. I could have laid you out to-night half a dozen times before you could hurt me."

"Can't do nothin' else."

Farnum's host struck a match and re-lighted his cigar. "Why not go to work? It's easier to get an honest living than it is a dishonest one."

Farnum shook his head. "Can't teach an old dog new tricks," he said.

"Sometimes you can. Why not try it, anyway?"

"There ain't no show. You don't know nothin' about it."

"Yes, I do, too. I've bucked against the same thing myself. My father was a burglar by profession, and I guess likely my mother helped him."

"No she did n't," interrupted Farnum. "Do n't go back on your mother, boy." The young man looked at him with surprise.

"What do you know about it?" he asked.

"Well, of course," replied Farnum, "I don't know nothin' about it. But I'm willin' to bet your mother wa'n't in it. Don't go back on your old mother." He spoke almost anxiously.

"Well, may be she did n't. I don't know," answered his companion, with rising respect. "But, anyway, that's the handicap I had. And I've overcome it."

"How d'ye do it?"

"Got up a patent. Got capitalists into it. Made money. Married a nice girl. Now I'm as good as anybody."

"Well, you was young and you was lucky. I ain't neither."

The young man reflected. "May be you're right," he said.

"How long have you been working Chicago?" he resumed, after a few minutes pause.

"Off and on for twenty-five years."

"I'd give a good deal to know what became of my father. He was a burglar here about twenty years ago. Possibly you may know something of him."

"What was his name?"

"Henry Farnum."

"Farnum—Farnum," said Farnum, meditating.

"They used to call him 'King.'"

Still Farnum thought. At length he replied slowly, "Oh, yes, I remember him. He was jugged, an' I guess he died there. At any rate, that's the last I heard of him. He got a long term."

The young fellow shaded his eyes with his hand. "The old man always treated me well," he said. "My mother never told me what became of him, though I think she meant to, some time. She died suddenly, while I was away. I'm mighty glad to get news of him."

Farnum could not speak. At length his host rose, and said, "I s'pose I'll have to let you go. You're a pretty respectable sort of a foot-pad. Don't try it again. You

won't make a go of it. And don't try breaking into this house," he added with a laugh. "If you touch one of these windows or doors the burglar-alarm will go off with noise enough to wake up everybody on the block. That's my patent. Good-bye."

"Now don't that jest beat three of a kind?" said Farnum to himself, as he trudged back toward the city. "Who'd a thought little Jim would ever done that? Got up a patent! Made money! Got a nice wife and a kid! Prob'ly he's one o' them way up society dudes now." He

laughed softly at the idea. "Lucky he don't know his old scapegrace father's around, disgracin' the family. An' such a blasted good feller, too! Goes to work an' picks up an old jay, as was jest goin' to swipe him over the head with a sand-bag, an' treats him to supper an' wine an' cigars!" Farnum stopped to laugh again. "By thunder, that's the best yet. Oh, he's smart, Jim is."

So he walked on, rejoicing at Jim's good fortune; and not until he reached the bridge did he remember that he had no money and no place to sleep that night.



THE HAUNTS OF THE SNOWBIRD.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

Where mighty winds sweep o'er the gleaming hill,
 And storm-winged furies skip across the snow—
 Through every wooded glade and vale below—
 Urged on by Boreas, mighty god, whose chill
 Hand forged the chains that bind the laughing rill;
 Where howling tempests fiercely surge and blow,
 And forest giants wrestle to and fro,
 And through all nature runs a shudd'ring thrill.

These are thy haunts, O bird of froward fate,
 When tyrant Winter reigns with iron sway,
 And here alone, save only with thy mate,
 Thou bring'st gladness by thy simple lay;
 And in thy note which scarcely is a tune
 I read a harbinger of coming June.

RAYMOND.

By George H. Moses.



IN the good old colony times when we lived under the king, they called it Freetown because the king's "broad arrow" cut upon the choice trees, thus marked for spars for the royal navy, did not prevent the settlers from felling the interdicted growth

and getting it to market—and without punishment at that. The father of Freetown was Stephen Dudley of Exeter, a keen business man and the forerunner of a numerous and distinguished progeny, who in January, 1717, purchased the land now within the boundaries of the town from an Indian named Penniwit and Abigail, his squaw. The place was even then known as Freetown, and in August of the same year Dudley

was commissioned "*Colonel and Town Major of Freetown.*"

The duties of town major were not, it may be assumed, onerous, though the new community enjoyed a constant growth from the beginning. Three years after the sale of Free-



The Lean Tavern.

town came the grant of Cheshire, which was, three years later again, incorporated as Chester, and the fortunes of Freetown were joined to those of its neighbor. For thirty years Freetown had "taxation without representation," and, as in the



Main Street.



Birdseye View of the Burned District.

forty years it was a part of Chester the community was never honored by having a selectman chosen from among its inhabitants, that may furnish a reason for the separation and

still stands in a portion of the town which retains the ancient name of the place, Freetown. Samuel Dudley, a relative of the founder, was chosen moderator and one of the selectmen,—and in the flush of new municipal dignity the new town voted to build a pound.

The early history of the town is full of quaint doings. At the second town meeting, for example, the voters refused to pay the constable one pound for his services as tax gath-



Benjamin S. Poor.

incorporation of the town of Raymond which occurred in 1764.

The act was signed May 9, 1764, and on the twenty-ninth of the same month the first town meeting was held, the voters assembled at Benjamin Bean's inn, a building which



Samuel Harriman.



Rev. A. H. Thompson.

erer of the year, upon the ground that the honor of office-holding was sufficient emolument; and the next year when Jedediah Brown was chosen constable he would not serve without pay, and since he could not be released, he hired John Fullerton to assume the duties, paying him two pounds five shillings.

The next year the first census was taken, and the inhabitants numbered four hundred and fifty-five. In the same year one of the settlers became



Congregational Church.

destitute, and the maintenance of himself and his family was sold at vendue at the close of the town meeting.

In 1768 the town turned its mind to the building of a meeting-house, and thereby provoked a strife which lasted ten years. The vexed ques-



J. Wilson Fiske.

tion of location, which disturbs many a larger place under similar conditions even to-day, separated the infant town into warring camps, and a site, selected at a special meeting in January, was sustained at the regular assembling in March, only to be overthrown at a meeting in May, when choice fell upon another location to which the voters in the southwest part of the town entered solemn dissent. In September it was tried, unsuccessfully, to defeat this choice, and the dissenters then attempted to have their portion of the town re-annexed to Chester. This failed; but public feeling ran so high that

the Provincial Assembly was appealed to, and that body advised locating the building on "Sled Hill," but the town refused to assent to the suggestion, and for two years the disputants enjoyed an armistice.

In 1773, five years after it had been first voted to have a meeting-house, a spirit of compromise moved the town to vote to locate the building as near the geographical center of the town as possible, and a committee was chosen to carry on the work.



Methodist Church

frame of the building was raised. The raising was a great affair. The town bought a bushel of meal for the occasion, and paid Robert Page seventeen shillings five pence for rum, sugar, and fish. The dissenters were not silenced by this, however, and at the next March meeting an unsuccessful attempt was made to have the meeting-house frame moved



Dr. True M. Gould.

But the end was not yet. The next year all votes relative to a meeting-house were annulled, and an entirely new site was selected. Twenty-one dissenters protested against the new selection, but with no avail, and in the autumn the



Rev. Charles N. Tilton.

to another part of the town. This was in 1775, and the War of Independence which came on immediately had the effect of stifling the minor quarrel, and the church question maintained its *status quo*. Nothing further was done on the frame, and after a while the timbers were taken down and used in building a bridge, thus fulfilling in some measure the functions they were designed originally to perform.

The Revolution was finished and peace declared, and New Hampshire had adopted a constitution before the meeting-house question was again taken up, and then, the lessons of war aiding, no doubt, to hasten the decision, the town chose a committee of four to decide where the house should stand: if they could not agree they were to add a fifth member, and the majority should rule. It is not known whether the fifth man was needed, but the meeting-house was raised June 14, 1786, and James Merrill, one of the selectmen, furnished a barrel of rum for the occasion.

Two years later the annual March meeting was held in the new meeting-house, but the environment was evidently too oppressive, for it was voted to adjourn to Lieutenant Bean's.



Town Hall.



Col. S. D. Tilton.

Lieutenant Bean kept the tavern, and for twenty-three years the town meeting had been held at his house, so that the adjournment was not unnatural as a matter of sentiment, to say nothing of the ease with which toddy might be obtained. At this election John Langdon was chosen governor, though the electors of Raymond gave nearly half of their votes to one of their own townsmen, the Hon. John Dudley.

But even the building of the meeting-house did not settle the question. It was located near the geographical center of the town, but the business center had discourteously located itself elsewhere in the town, and it was accordingly voted, in 1797, to move the meeting-house thither. It was twice attempted to rescind this vote, but the attempt failed in each case, and the dissenters, defeated by the Raymond electorate, appealed to the Most High, and while the successful party went hunting through the forests in search of timbers for the moving, the minority went on

their knees and prayed God to prevent the impious march of improvement. Impiety won, however, and eighty yoke of oxen were hitched to the building to draw it to its new location. General Joseph Cilley, of Nottingham, a Saratoga hero, commanded the enterprise, and led the array adown the winding road to Pitch Pine Plain, where, after some mishap, the church was brought to a halt, and where it now stands, shorn of its porches, and known as the town hall. But even in the new location the meeting-house was not a success, and the first town meeting held at Pitch Pine Plain had to be adjourned to Bean's tavern.

But, though the pioneers of Raymond were foolish and changeable and childish over the location of their meeting-house, they were in other matters regarding it far more tolerant than the state at large, and when the parish was first established dissenters from "the standing order" were relieved from paying the ministerial tax by making themselves known to the authorities; and in



Congregational Parsonage.

1808, more than ten years before the Toleration Act, Raymond Congregationalists shared with the Baptists the privileges of the meeting-house.

The meeting-house quarrel was but an incident in Raymond affairs, however, and while the struggle continued for many years it by no means engrossed the public attention, and the town and its people waxed prosperous, and one of the latter rose to considerable distinction, having been, as was said, his fellow citizens' choice for governor. This man was John Dudley, who came from Exeter to Raymond, where he bought "one quarter part of a saw-mill." He soon became the leading man of the town, and in 1768 he received a royal commission as justice of the peace. At the outbreak of the Revolution he espoused the patriots' cause, and on learning of the affair at Lexington he could not wait for his horse but started out on foot to rally the militia.

During the years of struggle which follow he was the town's representative in the colonial assembly, and was twice made the speaker. For eight years he was a member of the Committee of Safety, and from 1776



Electric Light Station.



A Typical Street in Raymond.

to 1785 he was a judge of the court of common pleas. He was then made a judge of the superior court, serving until 1797, and it was here that he made a reputation which can never die while lawyers live to recount the traditions of their profession. He was not trained for the law, but a distinguished advocate has borne witness that he "had patience, discern-



Col. G. H. Tucker.

ment and sterling integrity, which neither partiality nor prejudice, threat nor flattery, hope nor fear could seduce or awe."

His court manners were brusque in the extreme, and Governor Plumer, who practised before him, is authority for this example of Judge Dudley's charges to the jury: "You have heard, gentlemen, what has been said in this case by the lawyers, the rascals! But no, I will

not abuse them. It is their business to make a good case for their clients;



John N. Tilton.

they are paid for it, and they have done in this case well enough. But you and I, gentlemen, have something else to consider. They talk of law. It is not law we want, but justice. A clear head and an honest heart are worth more than all the

law of the lawyers. There was one good thing said at the bar. It was from one Shakespeare, an English player, I believe. It is good enough, almost, to be in the Bible. It is this, 'Be just and fear not.' That, gentlemen, is the law in this case.



C. W. Scribner.



John T. Bartlett, Esq.

had "always thought demurrer a cursed cheat," and, turning upon Mason, exclaimed, "Let me advise you, young man, not to come here with your new-fangled law."

Despite his eccentricities the bar respected him, and Judge Parsons of Newburyport, in discussing him, said, "You may laugh at his law and ridicule his language, but Dud-

It is our business to do justice between the parties, not by the quirks of the law, out of Blackstone or Coke, books that I never read and never will, but by common sense as between man and man. That is our business, and the curse of God will rest upon us if we neglect, or evade, or turn aside from it."

Common sense ruled Judge Dudley's court, and when once Jeremiah Mason attempted to urge a plea of demurrer before his honor the court remarked that he



Shepard Hotel.

ley is the best judge I ever knew in New Hampshire." Judge Arthur Livermore gave his opinion that "justice was never better administered in this state than when Mr. Dudley was on the bench."

He certainly was a unique character, and in view of what I can learn of him it is a deep regret to me that he did not declare himself

tithing-men were annually chosen to protect the Sabbath from violation, and the daily walk of the people was godly and pious.

Patriotism, too, abounded, and the War of 1812 was cordially supported in Raymond. The Federalistic sentiment of the western counties never extended into old Rockingham, and Governor Plumer found his neigh-



Dana J. Healey

W. H. Bailey.

A. G. Whittier.

A. P. Brown.

on the meeting-house question for the benefit of posterity.

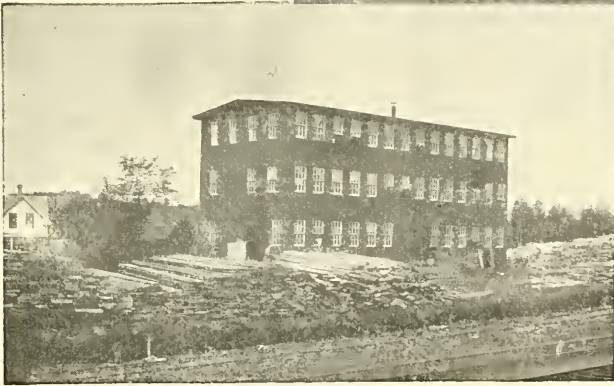
The opening of the nineteenth century found the town contented and prosperous. The free water privileges of the Lamprey river were utilized for small manufacturing, and by dint of hard labor the soil, yet virgin, gave fair returns to the husbandman. Incomes were small, to be sure; but so were desires, and there was plenty for all. Primitive and Puritan manners prevailed. The

bors quick to support him in his movements against threatened British invasion.

The "cold Fridays" of 1810 and of 1817 did not disturb our peaceful hamlet, nor did the hard times of the latter year nip Raymond keenly. A veracious historian narrates, among evidences of the prevailing hardships that year,—that cider was three dollars a barrel, though there is nothing to show that the town lacked either cider or the money to pay for it.

Among the curious traditions of those days was one to the effect that winter would not set in until after Thanksgiving, and in 1818 Governor Plumer, again in office after six years of private life, did not proclaim the feast until the last day of December. The weather continued warm and pleasant until some time in January, and certain people in Raymond were on that account desirous of retaining Governor Plumer in office, but the majority of the state willed otherwise and returned to the old custom of an early win-

The separation of church and state brought new denominational influences into the community, and churches arose and fell. The railroad came, bringing little in its train and taking little with it. Raymond was a century old and yet had scarcely changed within half that time. The anniversary was marked with appropriate celebration and the even tenor of things was resumed.



The Shoe Shops.



Two wars passed, and Raymond gave of her manhood to both of them, and both of them had passed into history ere the new order of affairs took place.

ter. Though in favor of a later winter, Raymond people, for the most part, were conservative, and recorded a solid opposition to various schemes to form new counties and to erect new towns, and even extended its hostility to the proposition for the state to aid in erecting an insane asylum and to abolish capital punishment. On the temperance question the town voted in favor of enacting a prohibitory law.

Thus quietly the town grew old.

This came with the introduction of shoe manufacturing, perhaps twenty years ago, the final step in the development of an industrial system of aggregated endeavor from the simple and primitive hand shops which had sprung up on nearly every farm. The establishment of the shoe industry practically created a new Raymond. A liberal pay-roll at the factory still further denuded the hill farms of their sons to each succeeding generation of whom the struggle for a livelihood

had grown fiercer and less remunerative, and village life took on a citified activity. Money circulated freely and there was little thought for the morrow. Prosperity seemed permanent, nay, was permanent, when, on a sudden stroke of misfortune, it

remnants of their possessions and spoke in undertones of their losses. Townspeople and curious visitors alike considered the blow a fatal one, and the funeral oration of Raymond was pronounced by more than one voice among its still smoking ashes.

But the town was not dead. Indeed it was never more alive. It was not even asleep. The outlook was certainly stupefying. Not only was the heart of the town burned out, but

the firm which occupied the larger shoe-factory took occasion just then to move its business cityward. It required courage to meet the emer-

gency, and courage was found. A new tenant was found for the factory.



Mrs. N. S. Thomas.



W. H. Bailey.

threatened to spread its wings and fly the town forever.

Raymond folk still speak of "The Fire" in an undertone and with capitals, though it is three years since its day, and the benefits it brought have covered all its gaping wounds. It was a desolate Raymond that bright December morning after the flames had spent themselves. The village churches, stores, business blocks, the railroad station, storehouses, and dwelling-houses which had bade farewell to the sinking sun on the afternoon before, were gone, and the dawning rays of another day lit up a smoking crater of desolation where the village had smiled but yesterday. There was a funereal stillness in the air as in the presence of the dead. Men busied themselves amidst the



E. T. Brown.



J. L. Jones.

The burned-out merchants temporarily established themselves in the town-house and began plans for new buildings in the spring. The pastors of the homeless churches looked to God for aid and vigorously besought men to contribute likewise. The railroad replaced its burned structure

with modern and handsome buildings. And the people of the town, now that the horse was stolen, carefully double-locked the stable door by putting in an adequate supply of water.

It was almost three years to the day from the time of the fire when I had wandered where Raymond's streets had been to the time when I last visited the place. A new community greeted me. The old had indeed passed away. A thriving modern village was there with electrically lighted streets and buildings, with hydrants peeping out at every corner, with new and handsome stores, with two elegant churches, and with modern and graceful residences. The village was hardly more than a handful, yet in it was concen-

trated all that a century and a half had produced in Raymond. Circling around on the hills were few farms and unproductive. Their worn-out soil had long ago given up its most cherished crop of humanity which had been swallowed up by the village and the cities. All the nervous force of a township courses through the ganglion of the shops and the railroad station. The pulse courses high of necessity. Raymond, rejuvenated Raymond, has become a type, a type of the modern factory victory. The keynote of existence has shrilled up from the deep, solemn tone of the first century to a piercing shriek of modern industrialism. Its resonant note thrills the air, and the visitor to-day knows that he is in a town that is "up-to-date."



INEXPRESSION.

Fred Lewis Puttee.

Oh, would my clumsy hand obey my will
 And catch the radiant vision that I see
 In all my dreams, then would I seize the clay
 And mould a statue glorified—of thee.

And would my hand but master half the chords
 That in my dreams make heavenly harmony,
 Apollo's mighty lyre would ring again
 To tell the fulness of my love—to thee.

And there are lyrics throbbing in my soul,
 And sweeter songs than mortal's dream can be,
 But I can only look into thine eyes
 And stammer out "I love, I love but thee."



THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

By Edward A. Jenks.

You wander hand in hand from room to room—
On every side barred windows and dead walls ;
Dark shadows lurk in corners, and your doom
Is whispered down the grim and silent halls.
Go to your couch, my Princes ! Let the sleep
Of sweet forgetfulness sit on your eyes
And dull your ears : so may your dreams be deep,
That you may pass unconscious to the skies.

But that was O so long ago !
The princes of to-day
Are free as birds to come and go
From morn till evening gray.
They are not smothered in the tower—
Their feet are fleet as wings :
Before we know it, they are turned
From princes into kings.

THE LEGEND OF JOHN LEVIN AND MARY GLASSE.

[CONTINUED.]

By E. P. Tenny.

CHAPTER X.

IF sunshine prevailed over cloud in Mary's life it was owing, not so much to moral causes, or religious disposition and the visitation of happy spirits as to physical basis. Welling up from within, there were no gloomy moods but a constitutional inclination to take nothing at its worst; and, save in rare hours, Mary was the embodiment of fun alive. This made her attractive to John Levin, whose streak of jollity was private, and carefully concealed from most people; even his mother knew less than Mary of his good spirits.

Mary had just left John's company, and was in no ill-humor when she called upon the bride.

"I never saw a scrub, Martha, so transformed by marriage as you are. Here you sit in queenly state, eating sugar with his royal highness, your princely husband, while there is displayed before my critical eye, a kitchen full of dirty dishes, and Myra crying and laughing like an idiot in the office. Who would have thought it, thou priestess of the holy art of housekeeping,—so much more beautiful as an art than painting or sculpture. But really, I am jealous of you. I have a notion, myself, to be married."

"Really!" said Dr. Langdon, rising, and walking slowly toward his office door. "Really! Really!"

"Well, I never saw any one," exclaimed Martha, eagerly advancing with extended arms to meet her friend, "who was so perfectly transformed as you are by being in love, to infatuation, for a man whom you are unwilling to marry. No wonder you go raving about my kitchen, or any place where there's cooking for two going on, like a dear, sweet maniac that you are."

Their greetings, long, loud, and demonstrative, so disturbed the doctor that he looked out of his office window,—“Well, I never! I never!”

The fisherman's daughter had, indeed, as this world goes, great reason to be proud of her brilliant lover, who had aroused her to a new sense of her own mental powers, awakening her true self. It was not that Mr. Levin was rich, enterprising, ambitious, one of the rising men of the colony, but he was wise; had he not once studied theology,—and outgrown it all? James Glasse's half-orphan child was indeed fortunate in her match-making, if she would accept her fate.

"I've almost made up my mind, Martha, to be married," said Mary, seating herself by the garden confection tray. "You know that I never felt about my mother's mandates as you about yours. I was so young when she was alive; and I remember

her as kind but never passionate in her love,—never hot and demonstrative as I am. I suppose it's partly on this account that her wishes have less weight with me now. It would be dreadful to disregard the dead, but don't you know that the most fearful thing dies out of mind, after a little? And a living, warm-hearted, earnest, kind lover makes one forget other things. You understand it all."

"Poor, love-sick child," said Martha, stroking Mary's hair the wrong way, elaborately snarling it. "But I do wish you had asked my opinion before you pulled John Levin out upon the Misery rocks. For my part, I should have bade you throw away your boat-hook. You know that I am not friendly to John Levin."

"Martha, Martha, don't speak so. I may never marry him, but I love him with all my heart. You know that you do not have to marry even if you love, else I should have run away with you years ago. I expect, by loving John Levin enough, to mend him; for if love be always blind, my love is not true, since I see very clearly that he is in sad need of a good wife."

"I hope my dear that you will mend him before you marry, not after."

"Most likely."

"You know, darling, that I was fated to marry the doctor. I was put down in Aunt Nabby White's magic mirror. But in your case it's different. It merely happened so. You were looking out for your father's lobster nets; and watching the currents play with your line, and you caught John Levin. Ordinary fish-wife's luck,

you know. You are not necessarily obliged to marry him any more than you would a tom-cod."

"Fate, fate! What fate is better than a deep and abiding affection? Be quiet, Martha, and quit your drollery. I speak truly; discovering in myself and in John Levin, the bands of a foreordained friendship. Whether the friendship shall be, or shall not be, formulated and acknowledged before a magistrate, or entered of record, is not important. I call you to wit that I am his foreordained good angel, let alone good-wife. And I accept the charge because I love to do it; nor can I, by constraining heaven, do otherwise."

So they talked in the garden till the doctor had pulled Myra's tooth, and apologized to her, and till she had cleared up the house and spread the tea.

Martha had never thought of Mary as being otherwise than naturally pious, not abnormally so; but now she faintly detected a possible fanaticism up-springing in the heart of her friend. Did she indeed entertain whimsical notions concerning the Infinite Mind? Sure was Mary that she was now guided of God; even though in truth she was expecting the universe to be divinely governed according to the will of Mary Glasse, who sang devout hymns, and lifted the hands of adoration, and uttered ecstatic supplication, in her rambles morning and evening between Black Cove and the mouth of Jeffery's creek.

CHAPTER XI.

Whistling homeward like a school-boy went John Levin, after separating from Mary Glasse, upon the after-

noon of that seventeenth day of July, when Mary had left his company to go and call on the bride and her tempestuous but jolly hearted spouse. Had it not been decided between them that he should at least build a bird-cage, upon the slope of the Masconomo or Great Hill near Black Cove, whether or not the shy bird Mary should ever deign to alight upon the threshold? But no sooner was John Levin alone that day than there welled up within him such spirit as made him for the hour almost forgetful of Mary.

As savagery itself, for untold ages, has been quite equal to the calls of life by the upspringing of exhaustless fountains of purely animal vigor and vivacity, like the renewal of perpetual growth, in the heart of every brave, so there was in John Levin's physical force no apparent diminution by the score of years that had gone by since he had ceased to be a child; he was more boy-like in spirit than ever. In his case, however, there was something more. If it cannot be said that he had about him the slightest tinge of a conceit of divine possession, he had a little of a poet's enthusiasm in leaning towards life's ideal; never neglecting the practical, he ever cultivated the imaginative part of his nature.

This had made it easy for him when a boy to give hospitable entertainment to certain metaphysical notions; and although it was now so many years since he had lost sight of that Personality which had once served as a center to his ideal world, he could not yet rid himself from the grasp which the spiritual universe had upon him. The loss of the divine personality was the less to him,

since it allowed free play to that mental ecstasy, so intense and uplifting, which filled his own soul, when now and then he gave himself up to the thought that he, John Levin, was an essential part of that Mind which pervades the universe.

This idea is stamped by physicians as akin to the abnormal experiences of the asylums and dungeons of the world, which during many generations have never been empty of patients or prisoners who have believed themselves to personate the Son of Man or some other ideal life; so that no token of essential unsoundness is more easily read than the slightest confusion in regard to one's personal identity. Although, therefore, John Levin was clear-headed and farsighted beyond most men in his social, political, and mercantile generation, nevertheless he held a metaphysical notion, which was at bottom based upon unreason,—the assumption that his true individual life was rooted outside himself, that he was an irresponsible fragmentary expression of the all pervasive but impersonal intelligence of the universe.

Dwelling much upon this idea, it had become to him a source of boundless egotism, which manifested itself in every act and motion of his life. He believed himself to have been so endowed from some treasure house of mental illumination, as to make him equal to all events. "Who," he asked, "can match John Levin, with his powerful physique, and a fair fragment of the inexhaustible intelligence?"

To say that John Levin went whistling along his homeward way, upon that seventeenth day of July, is to put it very mildly. His whole

being sang in unison with the music of celestial spheres. And during those moments in which he fancied himself conscious of possessing in large measure powers practically infinite, all things became even to him, whether joy or sorrow, good or evil; there was no sorrow, no joy, no good, no evil, all things were in perfect harmony. At such times he forgot even his passion of love for Mary and his own impetuous nature, and there ceased all sense of personal struggling at odds with the world; and for the moment he was dimly conscious of sharing the bliss of self-existent, unconditioned life. So that, as Hercules retired to solitary places to reflect upon his divine original, or touch the earth to renew his strength, John Levin sometimes threw himself upon the ground under a wide-spreading oak, or stood immovable with eyes fixed upon the sea's horizon, or gazed steadfastly upon the orbs of heaven, silently absorbing as he believed, new forces out of infinite realms of spiritual power.

It was in this way that, besides being endowed with the physique of undying youth, John Levin believed that he was possessed by "the spirit of the universe," whatever that might mean. And when he was at his best estate, he felt little dependent upon earthly loves. Yet, if he needed not to lean upon any being who was also a sharer in the infinite life, he could not but be conscious of certain opposite powers in that universal intelligence of which he was a part; so that he knew himself to be attracted by the quiet and irresistible force of nature toward certain other beings, and repelled when brought in contact with

others. This law of polarity in his heart, this celestial movement, led him in rapture beyond measure to approach Mary Glasse. When he thought of Mary, it was as if his senses were suspended and he was entranced. How could such bounding pulsations of feeling be other token than that of fate, drawing together the predestined friends?

CHAPTER XII.

John Levin's enthusiastic day-dreaming of his love was, however, interrupted by his meeting the office boy, who reported that Madam Levin had just disembarked. Upon this information the whistling lover changed his tune. An ill-concealed irony voiced itself in musical notes, now shrill now mellow. Was it possible that this man, at thirty-five, was a mere tassel adorning his mother's apron strings?

Madam would, of course, want to know all about Mary Glasse; as, indeed, she did before John reached home, since he found the widow Adipose gushing at his mother's elbow.

"Why, John, what is this you have done," exclaimed Madam, as soon as she had kissed her son for ten or fifteen minutes, and sat in his lap and caressed him for fifteen more. "How could you have done it? You know that I am only fifty-three, and you are thirty-six. If I am too old to be your companion in life, what can Mary Glasse think, you being eighteen years her senior? Why, Angelica here is much nearer your age."

"Am I, indeed?" sweetly interposed the fat widow, with an oily smile, and an attempt to blush through the carmine upon her cheeks.

"And I hear, John, that you are going to build a house outside of Salem. Not while I am alive, my son. Not till I become a saint."

"What, never, mother?"

Angelica stayed to make the tea, and to help madam unpack. "You are an angel, indeed," said madam adorning the unctuous rolls upon the corpulent widow's neck with a gold chain and heavy cross. "See what I have brought you. But do not allow the puritans to see it. You can wear it when you attend service with me at St. Michael's."

John Levin sent his office boy two miles to get another boy to come post-haste to call the widow to Salem village upon some imaginary errand. By such innocent device it was not long before John was alone with his mother. And they talked till midnight, mainly upon business matters.

Madam Levin's heritage, from the Hawkins voyages of Devonshire, was little money, and much spirit for mercantile adventuring. Early widowed in America, she had taken her son from divinity, and had put him to such legal studies over sea as might best help him keep within the law, in a traffic not hampered by scruples; and had then put him into such sea-going as promised most profit, in that age of far-venturing pillage among foes and barbarians.

Should John marry, with so competent a woman in the house as his own mother? So his mother asked herself in the night watches. There was no need of it. Or, if she should allow it, she would do the picking and choosing. Had she ever permitted John to think for himself in such matters? She never should,

not while she was alive. And John, of course, was the most dutiful child in the world.

The fitness of things, suggested by his relation to infinite mind, indeed demanded of John Levin, in the night watches, implicit obedience to the wishes of his mother,—unless the law of polarity should by blind force repel him from his mother and attract him toward Mary Glasse.

CHAPTER XIII.

Next morning, fox-like, stole forth John Levin from his mother's house at daybreak, to follow the foxes upon the curving shore. The foxes in turn were stealing upon unwary birds, not knowing that it was Sunday. John Levin, however, expected to go to church later on; and what he really wanted was to observe—not to shoot—the killdeer plover and his stealthy foe; and to watch the purpling east, which the fox did not appear to notice. In the advancing light John Levin saw the "looming" sea throw the islands half out of the shining bay, solid ledges all afloat like harbor buoys.

And at the moment when the polished waters most brightly reflected the hues of the morning, he stepped in upon the sanded floor of the ocean, and swam or floated in the wake of the escaping plover; and with eyes just above the level of the gently rising and falling plains of silver, and mother of pearl, and opal, he watched the changing tints unnumbered and unnamed. Even if his days were practically atheistic, he half believed that, with its enamoring visions of beauty, this morning bath was worship; receiving from it as he did a certain mental glow slightly tinged

by devotion, as if the glancing waters were for the moment touched by light divine.

Then he walked in half-devout dreaming, along the narrow line which is neither land nor sea, the tide-washed shore. In the midst of his thoughts concerning mind and matter, wondering whether there were two substances or one, he was met by Dr. Bob Langdon riding heavily upon his black horse, hastening slowly to answer an early professional call. The physician only halted long enough to grasp John Levin's hand.

"Holding, my friend, within yourself the infinite, and having no surety that your own personal experience of the infinite intelligence will outlast the day, I trust that the spirit of the coherent universe is now illuminating your rising and falling concepts, like the sun gilding the wrinkled sea."

John Levin yawned, making no reply. The doctor turned in his saddle, allowing his horse to take one more breath: "General views, I say, are indicative of mental powers superior; and the generalness of your views determines the ratio for ascertaining the superiority of your mental powers. Am I not correct!"

"Just so."

"I ask, then, further: Is not the human heart the primordial point of universal emergence and return? And if this be so, is not the hypothesis of a personal creator the figment of an indolent imagination?"

Then the doctor put spurs to Night-hawk, and disappeared with his saddle-bags, leaving John Levin to his meditations, so aptly voiced by his echo on horseback. Nevertheless, the doctor's words disturbed his thoughts

—as when one is listening to the sea, he hears the impertinent rattle of some musketeer or a heavy salutation gun. The theological propositions put forth by his physician seemed to Levin less timely, since, at the particular moment in which he had been interrupted, he had been thinking of Mary Glasse as a possible theological instructor likely to have healthy intuitions, or as a guide for his conscience to whom he might habitually refer as his ideal conception perfectly expressing the infinite harmony.

Conscious as he was of moral slouchiness, it seemed proper, upon Sunday morning, for him to resolve to go and see her as soon as practicable—at once, unless his mother wished to visit St. Michael. Giving himself due credit for his piety in adoring Mary Glasse, John Levin returned home to breakfast with his mother.

"Will you take Angelica and myself to attend worship this morning, my son?"

"Where, my dear?"

"There is no worship except at Marble Harbor. There may be other meetings, but not for worship."

"Do you think, mother, that I could worship with the widow Adipose beside me?"

"I have no doubt she would distract your heart. But what's the harm if you do n't lose your place in the prayer-book?"

"I think I could keep my thumb at the right page."

"Shall we go?"

"Certainly. Do I not always make your wishes my first law?"

"Certainly."

As John Levin grasped the tiller in sailing down the harbor towards the

the Marble head, he constantly gazed upon his mother's face. It was long since he had seen her. And his mother's features had faded a little in his mind after he had seen Mary. Be that as it may, he could not but look with pride upon her dark, gray eyes, almost black, deep set, and well apart, with under lids very full; black brows, finely arched, and heavy without being shaggy to the end of the outer slope; eyes almost cavernous when the long fringed upper lids were open wide,—eyes laughing or frowning all over the mobile face; the face easily dimpling with fun or puckering with fretfulness,—the cheeks and all muscles about the mouth as sensitive as the face of the sea to every ripple of emotion; with chin inclined to be double; heavy, abundant, black hair without a thread of silver; with complexion clear, but coloring easily; her figure of good height, not slender, not stout. John Levin looked at her now, to see whether hard, unsympathetic lines appeared more frequently than once, whether cunning and craft and scorn had often come to the surface, and whether her fiendish elements were getting the better of the angelic. But his mother was as beautiful as the morning and sweet tempered as the sun, as they neared the rock-bound harbor.

They had made a very early start. No one could tell how wind and tide might serve them, said John. The plump Angelica had been hurried and worried out of her life by John asking several times whether she was ready; and she had embarked in a disheveled condition under the promise that she should have time enough to put the finish to her rig-

ging at Captain Goodwin's before service.

"I am so glad, Mother," said John at the landing, "to go with you to the Church of England service. The excesses of the Puritans have been a sad stumbling-block to my spiritual life. I fear that the root of the matter is not in them."

"Just so, just so, my son."

But fingers of foam were now clutching at the rocks more persistently than in the early morning, as though new forces were at work beneath the gently heaving sea; and John, looking seaward, remarked,—
"Mother, I think that I ought to take great pains where I moor my boat, for I look to a change in the weather."

"Just so, my son."

"If you walk up to Captain Goodwin's, I'll see you later."

"Just so," murmured Angelica.

It is well known along shore, that the most experienced seamen, ship-masters even, are often without skill in handling boats. In John Levin's case, his attempt at safe mooring resulted in his being blown off across the bay to the landing upon Jeffery's creek in Manchester, where he went to church with Mary Glasse, instead of keeping company with the gross Angelica and his idolized mother.

CHAPTER XIV.

Of course Mary Glasse did not sit upon the same side of the meeting-house with John Levin, two hundred years ago. Nor did he see her profile; and he never, perhaps, disliked her poke bonnet so much as he did during that sermon, since he only saw the back side of it. To Mary Glasse the long sermon seemed pe-

culiarly timely and restful, so that she went to sleep; and so did Martha and so did Doctor Bob and his rival, Doctor Jay, and so did Elder Perkins, and Simeon Strait, the school-master. In fact, when the prolix pastor Hammersmith came to seventeenthly, John Levin, who was the only one in the congregation who did not believe one word the preacher said, was the only one who was wide awake. Even Babcock, the tithing-man, responded to the monotonous tone from the pulpit by a well-modulated and genteel snore. So that John Levin saw the entire congregation at one time sleeping the sleep of the just,—reposing as soundly as the dry bones of the early settlers outside the meeting-house walls; and the pantheist was more than ever before impressed with the thought that the church was the pillow of the state.

When Elder Perkins partly recovered himself and began to cease dreaming, his eyes were fixed on John Levin. Never was greater change in mortal man. Possibly in a spirit of fun, Mr. Levin's face had become so grave and put on such an injured look, as if the slumber of Zion was a personal grievance to him, that even the short, stunted minister waked up enough to take sight at him over the top of the high pulpit which fenced him in. If Mr. Levin never failed to attract the eyes of strangers, he was now the center of vision to all the saints; as, one after another, they waked up, yawned decorously, rubbed their eyes, and began to ogle the distinguished stranger.

"He is naturally a deacon," whispered Babcock to Doctor Jay, who responded with a nod and went to

sleep again, having been out late Saturday night.

Could not John Levin make himself up at will to represent any kind of character needful for the hour? Had he not practised artificial personification to while away long voyages? If he set out, for a few moments, to imagine himself a deacon, he could look like one. But when, after service, the clerical Hammersmith and Elder Perkins and Doctor Jay and Madam Godsoe and Dame Silvertongue hurriedly gathered about the pious stranger, Levin suddenly changed his face, and looked so like the personification of all evil that no one dared to speak to him. He did not know that Mary Glasse was looking. But she was so shocked to see the fine looking deacon in him shrivel and give place to a demoniacal expression, that she was henceforth more determined than ever that she would not marry him. Nor did she ever fully know how this face-changing came about, till, upon acquaintance, she observed that Madam Levin had similar power of almost instantaneous transformation.

"Come, Doctor Bob, get into my boat with your wife," said Mr. Levin on the doorstep. "She lies at Norton's ship-yard."

So they, with Mary, sailed for Black cove, west of Glasse Head. But an inexperienced sailor was John Levin that morning, else perverse; for he could not in such a sea land his passengers without taking them further, to the mouth of Chubb's creek, where Doctor Langdon had told him that he was prospecting for a house-lot. The ungodly Levin apologized for bringing them so far that they could not lunch at James

Glasse's house; and he straightway produced a kettle and two lines as soon as all were landed upon the east bank. In a few minutes he and the doctor had cunners enough to fry, with a parcel of new potatoes which they pulled out of Knapp's field, near by; and then they all lunched under the walnuts at the water side.

During these operations the face of Levin was not wicked, nor very devout, but rollicking all over; and he even danced alone around the pot, before asking the sober company to partake.

"How did you like the minister, John?" asked Martha, throwing the skeleton of a cunner over her shoulder into the hazel bushes.

"Well, if you will give keen edge to my jack-knife, I'll whittle out a better minister for you, as soon as I've finished these fish."

"For my part, I enjoyed the sermon very much indeed," replied the doctor, suiting his action to the word, by closing his eyes and breathing heavily as he did in sermon time.

"Mary," asked Levin, "at what point did you go to sleep, and what waked you up?"

But Mary was too much of a Puritan to respond in like spirit, upon Sunday; and she soon turned the conversation into courses which she fancied more befitting the day,—although less drowsy than her pastor's sermon. At least she was more wide awake in conversation than under preaching.

"I don't see, Martha," said Levin, "how you can sleep, if you believe what the minister was saying."

"What did he say?"

If John Levin ever perverted any-

thing in his life, it was his report of that sermon, the part to which his auditors had nodded assent. It sounded plausible, just like the preacher; but the doctrine was John Levin's,—a singular mixture of illogical dogmatic propositions, and scripture texts slightly misquoted. And then, when his auditors entered protest, he added: "I told you that I would whittle out a wooden-headed preacher for you. Have I not done it?"

Without a suspicion, in his limitless egotism, that Mary Glasse had been taking his measure, John Levin sailed over the bay to meet his mother. Moody and reckless he sat at the tiller; whistling now sadly, now defiantly, till favoring winds brought him to easy landing at the foot of the garden at Goodwin's.

CHAPTER XV.

The mercurial and politic Madam Levin did not after all object to her son's attending the established church of England, New rather than Old. It would evidently serve him better in a business way to attend the Congregational conventicles; who could tell how many clients he might have won that Sunday morning? Besides, the ritual of her childhood was disappointing to her, when St. Michael had to hold services in a private house. Perhaps John had better stick to the regular meeting-houses for the present, particularly since he had secured the freedom of the Episcopal people from being taxed to support puritanism.

And madam was the less inclined to quarrel with her son for leaving her so long, since she had been as busy as a bee, in leisure hours of the

day, in gathering gossip-honey from the flower of Marble Head society; having adroitly rid herself of the company of the somewhat tiresome Adipose, who spent most of the day in Mistress Goodwin's guest chamber, dressing her hair and making beautifiers.

There is at this hour, under the sidewalk of Waterway in Salem, an old well, walled with circular bricks which John Levin imported from England. At its opening, a few years ago, when the walk was laid, it was found that the entire face of the bricks was covered with a network of roots from an elm near by, which in search of moisture had penetrated the porous brick. The Levin garden enclosed this well before the street was cut through. In the summer-house which covered this well, sat John Levin and his mother alone upon this Sunday evening of the eighteenth day of July. They spent the twilight in going over the points of their business investments; to which the most exacting Puritan could not object, since the twain had "kept" Saturday night—well enough as they thought. To be sure, even if their business consultations had trenched upon the hours of Sunday, what could have been more suitable to the day than what was said about their Christianizing negroes by taking them out of pagan Africa and planting them in Anglo Saxon homes?

"Can anything be more beneficent?" asked madam.

"Nothing," answered her son, "unless it be my thoughtfulness in relieving the Simon idiots of the care of all their foolish father left them."

"Did you do that?"

"What else could I do? If I had

not done so, it would have all been wasted, every penny of it. They don't know how to manage property."

"Of course not. I'm glad you got it. Now, John, do you know," added his mother, bending forward and bringing her face nearer to her son's, and looking into his eyes which were emitting strange fire in the deepening shades of the hour, "do you know that our amiable Angelica has almost persuaded me to move to Boston?"

"What! Boston?"

"Yes, she says that Boston society is better than ours."

"But there's no business in Boston to speak of. No person of any mercantile or legal ambition would leave Salem for Boston."

Madam arose, and looked out upon the tranquil moon over the restless sea.

"I am quite sure, my son, that you have a talent to succeed anywhere, everywhere, and our residence shall be fixed according to your judgment not my fancy.—By the way, I forgot to ask you what success the *Hawley* had upon the last voyage?"

"She took three chickens,—one French and two Spanish, well feathered."

"Very good. Now let me look into your eyes, my son." The affectionate woman drew to herself her son, and embraced him. "I see the angel looking out at the windows of your eyes, my son."

"Is this real praise, Mother, or is it every-day irony?"

"It's the truth,—the angel of love to your mother."

"That is true. I always keep this good angel in my eyes to look out my daily path for me."

"Tell me, then, my son, about your prospects of political preferment which we talked about before your unfortunate sailing to shipwreck."

It had been fixed in Madam Levin's mind that her son would in the new world rise to great influence, as indeed he did. Mother and son were naturally toadies, and tools for tyranny; so that the son was making the most of the royal governor; and what conscience he had he put into his efforts to secure adherence to the forms of law, on the part of a liberty-loving people, who were likely to be turbulent if legal forms were not to their minds. And John Levin was foremost in the attempt to make head against what was deemed by many to be the undue power of the ministers, by combining the merchants and the lawyers and developing their social and political energies.

It had greatly gratified Madam Levin's vanity that her son, in place of being the poetic dreamer and theological pedant he had promised to be when in college, had come to be so thrifty in business and of so decided a taste for politics. But professional politics in that age meant little else than the hunting for place as a basis for plunder,—little else than another form of that gentleman-piracy which was enriching so many families, by spoiling the private citizens of those countries which were the traditional enemies of England, or robbing savage tribes who had no more right than might.

"Let those take who have the power; let those keep who can," quoth madam, as she gathered up their wraps to go into the parlor.

After the candles were lighted, John was requested by his maternal ancestor to tell her all about Mary Glasse, to whom he owed his saving from the sea; and he told her, or professed to, all he knew about her, and his own relations to her,—told it all with that deceitful frank-heartedness which his mother understood the better since she had been his teacher in the art.

Knowing that she knew now no more than she did before her hopeful had informed her on this subject, madam said,—“I know that Mary will not marry you. That's what Angelica says, and she knows. But what do you want to marry for? What do you really, at bottom, care, whether or not you have any friends,—that is, if you make sure to befriend yourself? And you know that I will always be your friend.” Then she suddenly changed her tone, and great tears stood in her eyes: “You know that your mother loves you. I do not want you to marry Mary Glasse. Now tell me that you will not.” And she took John by the hand, and paused for reply.

“I will not. I will give up the idea. I do not care anything about it. But do tell me why you insist on it.”

Madam, knowing that her son had no notion whatever of giving up the idea, suppressed her artificial tears, and quietly went on with her statement of reasons: “Mary Glasse is too much like you. You want one of the opposites when you marry. That's the way your dear papa and I did. Besides, in all that in which she differs from you, she is undesirable for a mate. She is a woman of ideals, of too much conscience, an impracticable woman; she would

ruin your business, if she knew it as "Her? I can not." And John
 I know it. Some women are relig- hastily rose up to kiss his mother
 ious fanatics, and others are fools; good night.
 of the two, marry the fool. There's "Can not? Can-nots and will-
 Adipose, for instance, a fool, but nots slip as easy as bow-knots."*
 thrifty. Why don't you marry her?" And she blew out the candles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BY OLD STAMBOUL.

Frederick Myron Colby.

Slowly over the silver tide
 We drifted—I and my Eastern bride;
 The sun shone low in the golden west,
 The waters lay—a haven of rest—
 Only stirred by the dip of the oar
 In the hands of our Nubian rower,
 As on we drifted by old Stamboul,
 Past scented gardens and kiosks cool,
 And my bride sang low,
 And our boat moved slow,
 As on we drifted by old Stamboul.

Under the low Byzantine skies
 I watched the gleam of her Orient eyes
 As they rested on dome and minaret,
 On bright-walled towers like jewels set
 In the crown of a queen, this gay Stamboul,
 With its flowers and flashing fountains cool,
 Its odors of olive, myrrh and musk,
 That scented the air from dawn to dusk,
 Its glimpses of fair Circassian girls
 With supple limbs and silken curls,—
 Houris of a Moslem's paradise,
 Where the daytime all too quickly flies
 In dreams of bliss and hours of ease,
 And Nature employs all her arts to please.
 Languid and dreamy we drifted on
 In the blaze of the westering sun,
 Past the towers of old Stamboul,
 Past emerald bower and flashing pool,
 And my bride sang low,
 And our boat moved slow,
 As on we drifted by old Stamboul.

Beneath the roseate sunset sky
 We drifted on, my love and I,
 Beyond the old Byzantine town,
 Beyond the height called Michael's Crown,
 Past open courts where parrots screamed,
 And latticed screens where maidens dreamed,
 To where uprose his cool retreat,
 And soothing fountains charmed to sleep
 The senses of an Orient king,
 As if bewitched by magic ring.
 We smelled the breath of balsam trees,
 We felt the coolness of the breeze,
 And all the glories of the past
 Like opals from the centuries cast,
 Swept in upon our drowsy eyes,
 Beneath those lurid, eastern skies,
 As on we drifted by old Stamboul,
 Through scented calm and shadows cool,
 And my bride sang low,
 And our boat moved slow,
 As on we drifted by old Stamboul.

We heard the tinkling of a lute
 That made all other music mute,
 And, by and by, from off the shore
 A fairy bark its burden bore
 Adown the sleepless, gleaming tide,
 Perchance the lover with his bride.
 And denser still the shadows grew,
 And fainter gleamed the hills of blue,
 Guarding this scene of fairy land
 Like sentries rising from the strand,
 Begirt with castles, strong and old,
 Well-guarded by the Moslem bold.
 And now the forests downward swept
 To where the placid waters crept ;
 And onward, onward, like a dream,
 Our shallop floated down the stream,
 'Midst purple mists and shadows cool,
 By the storied walls of old Stamboul,
 And my bride sang low,
 And we drifted slow,
 As our shallop floated by old Stamboul.

ENVOY.

Sweet is the memory of those hours
 When we sailed past those fairy bowers,

And saw the graceful kiosks rise
 Beneath the opalescent skies;
 But sweeter yet was the long-drawn kiss
 I took from lips, with a lover's bliss,
 As we sat amidst the shadows cool,
 The night we drifted by old Stamboul.

SEWALL'S FALLS HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

By Otis G. Hammond.

THE name of Sewall's Falls is an old one, like many others of our immediate neighborhood, and it has a connection and a meaning. In the days of our early history, men did not name a bit of nature as now they sometimes do a child or a pet dog, merely from a fancy for a euphonious combination of letters, without any regard to its probable fitness; but such names were applied as would indicate either the ownership of the property, or, if this was not possible, its most prominent natural characteristic. In this way Rattlesnake hill was so named, because it was full of rattlesnakes; Horse-Shoe pond and Long pond, because of their outlines; many others might be mentioned but these are locally familiar and sufficient for the purpose.

Sewall's Falls belongs in the class receiving names from owners of the property, or in this case, of adjoining lands. On the 29th of November, 1695, "Samuel Sewall and Hannah his wife Daughter & Heir of John Hull Esqr late of Boston deceased" sent a petition to the general court of the province of the Massachusetts Bay, representing that, at a session of the general court held at Boston, May

6, 1657, a grant of one thousand acres of land was made to John Endicott, at that time governor of the province, "to be laid out unto Him in any place not prejudicing former Grants: and is in lieu of Seventy five pounds by him and his Wife in the general Adventure." The petitioners then stated that on the 9th of March, 1658, John Endicott and his wife, Elizabeth, sold that tract of land to John Hull, father of Samuel Sewall's wife, Hannah, for the sum of fifty pounds; or rather he sold the title to that amount of land granted him by the general court, as the land had never been selected and laid out. Under the right derived from this purchase the petitioners had selected five hundred acres of land "at Penicook on the North-East side of Merrimack River," surveyed and laid out by Jonathan Danforth, a noted surveyor of that day, and now prayed that this tract might be confirmed to them in part satisfaction for the thousand acres originally granted to John Endicott.

Their petition was read in council on the 29th of November, 1695, and the prayer thereof was granted; the House of Representatives concurred on the 3d of December, and the

grant was completed by the brief, but necessary, "I consent, W^m Stoughton."

A further perusal of Sewall's petition discovers the following clause: "And whereas no Land has been laid out & allowed nor other Compensation made to the s^d John Endicott Esqr, Elizabeth his Wife, or to the s^d John Hull Esqr or any of their Heirs or Assigns. (That granted to your Petitioners Nov^r 8, 1693, being included in a Grant of all Mericoneg Neck to Harvard Colledge as now appears);" and the entry by which the grant asked for is allowed Nov. 29, 1695, mentions the five hundred acre farm petitioned for as "Part of a Grant of One thousand Acres Confirmed to them upon an Ancient Grant made unto John Endicott Esq^r then Governour, and Purchased by the said John Hull, And formerly sett forth unto the Petitioners at Merriconeg neck in Casco bay upon the said Grant, Appearing to be before granted unto Harvard Colledge."

By which it appears that the petitioners had fixed upon a location for their property at "Merriconeg neck in Casco bay," and had obtained a confirmation of it on the 8th of November, 1693; but upon later examination it was found that the whole of the Neck had been previously granted to Harvard College, which made their later grant of part of the same territory void. Then it was that they fell back upon an old location confirmed to John Endicott in 1668.

From a careful examination of all the documents available, relating to this case, it would seem that, as Judge Sewall affirms in his petition,

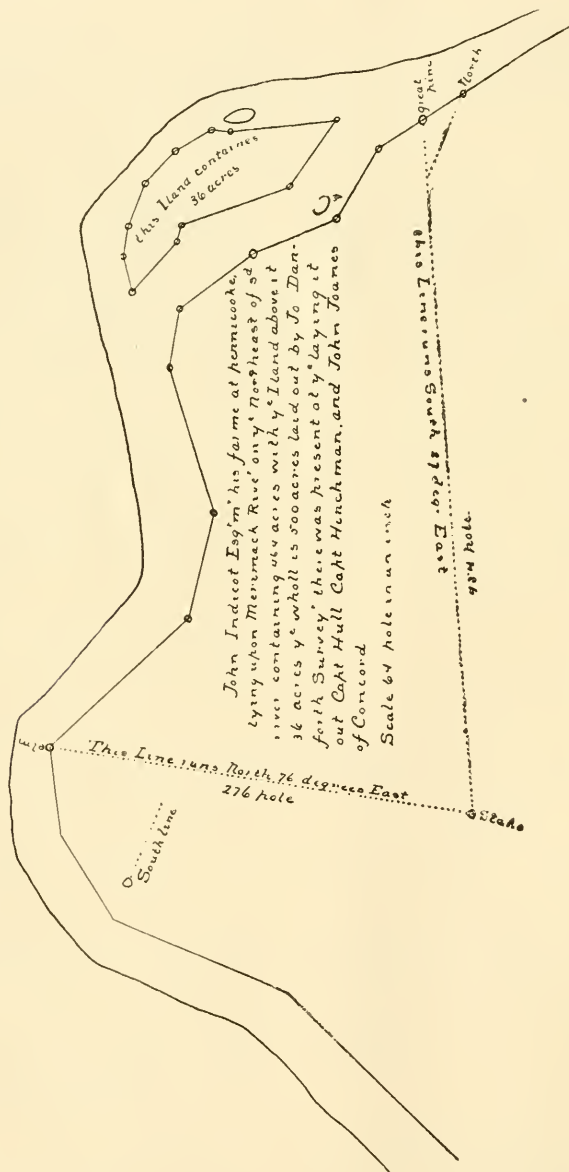
the farm of a thousand acres granted to John Endicott was never selected and surveyed as a whole. In the same petition, he makes the statement that, on the 9th of March, 1658, Governor Endicott and Elizabeth, his wife, sold the title to that tract of land to John Hull, father of Samuel Sewall's wife, for fifty pounds. Notwithstanding this reported sale, the Massachusetts Court Records of May 27, 1668, contain the following description of a tract of land laid out to John Endicott:

"Laid out to Juⁿ Endecot Esq^r Gov^rno^r five hundred acres of land in the wilderniss at Pennicooke one part or parcell of the same conteyning thirty six acres more or lesse lieth upon an Island in the said River of merrimacke which Island lyeth at the very farthest end of that place Called Pennicooke alsoe one part or parcell of the same Conteyning fower hundred sixty fower acres more or lesse lyeth upon the aforesaid River on the east side of it it begins at the North East End of that Intervaille, at a great pine standing by merrimack side marked wth J I and from this pine it runns doune the River by a crooked line five hundred thirty fower pole, where it is bounded by an elme a great one standing by the side of the bancke markt as before wth J I from thence it runns to the high upland almost upon an East & by north Point two hundred siventhy six pole unto a stake standing in a swampish peece of Ground a tree standing behind it eastward marked wth J I: and from thence it runs to the first pine wch is fower hundred fifty fower pole also there is two very smale Islands laid to it one lieth betweene this land, & the great

Island w^{ch} Contains by estimation about twelve pole and another Island wch lieth on the north west of the first Conteyning about sixteene or twenty pole by estimation all wch is more fully demonstrated by a plott

taken of the same by Jonathan Danforth Surveyor the court Approves of this returne^o

The following plan of the tract of land just described is found in Massachusetts Archives, Vol. 45, p. 228:



As the general court of Massachusetts often allowed grantees to select their land in two or more places, if they could not find the whole amount of suitable land in one tract, Judge Sewall evidently intended to locate half the land in Penacook, and the other half where he might afterwards find a suitable place, but whether he ever petitioned for the other five hundred acres or not we are not able to say. If Governor Endicott sold the title to the whole thousand acres to John Hull in 1658, it is difficult to explain why, ten years afterwards, in 1668, a half of that tract was located and laid out to John Endicott and not to John Hull who had bought it; unless it might be inferred that the governor allowed the use of his name as an agent for John Hull, the more easily to secure the confirmation of the grant, and to save the confusion of the case by bringing into use the deeds of transfer, or for other reasons not now known to us. This theory is given some foundation by the fact that the records show no trace of any other grant of land to Governor Endicott. It may be, however, that Mr. Sewall was a little misty in regard to the dates given in his petition.

The above-described tract of land is evidently the farm petitioned for and obtained by Samuel Sewall in 1695. The farm was situated on the east side of the river, and the island of thirty-six acres is the one since known as Sewall's island, lying a short distance below the falls, and embraced between the present main channel of the river and what is commonly known as the "old river" or "old channel." Its form as an island is now somewhat obscured, as it is crossed north and south by the track

of the Northern Railroad which connects it with the mainland at both ends. The larger of the two smaller islands remains in the old channel, but the other has disappeared. Dr. Bouton says that the farm embraced the island known by that name, and the intervalles, with some upland east of it, including the farms now (1856) owned by Mr. Samuel B. Larkin, Samuel B., and John Locke, and what is known as the Thatcher farm.

This tract of land proved a great stumbling block in the way of our first settlers, as it was situated in the very center of the township and comprised about all the land capable of settlement and cultivation there was to be found along the east side of the river. Two hundred acres of it was intervalle land, lying along the bank of the river, the rest being upland back from the river. The grant of the township of Penacook, from the general court of Massachusetts, dated Jan. 17, 1725-'26, stipulated, among other things, that the first fifty settlements should be made on the east side of the river. But on the 15th of June, 1726, the settlers petitioned the court for the privilege of making their settlements on the west side of the river, and also asked for an equivalent for the five hundred acres of land formerly granted to Governor Endicott, which fell within their bounds. On the 24th of the same June, William Taylor, from the committee on the Penacook settlement, reported the progress of their affairs, and said, "upon View and Strict Survey of the lands on the East Side of Merrimack we find that there is little or no Water,—The Land near the River extream Mountains and almost Impassible And very unfit for and unca-

pable of Receiving Fifty Families as the Court has ordered, more especially considering That near y^e Centre of the Town on y^e East Side of the River Merrimack, The Hon^{ble} Sam^l Sewall Esq^r has a Farm of Five Hundred Acres of Good Land formerly granted by this Court and laid out to Governour Endicott." The committee then reported that they had laid out one hundred and three lots on the west side of the river, and recommended that an equivalent for the Sewall farm of five hundred acres be granted and laid out adjacent to the town.

This matter evidently not being immediately attended to, the settlers themselves petitioned for this equivalent on the 6th of December, 1726, asking to be allowed to extend the south bounds of the township one hundred rods, the full breadth of the town. The house immediately voted to grant the petition, and sent their vote to the council where it was non-concurred. On the 10th of June, 1727, the house sent another like vote to the council, where it met the same fate as its predecessor. On the 16th of the following December, John Osgood, in behalf of the Penacook settlers, sent in another petition for an equivalent, with other privileges, which was likewise allowed by the house and non-concurred in council. The reason of the disapproval of all these votes by the council seems to be that the same votes contained a clause by which the five pounds, which was to be paid by each settler when he drew his lot, was to be remitted in view of their heavy expenses of settlement; and it was not until the 5th of August, 1728, that the house passed a vote allowing the

settlers to extend the south bounds of their township one hundred rods along its full width, and making no mention of the five pounds remittance. This vote was read in council the next day, and immediately concurred and signed by Governor Burnet. Thus did this old grant, made eighty years before, disturb the minds of our earliest settlers.

The head line or the northwestern boundary of the Masonian patent crossed the Merrimack river at Sewall's Falls. This is shown by the report of the committee appointed by the legislature to run the "straight line," as it was called, of the Masonian claim, as entered in the House journal, February 1, 1788. The committee consisted of John McDuffee and Archibald McMurphy, and they employed Joseph Blanchard and Charles Clapham as surveyors. The line was to connect a point sixty miles inland on the southern boundary of this state with another point the same distance inland on our eastern boundary. In describing the course of their survey the committee state that "this line crosses Merrimack river in Concord on Sewalls Falls."

The place to-day bears no trace of its original owner, the old governor, but it came into other and more active hands, whence the island therein once contained, and the falls just above, derived their names. They come to us, after nearly two hundred years of existence, and, like many others we speak of day after day, are full of historical and traditional associations which we never dream of until some musty book-worm unearths their secrets and thrusts them upon our notice, and then we wonder why nobody ever thought of it before.

AN IMPERISHABLE EPITAPH.

By Frank L. Phalen.

When I am dead,
And silent lie low in my narrow bed
I ask not that the world shed tears,
And raise o'er me a monument of stone ;
But this I pray,—
That men may truly say,
He was a man !

His heart was warm and true ;
And, in this earthly life of ours,
He did a noble part
To soothe sad sorrow's heart,—
To heal the sick,
And cure the bitter smart
Of sin and pain.

He was a man,
And did what manhood could
To make sublimely real our dream of good,—
This be my epitaph,
And this alone,
Written on human hearts,
Not carved on crumbling stone.

OUR STORE OF OLD LETTERS.

By Marian Douglas.

THREE sisters, my grandmother, my great-grandmother, and my grandaunt, came to Concord in Colonial days, followed a little later by their brother, my great-grand-uncle. They were children of Samuel Ayer and Ann Hazen, whose strong homestead, still a pleasant dwelling place, not yet in alien hands, is standing in old Haverhill

to-day. It was a Puritan family in all its associations, with the blood and belief of the *Mayflower* Whites.

Ann Hazen was a kinswoman of the clear-headed Baileys and Hazens, to whom the new Haverhill, on the Connecticut, owes its existence. She possessed a vivid personality, which has made her the best remembered of our ancestors. Quick of thought and

strong in purpose, she spun and wove, and baked and brewed, and vigorously drilled her eleven children in "the three R's" whenever the schoolmaster (as he often did), failed to appear. The children she gave to New Hampshire were an honor to her. The son, Richard, was a valued citizen; and the three sisters, Mrs. John Kimball, Mrs. John Bradley, and Mrs. (Doctor) Peter Green, were recalled by those who knew them, the one for her blended dignity and loveliness, one for a keen intellectual vision that saw beyond her time, and one for an unfading beauty, unknown to modern days, with brilliant eyes, and cheek that "shamed the lily and the rose."

There were in the second generation a large class of cousins, with much visiting and merry-making when they were together, and sending of messages and letters when apart. Everybody used in those days to hoard letters, and a large chest full of such spoil has lain for years under our garret eaves. Some of the oldest of these are found in a packet of letters written by her young friends to my Aunt Patty in her girlhood. They must have been delightful to receive, full of honied flatteries and protestations of devotion, and rather gain than lose from here and there a very obvious attempt at fine writing.

"Though my style is not florid, friendship is the foundation on which I build," plead Charlotte Odlin from Exeter, in 1794.

Betsey Abbott, apparently a sprightly Concord girl, away from home, writes, in July, 1796, that she had just spent "the Fourth in Amherst. The exercises began at nine in the morning. An oration was

delivered by a M^r. Howard. The music was really delightful." She had been to a tea-drinking at Colonel Meanes's of Amherst, and seen my Uncle Peter, then a clerk in Colonel Meanes's store.

"M^{rs} Meanes," she says, "shew me Peter's gardain. It was a small spot of ground adjoining the flower-gardain. In one corner of it grew a peculiar kind of peas polled in a very nice manner. M^{rs} Meanes told your brother that she apprehended from the growth and situation of those peas that he would be a bachelore."

In Weare, where she was then staying, "lacking what is every requisite to human happiness, a bosom friend," reading and walking were her principal amusements. "The situation," she says, "is very favorable for the latter, and it is an amusement of which I was always very fond. A few rods from our house nature has placed a majestic hill, half a mile in length. It lies in the form of a tray. Its ascent is very gradual at one end, which makes it very agreeable walking. On the sumit we have a very pleasing and extensive prospect. One side of it is covered with beautiful honeysuckle which diffuses a pleasing flavour to the rambler; the other checkered with wheat, rye, oats, &c. At one end of my favorite hill is a delightful row of poplars which extends to the foot. Then a clear, transparent stream separates the hill from a field of mowing. There is something peculiarly pleasing in the motion of the poplar leaf. I contemplate it with a great deal of satisfaction."

The "honeysuckle" was doubtless white clover. It was customary in old times to call it so. Weare resi-

dents can probably recognize the "hill."

Both these letters began, "My amiable friend," but the four next dates open with (what was also common) the first sentence. "I was just agoing," begins Eliza Sweeters, "to take tea at Mrs. Sprague's, when your Par came in with your interesting letter."

"A few words, my friend," commences Nancy Dwight, afterward the second wife of Rev. Dr. McFarland, "to assure you of my continued friendship, and reprove your long silence. Why is your pen so long laid aside? Resume it, Patty, and cheer the spirits of your far distant friend."

She was, we are sure, a most charming girl, who, in 1799, had just returned from a visit to Concord to her native home and the shades of simplicity in Belchertown; and still she lounged, "in her wakeful hours, to call and chat awhile beneath the elms."

"Patty," she prays, "when seated under them, employ a thought of your friend, to whom the memory of them, and the hours spent under them, are very pleasing."

The elms wave as fair and as beautiful as of old, but the glad, young girls speak only to our thought in a few yellowed pages. "The shades of simplicity" were not unlighted by social pleasures. She had been to a stage-ride of twenty or thirty miles with a party of eight or ten, "visited, or rather called on, a number of friends, and returned the next day;" and had attended a Belchertown ball, "where were

as Milton says." "We had a *very* good ball," she adds, perhaps with a memory of some unusually pleasant partner. One of her letters closes with a conceit very common in some form at that time: "Excuse this hasty scrip, and accept the sincere friendship and LOVE of Nancy Dwight."

A letter of Eliza Sweeters, in 1797, is characteristic of the time. She lived in Lancaster, Mass., and says: "I wrote the two last times your good Par was in town, but did not know when he intended leaving, and, owing to this, my poor scrolls were deprived of a conveyance, and I committed them to the flames." "I suppose you have been told that Sally is metamorphosed into a wife. Yes, Patty, she has voluntarily enslaved herself, but, as for me, I am free as when you were here in regard to the lads." In all these letters the words par and mar, or papa and mama, are constantly used. Father and mother seemed to have been kept for formally addressing one's parents. "Metamorphosed" was a very fashionable word then, and for twenty years after.

It seemed as if the young lady correspondents specially exercised their ingenuity to find place for it. The poverty of the people generally is shown by the perfect openness with which these young women speak of waiting for "chances" to send their missives, none of which have post-marks. The mail was apparently too costly to think of employing for mere letters of friendship. "The only reason of my not writing," says Sarah McFarland of Worcester, apparently some relation of the good minister, "was want of opportunity," "except," she adds, "by mail."

'Many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade.'

The postage in 1801 on a double letter from New York to Boston was thirty-four cents, and on one from Belchertown to Concord, twelve and a half. This last was one of those carefully-worded, elegantly-written notes that marked the gentlemen of the time, and was from a Justus Forward, who wrote in regard to the death of the first Wm. McFarland, who, early left an orphan, appears to have been his ward. He describes her as most lovely, and "of a cheerful disposition, though not so airy as some."

1801 is the date of one of "Aunt Sally's" many beautiful letters. The love of Concord was a ruling passion through all her long life, which was chiefly spent at the house of her father, the old Kimball homestead on North Main street. She was visiting in Coventry, and writes: "You wish me not to stay until I forget my friends in Concord. No, Patty; I must outstay time itself to do that, although my present situation is so agreeable that I can scarcely think of leaving it. Here I find all the charms of rural life, and for me rural life has many charms. The mountains, the brooks, the birds, the flowers, all are pleasing. Nature meant me for a country life or she would never have bestowed such an awkward air upon me in company." Those who remember her beautiful old age, believe the traditions of her charming youth, and doubt not her "awkwardness" was only a fascinating timidity.

1801 is also the last date in the worn and yellow roll marked, "Letters concerning our Brother, Peter Green." One of the earliest Sons of the Revolution, born the same sum-

mer as the Declaration of Independence, he was in 1796 the predicted "bacheldore" of Betsey Abbott's letter, a boy of twenty, handsome, and with a quick sense of the refinements and courtesies of life, just preparing in New Hampshire's Amherst to launch his tiny craft on the treacherous sea of trade. Never were business ventures, great or small, more hazardous than then: with everything connected with commerce full of uncertainty; England seeking in every way to retard the progress of her rebellious and victorious child, and France, for the sake of past favors, demanding our assistance in all her mad escapades; with great cost and difficulty attending the inland transit of merchandise, and with cruel and unjust laws against debtors, when debt was often almost unavoidable; and yet with new townships springing up all about, and constant and alluring opportunities for speculation well fitted to deceive even the wariest.

Peter's letters began, "Honored Father," and were signed either "your obedient" or "your dutiful son." The style was nearly perfect and the penmanship exquisite, not at all like the hap-hazard writing of the present day. He writes from Milford, where he had just gone in 1798, in a glow of anticipated success, "I am more than ever convinced of the advantage of putting money into trade. My business increases rapidly. I am very sorry you cannot help reap the fruits of it."

But in 1800 his poor little barque seems to have capsized. He is then about setting out from New York "on a long journey on business for a gentleman of that city, a Quaker, and a

very clever man"; and in 1801, back from his travels, he writes his brother, Samuel, in Boston, that "he had been taken by the French,"—a frequent fate at that time of ventures by sea,—that "he was just out of prison, and would tell particulars when they should meet," and suggests the possibilities—a common dream then—of going to the West Indies to trade. "Flour," he says, "is twenty-four dollars the barrel at St. Croix."

It did not matter. After this came the shadow and silence, and then the rumor of his death by yellow fever in Philadelphia. The particulars of his end were never known, though as late as 1803 the revered Dr. Benjamin Rush wrote to my grandfather, from the Quaker city, of making efforts to learn them from the sextons of the churches. "I sympathize," he says, "with your anxiety and distress. I am a father." No words could have been more simple, yet blent perhaps with the text, "Like as a father pitieth his children." I think they must have come like a soothing touch to my poor grandfather's heart as he jogged about on his faithful horse from one patient's doorway to another's. The doctor's profession is a good one for a sad man. He is not always striking some discordant note of joy. The sorrow of his spirit finds relief in seeking to heal the physical sufferings of others.

In these same years, clear-headed, strong, cautiously moving, step by step, Peter's cousin, Hazen Kimball, was endeavoring to build up a place for himself as a merchant in Savannah.

"There is," he writes in 1805 to his brother, Benjamin, my grand-

father, "a few articles [for sale] that will answer from your place. Garden seeds would, I think, do better than anything else that I now recollect. Should you see my Shaker friends, Wright or Edgerly, you may tell them that I could sell almost any quantity they could raise. Sally mentioned that all the tickets I bought in the Atkinson academy were blanks. I have three more whose numbers I send."

He was a strong Federalist, and, in 1805, his party in New Hampshire had gone down before their opponents. "It gives me real pain," he says, "to think that a near relative of ours, and one I have always loved, should be among them. When last in Concord, I wished to talk with him on politics, but I did not. There will, there must be, a change."

There is another roll of worn and tear-stained pages, marked "Letters concerning our brother Thomas Greene." The earliest three of these (two sent by mail, with a postage of seventeen cents each), were from Hallowell, Maine, where Uncle Tom, a restless boy of sixteen, had been sent, partly, I conjecture, because of Richardson kinsfolk living in the vicinity; partly because Concord offered neither proper schooling nor employment for the striving lad. In Maine he was apparently learning, not as a bound apprentice, to make some kind of ware. Potteries at this time were springing up everywhere, and already near the salt waves and the shipbuilders he had begun to listen to the luring of the sea. Perhaps he had heard it before, when he had sat by the red firelight in his father's kitchen, and read the stories of travel, discovery, and adventure,

in "The World Displayed," twenty stout little volumes with brown-leather covers, the choicest treasures on the family book-shelves.

Poor Tom was very homesick. In one letter he complained that his employer objected "to giving him time for play," and hurt his dignity "by setting him to wash the chaise." In the second letter he intimates that the "seas are handy in case of his leaving." In the third he declared his intention of "going on a voyage as soon as he had learned his trade." In the fourth he had taken his fate in his hand, left his place, and "being determined to try the sea before he came home," had "shipped on board the schooner *Drummore*, bound for Jamaica," and was just back from his first cruise. He had followed his own stout will, against advice, no doubt, but the boy's warm heart shrank from giving pain or anxiety to those he loved, and he seems to have looked everywhere for some argument that would comfort and satisfy the dear ones at home. He thought of the sermons in the old North church, and seized upon the doctrine of the immutable decrees as a bright and helpful thought. "Sir," he says, "I never wish you, or ma, or any of my brothers and sisters to feel uneasy about me. We shall all have to dye some day. I shall dye no sooner by sea than I should by land. When the Almighty sees fit to take me away, I must go. Sir; it is more pleasure for me to ramble round the world than it is to be in our little town half my days." Then, perhaps recalling the sweet cakes at the cousin-parties, he brings forward one more cheering thought: "I believe I will

go another voyage to the West Indies, and will endeavor to bring you a barrel of sugar." He always sends his love not only to his brothers and sisters, but to his cousins, particularly Sam. Ayer and Richard Bradley, who were nearest him in age, and bids "William remember him to all his playmates. He longs to see Concord," he says, "but cannot just yet."

His next voyage was rough, and in Liverpool where they stopped, "the press was very hot. They press every one," he says, "without it is merchant-ship carpenters and the like," and they themselves had been boarded by a man-of-war a few days after starting. In 1807 he writes, just sailing from Madeira, on his way to Calcutta on the ship *True America*."

Then there was silence, and anxious hearts scarcely lightened by a patient, sorrowful letter from Plymouth, Eng. Tom, in Calcutta had been led to step aboard his majesty's war-ship, *Culloden*, of 74 guns, and found himself a mouse in a trap; but, with sweet unselfishness and patient faith, he says: "Make yourselves easy about me until the Almighty Disposer of all things sees fit to deliver me from my trouble." But he watched as well as prayed, poor heart! and when the *Culloden* at last came back to England and he was drafted into a frigate, he took to the water and swam for his life. It was a perilous distance for the bravest swimmer between him and the shore, but, once again on land, coatless and waistcoatless, he, with a Scotchman, traveled, barefoot, through the west of England, subsisting for a time on

raw turnips gathered from the fields, but led at last, footsore and weary, to a port where an American ship had been driven in by the wind, their angel of deliverance.

There was great joy among all the cousins when he reached home in 1811; but in July his sea-bird wings were plumed again for flight, bound for the Straits of Gibraltar as chief mate of the *Augustus*, of Bath. He wrote long letters from Gibraltar. The strength and majesty of the place seemed to impress him deeply. A French army of 15,000 had been camped in full view on the Spanish coast, and on the beach near by they could see men, women, and children driven from their homes and roaming about, deprived of all their possessions but the scanty treasures they could carry with them.

To him there must have been a sense of freedom in the declaration of war in 1812. Here, perchance, was an opportunity to redress his wrongs from the Britishers. "Sir," he writes in October of that year, "I am going to France in the Brig *Rambler*, a Letter of Marque, and if we take anything on our passage, I am to come in Prize-Master."

It is his last letter which I can find. Then or a little later he sailed away, and was heard from no more. The brave, blythe heart! Children of the brothers he loved so well, we, who knew him not, still hold his memory dear.

The War of 1812 was peculiarly depressing in inland New Hampshire. The quiet inhabitants realized the perils and miseries of war, but there was no flow of patriotic enthusiasm in their hearts to enable them to meet this test bravely as their fathers had

the Revolution, or as their sons, in later days, the conflicts of the Rebellion.

Lucy Wheelock, a good little girl, who crossed every / and dotted every i, sent, in April, 1813, a prim little note to her mate, little Harriet Kimball (named by Aunt Sally for the immaculate heroine of Sir Charles Grandison). "I am pleased," she writes, "to hear you have made such progress in spinning. It is a fine accomplishment; one I should like to acquire some knowledge of; for I consider it a very necessary branch of edication, especially if this unjust war should continue." There seemed to have been soldiers quartered in Concord. "I think," she says, "you have been incorrectly informed in regard to the mortality of the fever among the inhabitants. It has proved so among the soldiers. Nineteen of them have died, and five persons belonging to this town. God," she adds piously, "seemed to be pouring out wrath on us poor sinners for a few days, and then it seemed to subside."

In this year my father, William Green, going from Concord to Winfield, in western New York, with horse and carriage, to visit his brother Samuel, into whose pioneer's home sickness had come, and bringing back with him three children under nine, heard, when he reached Albany, the booming of cannon and the pealing of bells, telling the first tidings of the victory of Commodore Perry on Lake Erie. The youngest of the children, a tiny boy, was afterward somewhat widely known as a lawyer in Buffalo, the late William Henry Green.

My uncle, Charles R. Green, who

then was still in his teens, writes, May, 1814, from Epsom: "Five men were drafted from here Wednesday, and have marched. I expect to be one of the next, if any more are called for." And Uncle Hazen Kimball writes from Savannah to his brother Benjamin, anxious in 1814, as in 1805, in regard to the bearing of New Hampshire politics, "Be sure and do your duty at the election of members of Congress."

Through all the weary, opening years of the now dying century one is

filled with admiration at the self-sacrificing interest which the hard-pressed men and women of the time felt in the higher education of their children. Dr. Harris, the long-time honored minister of Dunbarton, writes in 1806,—"Bless me! This is like the old woman's salt mill, that will not stop grinding though it has salted all the sea!" The good Dr. Harris—

Can I not stop?—I open the wide table drawer, and shuffle in all the old letters together.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

A WORD TO THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TEACHERS' READING CIRCLE.

By Dr. Charles F. Majory, Secretary International Reading Circle.

Impelling teachers to the pursuit of a definite study of the history and principles of their chosen calling there are two lines of motive force, one from without and one from within. There has never been an era in which so popular an interest in educational matters has prevailed as in the present.

School officers and intelligent parents are to-day demanding a class of teachers who can take a broad view of their work; who see beyond the routine of daily tasks to the bearing of those tasks upon the mental and moral character, the general welfare and the happiness of the children in school life, and of the men and

women whom these children are to become in later years. Successful continuance in the work of teaching requires that this demand be met. But it is not from a defensive motive alone that teachers comply with the requirements thus laid upon them. There is much of earnestness in the ambition now prevalent among teachers to increase the light in which they may work, and to do such work as will stand the test of the clearest light that may be brought to bear upon it. Without this impelling motive within no force from without could accomplish a tithe of what is now being accomplished in the field of educational progress.

Intelligent interest in worthy professional reading is steadily increasing among teachers of all grades. For several years superintendents and principals, who have held any claim to being progressive, have realized the need of reading pedagogical books. And among class-teachers and the teachers in ungraded schools there has been a growing sense of the need of such reading. Those who have been first to feel this need and most earnest in meeting it have advanced in their work, and their schools have been benefited as well as themselves. The best superintendents, the best principals, the best teachers owe more, perhaps, than they realize to the development that has been directly stimulated by their reading. There are still many teachers doing faithful work in the best light they have whose labors would be far more effective if they had the fuller inspiration and the clearer light that would come to them from the reading of professional literature. It is true that many teachers who have not

read educational books are good teachers, but they would do better work still with this added advantage.

Experience does not necessarily make better teachers. If the classroom work be not directed by wise thought and guided by right principles, it may soon become merest routine, with even less of good than of harm in its results. The teacher ought certainly to grow more skillful, ought better to understand the conditions of mental development, ought better to appreciate the motives of conduct, ought to be better able to direct the instruction and discipline of the pupils to the highest ends. But some teachers seem to make no progress along these lines from year to year. Probably this is due to a neglect of professional reading more than to any other cause. The superintendent or principal who can stimulate his teachers to read thoughtfully the best educational books, uses the best practical means of improving their work. Experience then will bring its due growth.

Many elements combine in the teacher who proves competent to do really excellent class-room work.

Natural aptitude of disposition and of character, general learning and culture and professional training, acquired in preparatory study and in experience, are alike essential.

Cultivation along each of these several lines needs to be continued from year to year, and appropriate means for such cultivation can be found available for the teacher's use.

In the matter of professional training an indispensable factor is found in the study of pedagogical books. This truth would seem to be self-evident, yet its practical acceptance

has been far from universal. There are still too many teachers in graded and in ungraded schools who do not avail themselves of this ready and unfailing means of improvement in their work. It is not enough that the superintendent and principal come to view the work of teaching in its broad extent and manifold relations. The principles underlying successful instruction and training must be brought home to the teacher who is called upon to apply them in her dealing with the boys and girls of our schools.

This can best be done through such definite and continued reading as is provided in the organized reading circle. Perhaps many teachers neglect joining a reading circle because they think that they can just as well alone select useful books and read them. In theory this may seem true, but in experience it is found that very few teachers engage in profitable professional reading otherwise than under the stimulus of some organization.

In New Hampshire the teachers who have formed the State Reading Circle, under the direct encouragement of the state superintendent, are about completing their first year's reading with the three books of the brief course of the Teachers' International Reading Circle. Of the books read, it may be claimed that they present in the most usable form for the general reader the three fields of history of educational progress, elementary psychology, and practical pedagogy. Every teacher who has faithfully followed the year's reading has acquired a broader outlook upon the field of educational work.

With the opening of the calendar year the state circle will enter upon the second year's work of the regular course of reading. The books to be read are the "History of Education in the United States," by Dr. Richard G. Boone, which will prove a natural sequence to the general history of education read during the first year: "Psychology Applied to the Art of Teaching," by Dr. Joseph Baldwin, whose elementary treatise has just been completed, and "Memory, What It Is, and How to Improve It," by Prof. David Kay.

To the teachers who will pursue the reading of this second year without the preparation of written work, the regular monthly syllabi may prove of value in relation to a more analytical reading than might otherwise be made. The topics or questions are presented as suggestive of further thought by the reader in confirmation of the author's view or in dissent from such view. The best reading is that which is done so deliberately that there is much of such independent review and reconsideration. If the prescribed reading for a month be carefully pursued, first without reference to the syllabus, and then gone over again with the syllabus in hand, the second reading cannot fail to be more profitable than it otherwise could be. The highest value of reading lies not in the getting of the author's thoughts, but in arousing thought in the reader's mind by his contact with the thoughts of the author.

The written work required for the certificate of the International Circle is not of any prescribed amount. It is expected that each question will be answered and each topic discussed

from the individual reader's point of view. The teacher who has a broad training and a wide experience will more readily enter into a full discussion of principles than one who has not such advantage. Hence, a given topic may be suggestive of two or three pages of written work on the part of one teacher, and of only a sentence or two on the part of another. And the reading and writing may be more helpful to the latter teacher than to the former since it may be productive of helpful thought that would not be otherwise aroused. To a certain extent this exercise may compensate for some of the lack of previous training and experience. So far as this result can be reached the prime purpose of the reading circle will be accomplished.

No teacher should hesitate to send in written work because it does not seem to be of large quantity. The only point of view from which it is examined by the secretary is its apparent helpfulness to the member preparing it. The annual certificate of the International Circle will be duly issued to every registered member who presents to the secretary satisfactory evidence of having faithfully pursued the prescribed course of reading covering the three books.

Hereafter all written work and inquiries relating thereto should be addressed to the Secretary of the International Reading Circle at 72 Fifth Ave., New York city.

The books prescribed for the second year's work in the brief course of the International Reading Circle, have at least three points of merit; they are interesting, practical, and suggestive.

The first month's work in "Boone's

History of Education in the United States," as outlined in the syllabus, calls attention to several topics which every intelligent teacher ought to make the subject of careful study.

1. The conditions of favorable development which in the Old and New World preceded and accompanied the establishment of the American public school system.

2. The originating impulses brought across the sea from England and the Netherlands.

3. The circumstances under which the higher institutions of learning were started among the Puritans and Cavaliers.

These three topics cover in a general way the first month's work.

Now, in connection with the first two, to illuminate all that Dr. Boone presents so concisely and clearly, it would be well for teachers to read, thoroughly, John Fiske's "Beginnings of New England." The central thoughts are expressed on pages 7, 12, 28. About certain pivotal principles concerning the Roman, Oriental, and Teutonic ideas of government, the author has gathered many suggestive notions which are exceedingly profitable for future reference, study, and elaboration.

Again: In connection with the second topic every teacher ought to read Martin's "Evolution of the Massachusetts Public School System," and if possible, with this, Superintendent Draper's articles on "Public School Pioneering," in the *Educational Review*, 1892, April, June, and October; 1893, March. These articles, including Mr. Martin's replies, are controversial in nature but none the less interesting on that account.

"MacMaster's History of the United States," Vol. II, pages 569, 571, 572, and Vol. III, pages 105, 134-136, gives some interesting facts concerning the adverse conditions under which the early public schools were established and maintained in New England.

Teachers who read "Baldwin's Applied Psychology" and "Kay's Memory" will do well to read also the chapters on ideation and memory in "Ladd's Psychology," and the chapter on habit in "Prof. James's Psychology." Certain principles, suggested by Professor Ladd, are well worth careful study, viz., (1) "Every case of memory is a case of sympathy;" "Memory is a condition or

state of the mind." (2) "Memory, imagination, and thought are different manifestations of one and the same form of mental energy." (3) "The secret of remembering is not repetition nor reproduction, but the organization and reorganization of knowledge. Every complex idea is a new mental growth every time it occurs." Some very suggestive thoughts are also given by Professor Ladd (see page 390), on the "Influence of Language upon the Reproductive Function of Developed Memory."

"Carpenter's Mental Physiology" is a very interesting book for every teacher to read in connection with any other book on pure or applied psychology.



THE WORSHIPPER.

By Samuel Hoyt.

She knelt within the vaulted nave,
And, high the altar's cross above,
She saw the image of the Christ
With face of pity and of love.

There fell upon her weary soul
A balm that healed its inward smart;
And when she gained her cottage door
She found that image in her heart.

NECROLOGY.

COL. T. W. KNOX.

Colonel Thomas Wallace Knox, the well-known writer and traveller, was born in Pembroke June 25, 1835. At the age of 23 he was principal of Kingston academy. He went to the gold fields of California in 1860, and upon the breaking out of the war received the appointment of lieutenant-colonel on the staff of the governor of California. Later he acted as war correspondent for several New York papers. In 1866 he made his first trip around the world, travelling through northern Asia with an expedition establishing a telegraph line. Of this journey, 3,500 miles was by sledge and 1,500 on wheels. In 1873 he represented several newspapers at the Vienna exposition, and travelled extensively in the East. In 1877 he went around the world a second time, and served as a member of the international jury of awards at the Paris exposition. He was a hard and methodical literary worker, publishing thirty-nine books, many of which achieved great success. He was also the inventor of a system of typographical telegraphy which he sold to the government. In politics he was a life-long Republican. He was a close friend of Henry M. Stanley, and was the first American to receive from the king of Siam the decoration of the Order of the White Elephant. For fourteen years he was secretary of the Lotos club, New York, where he died January 6. He was also a member of the Union League club, treasurer of the Authors' club, managing director of the Olympic club, and a member of the New England society. For a short time Mr. Knox was connected in an editorial capacity with the *New Hampshire Patriot*, published at Concord.



JOSEPH R. SMITH.

Joseph Richardson Smith was born at Hollis, May, 1845, and died at Newton Highlands, Mass., January 1. He prepared for college at Lawrence acad-

emy, Groton, Mass., and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1879. While in college he was a prominent member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. Upon graduation, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and was associated for two years with the firm of Train & Steel, Boston. He then engaged in practise on his own account. For the past eight years he had been a lecturer at the law school of Boston university. He was a member of the University club, and served for some years on the Newton school committee. He was a Democrat in politics with which he was quite prominently identified. His summer residence was at Hollis, and he delivered the address of welcome at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town in 1880.

J. W. DUXBURY.

John W. Duxbury died at Lowell, Mass., January 13. He was born at Dover, October 4, 1844, and graduated from Bowdoin college in 1863. He immediately entered the employ of the Western Union Telegraph company, and the same year was placed in charge of the army telegraph corps at Chattanooga. After the war he was successively employed by the Western Union company, the Providence Telephone exchange, and the New England Telephone and Telegraph company. Six years ago he was appointed superintendent of the central division of the latter company with head-quarters at Lowell.

THEODORE BALCH.

Theodore Balch was born in Lyme, sixty-three years ago, and died at Wakefield, Mass., January 12. He was connected with the American Tract society for fourteen years; in 1876 was appointed financial agent of the New London Literary and Scientific institution; was chancellor of the Central university, Pells, Iowa, two years; served as treasurer of Roger Williams university, Nashville, Tenn.; and since 1887 had been general agent for the *Watchman* newspaper. He received the honorary degree of A. M. from Central university in 1882. He had held various town offices at Wakefield.

HIRAM COLLINS.

Hiram Collins, one of the oldest Free Masons in the country and a personal friend of the poet Whittier, died at Amesbury, Mass., January 15. He was born at South Hampton, May 27, 1808, and was in early life employed in woolen mills as an overseer. He went to California in '49, and spent some time in Brazil. During the remainder of his life he followed the business of a dentist and jeweler. He was the last captain of the old Boston Artillery company, and became a Mason sixty years ago.

J. W. BLACK.

James Wallace Black was a native of Francestown, born February 10, 1825. In early life he learned the trade of a photographer, and followed that business in Boston until his death, which occurred January 5. He was an authority in the science and chemistry of his profession, and during the last fifteen years had made a specialty of landscape views and lantern slides.

C. G. CONNER.

Charles Gilman Conner, who died at Exeter, January 20, was born in that town in 1833, and had always lived there. He was town moderator for twenty years, served in the legislature in 1865-'66, and was clerk of the supreme court for Rockingham county for more than thirty years. He had been prominent in Masonic circles for twenty-eight years, and at the time of his death was a trustee of Robinson Female seminary, and a director in the Exeter board of trade.

B. B. BURBANK.

In Vineland, N. J., January 12, at the age of 58 years, died Buchanan B. Burbank. He was a native of Shelburne, and was educated at the academy at Bethel, Maine. He was a resident of Wakefield, Mass., for thirty-five years, during twenty-eight of which he was superintendent of the Citizens' Gas Light company. He went to New Jersey to take a similar position. He was one of Wakefield's selectmen for seven years, and also served as road commissioner.

H. D. CHAPIN.

Henry D. Chapin died at Antrim, January 16, at the age of 67 years. He was a native of Hillsborough, began teaching at Windham and followed that profession for thirty years, fifteen of which were spent in Sussex county, N. J. Since 1887 he had resided on a farm at Antrim. He was a member of the Congregational church, and a Democrat in politics.

NATHANIEL JOHNSON.

Nathaniel Johnson died at Haverhill, Mass., January 12, at the age of 60 years. He was born at Kingston, but had been in the shoe business at Haverhill for forty-two years, becoming one of the most prominent manufacturers in the city. He was twice a member of the board of aldermen and declined a Republican mayoralty nomination.

G. R. BANCROFT.

George Rogers Bancroft was born at Londonderry in March, 1849, and died at Ipswich, Mass., January 19. He went to Ipswich when he was nineteen and entered the employ of John H. Johnson, shoe manufacturer, where he remained for twenty-five years. Last spring he went into the shoe business on his own account.

MOSES WOOLSON.

Moses Woolson was born in Concord, seventy-four years ago, and died in Boston, Mass., January 17. He early attracted attention as an educator, and was principal of high schools at Concord, Portland, Me., Brattleboro, Vt., and Cincinnati. He married Miss Abba Gould, the now famous author, 1856.

RUFUS PREBLE.

Rufus Preble, the oldest pilot on the Piscataqua river, died at his home in Newcastle, January 11, at the age of 78 years. He was one of the firm which brought the first tug to Portsmouth for use on the river.

P. M. ROSSITER.

Pomeroy M. Rossiter, born at Claremont, December 4, 1810, died there December 29, 1895. He removed to Milford at the age of 22, and spent his life there in agricultural pursuits until 1879, when he returned to Claremont and purchased the widely known "Cupola farm." He served for many years as selectman of Milford, and represented Claremont in the legislature in 1885.

S. W. LEAVITT.

Samuel W. Leavitt died at Exeter, January 10, at the age of 89 years. He was an old-time potter and hatter, and for many years deputy sheriff, jailer, and justice of the peace. He was a trustee of Robinson Female seminary, and an Odd Fellow of long standing. He is survived by a son and four daughters.

DANIEL H. WENDELL.

Daniel H. Wendell died in Dover, December 26, 1895, where he was born July 25, 1814. He was largely engaged in the real estate and insurance business, and had held office as justice of the peace, representative to the legislature, and insurance commissioner.

JOHN C. LUND.

John C. Lund, one of the most respected business men and heaviest real estate owners in Nashua, died at his home January 14, aged 74 years. He was a prominent Democrat and had held many official positions. He was also a prominent Mason.

DR. EDWARD ABBOTT.

Dr. Edward Abbott, the leading physician of Tilton, died in that town January 21, at the age of 49 years. He had been surgeon at the state Soldiers' Home for the past four years, and was well known throughout his section of the state.

C. C. SHAW.

Charles C. Shaw, of Chichester, died January 14. He was a leading farmer, and a member of the firm of Shaw & Whittemore, Pembroke. He had held the offices of selectman and representative to the legislature as a Democrat.

OF HISTORIC VALUE.

C. B. Spofford is the compiler and George I. Putnam the proposed publisher of a volume to be entitled "Gravestone records from the old burial places of Claremont, New Hampshire." Over 1,600 names and dates of historic value and interest will thus be saved from oblivion if a sufficient number of subscriptions are received to warrant publication. It gives the *GRANITE MONTHLY* pleasure to endorse the work unqualifiedly and to express the hope that it may speedily take permanent form.



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CHARLES A. DANA.

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CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.

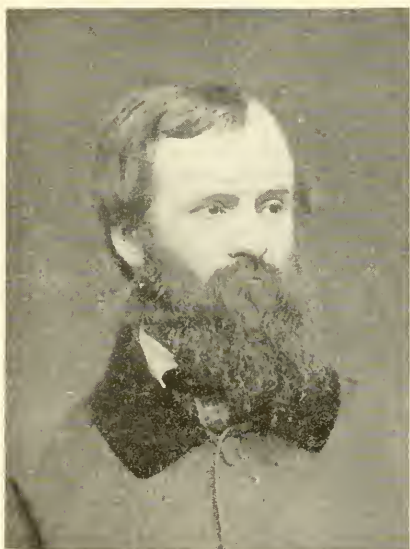
By Senator Chandler.

MR. DANA, in unique personality and strong character, stands with the best known and foremost of America's public men of the nineteenth century. New Hampshire is able to claim him, as she does Horace Greeley with whom he was closely associated, as one of her celebrated sons. In literature, in public affairs, and especially as an editor, he has reached distinction which is world-wide.

If Mr. Dana were a senator or member of congress his biography would be concisely given in the official record nearly as follows: Occupation: literature and newspaper editing; born August 8, 1819, in Hinsdale, Cheshire county, New Hampshire, from which town, when he was two years old, his parents moved to Gaines, Orleans county, New York, and afterwards, when he was about eight years old, they removed to Guildhall, Vermont; at the age of twelve he went to live with his uncle in Buffalo, New York; was educated in the public schools, and for two years at Harvard college, leaving on

account of failing eyesight, but eventually receiving his degree of A. B. as a member of the class of 1843, and also in 1861 the honorary degree of A. M.; he became in 1842 one of the Brook Farm association at Roxbury, Massachusetts, and his first newspaper work was on the *Harbinger*, a paper connected with that experiment; in 1844 he was an assistant editor to Elizur Wright on the *Poston Chronotype*; in 1847, an assistant to Horace Greeley on the *New York Tribune*, aiding in making the paper a radical anti-slavery journal, and continuing with it after a voyage to Europe in 1848, as one of the proprietors, and as managing editor, until April 1, 1862, when he resigned on a sudden request from Mr. Greeley, made because he was too strenuously forcing the *Tribune* to demand the utmost possible vigor in the prosecution of the war, and he did not again meet Mr. Greeley until ten years later when he was supporting him in the *Sun* as the Democratic nominee for the presidency; on June 16, 1862, he became attached to the war department as one of the depart-

ment commission to investigate claims at Cairo, Illinois, and on March 12, 1863, as special commissioner of the department to report on the condition of the pay service in the western army; on June 1, 1863, in order that he might be subject to military exchange if captured when visiting the front of the army, he was appointed major and assistant adjutant-general, and on December 31, 1863, was nominated to the senate for that



1852. Age 33.

By permission of S. S. McClure.

office, but he never formally accepted it, and the nomination, at his request, after he returned from Vicksburg, was withdrawn on February 24, 1864; on January 20, 1864, he was nominated as assistant secretary of war for one year from January 19, 1864; confirmed January 26, and took the oath of office on January 28; renominated January 23, 1865, and confirmed on the same day—rendering the principal part of his service for the war department under the above

commissions and as assistant secretary by visiting the army headquarters of Rosecrans, Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant, advising confidentially with the commanding officers, and corresponding freely with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, resigning as assistant secretary July 1, 1865; in 1855 he had begun to plan, compile, and edit, with George Ripley, the "New American Cyclopaedia," and the original edition was completed in 1863, and became the "American Cyclopaedia" between 1873 and 1876; in 1867 he started the *Chicago Republican*; and on January 27, 1868, he issued the first number under his management of the *New York Sun* and became its editor and proprietor, making it in 1872 a Democratic newspaper, continuing in its control during the twenty-seven succeeding years, and now so remaining.

The foregoing condensed narrative suggests the character of Mr. Dana's unremitting intellectual labors for more than half a century of exceedingly active duty, which, however, bring him to 1896 full of vigor of mind and body. It is not the purpose of this sketch to review his career in any detail. To adequately write his life or to even epitomize the writings which have come from his brain and pen, would require a full volume.

A highly commendable, brief biography of Mr. Dana is contained in *McClure's* magazine for October, 1894, written by Mr. Edward P. Mitchell. It is a clear presentation of the facts and surroundings of Mr. Dana's life, and graphically exhibits the characteristics that have enabled him to render inestimable service to

his country in a great crisis in her national life, while also achieving high literary reputation, and attaining cosmopolitan fame as an editorial writer and manager. The portraits of Mr. Dana which accompany Mr. Mitchell's sketch are admirable, and with Mr. McClure's permission, have been freely reproduced to illustrate this article in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. A reliable short account of Mr. Dana's life is also to be found in "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography," Volume 2, page 64.

The ancestry of Mr. Dana is worthy of note. Gail Hamilton in her biography of Mr. Blaine, in order to foreshadow the greatness of her hero, quotes from Edwin Reed's attempt to discover an unknown law of human life: "Intellectual energy, like every other of which we have knowledge, is the product of antecedents. . . . Every man at birth is the epitome of his progenitors." This positive affirmation seems not too strong. Ancestors, strong and healthy, physically and mentally, usually produce descendants with similar traits. Some degenerate sons of worthy sires disprove the universality of this affirmation. But the exceptions prove the rule, which is no where better illustrated than among the sons of New England.

On his father's side Mr. Dana's record is (1) Richard Dana, who arrived at Cambridge, Massachusetts, from England in 1640. He is believed to have been a French Huguenot refugee of Italian extraction, although all the American Danas have been distinctly Anglo-Saxon in their traits. The Danas of Piedmont,

Italy, are well known, one of them being now a professor in the University of Turin.¹ Richard Dana settled on an extensive farm in that part of Cambridge which is now Brighton, where he raised a large family, and died April 2, 1690, aged from 75 to 78 years. His wife was Ann Bul-
lard, and their descendants were (2) Jacob Dana, born in 1654, died in 1699, at Cambridge; (3) Jacob Dana, Jr., known as Jacob Dana, Esquire, born in 1699, who moved to Pomfret, Connecticut, and died at the ripe age of 92; (4) Anderson Dana, born at Pomfret in 1735, lived at Pomfret, and at Ashford, Connecticut, until 1772, and then removed to Wyoming, Pennsylvania, where he had acquired a tract of valuable land. He was a lawyer, and became a representative in the legislature of Connecticut, which claimed the northern part of Pennsylvania under its original charter from Charles II. He returned from the legislative session the day before the Wyoming massacre of July 3, 1778, and, according to tradition, served as an aid to Zebulon Butler commanding the American forces, and after the battle was virtually over was killed by an Indian; (5) Daniel Dana, born in 1760, in Ashford, Connecticut, removed to Guildhall, Vermont, later to Pembroke, New York, and to Warren, Ohio, where he died in 1839; (6) Anderson Dana, who was the father of (7) Charles Anderson Dana.

The wife of the first Anderson Dana was Susannah Huntington, a descendant in the fifth generation from Simon Huntington, who died on his passage from England to this

¹ Our New Hampshire chief justice, Samuel Dana Bell, whose mother was a Dana, discredited the tradition that Richard Dana was a French Huguenot, and thought he was entirely of English origin. He certainly came to this country from England, and all his children's names are apparently English.



Mr. Dana before Grant's Headquarters at Spottsylvania, 1864. Age 44.

By permission of S. S. McClure.

country in 1633, but whose sons, Simon and Christopher, founded Norwich, Connecticut. Susannah Huntington was a woman of remarkable qualities, according to the book of the Huntington family, pages 53 and 128. She had seven children, one of whom was Daniel, above mentioned as the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, and another was Sylvester, born July 4, 1769,¹ who became a minister and settled at Orford, N. H., at whose funeral, on June 11, 1849, Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, of Concord, N. H., delivered a commemorative address, in which he depicted the heroic character of Susannah Huntington Dana.

When the Indians fell upon the Wyoming settlement, and her husband was killed, she collected her

children, put some food and her husband's papers into a pillow case, and with her little flock tugging at her skirts, fled through the wilderness along the route she had travelled on horseback six years before, over two hundred miles, back to safety in Ashford. She reared her children creditably and managed to give them a good education.

Her son, Daniel Dana, was graduated at Yale in 1782, and was a leading citizen and judge of probate at Guildhall. His wife, Dolly Kibbe, descended from Edward Kibbe of Exeter, England, and her grandfather was the first child born in Enfield, Connecticut; and he organized a revolutionary company after the news from Lexington.

Mr. Dana's mother was Ann Den-

¹ He was the father of Judge Sylvester Dana, that free-soil pioneer, learned lawyer, and upright magistrate, now living at Concord, N. H. Rev. Sylvester Dana was graduated at Yale in 1797, settled at Orford, May 20, 1801, and remained there about thirty-two years, dying at Concord, June 9, 1849. Judge Dana's persistency and firmness of character are easily accounted for in a descendant of the Susannah Huntington of this narrative.

ison, whose grandfather was Seth Paine, a member of the Connecticut state convention which ratified the federal constitution in 1788. Her uncle was Elijah Paine, United States senator from Vermont from 1795 to 1801.

The first Denison who came to America returned for a few years and fought at Naseby with Cromwell. The English Denisons appear to have been singularly able men. Lord Ossington, a speaker of the British parliament, belonged to this family.

The traits inherited from such an ancestry doubtless gave Mr. Dana the will and strength to overcome the difficulties which met him in early life. It is not wise to exaggerate these or to represent him as starting in excessive poverty and hardship, merely in order to make a striking contrast of his humble beginnings with his later signal successes. Mr. Blaine, in his eulogy of President Garfield, justly deprecated this tendency of biographers. Mr. Dana unquestionably had many favorable and helpful surroundings and much to be thankful for; and he of all men would be unwilling to be represented as having greater obstacles to overcome, or as possessing more energy, industry, and ambition, with which to overcome them than many other New England boys of his day and generation. Yet truth requires that it should be stated that the hardships and troubles he encountered would

not have been successfully met by an ordinary boy. After he went, at the age of twelve, to live with his Uncle William, the chief dry goods merchant of Buffalo, the panic of 1837 brought failure to the firm, and the young man, then only eighteen, was by the assignee made his representative to carry on and wind up the business.

During the period of this work the determination to acquire greater learning took possession of him, and he decided, against his father's view, to go to college; and he prepared himself to enter while serving in the store, reading at night and at all odd moments which he could find. When he entered Harvard college in 1839, without a condition, he could rely upon no financial assistance from his family, and pushed on only by teaching school at Scituate three months during a college vacation and by borrowing from the college fund, the college taking an insurance on his life and receiving its final reimbursement nearly twenty years later. Then came deprivation of eyesight, so that he managed to finish his sophomore year without failure at the examinations only through the help of a classmate, Mr. John Emery, who read to him and heard his recitations.

That Mr. Dana overcame this weakness of eyesight is remarkable. It influenced him to join the Brook Farm community,¹ where he could work outdoors and yet be sur-

¹ Much regret has been for many years expressed that no adequate memorial has been written of the Brook Farm association. But recently Mr. John Thomas Codman has published his "Historic and Personal Memories of Brook Farm," which is a satisfactory account. He thus describes Mr. Dana:

"A young man of education, culture, and marked ability was Charles Anderson Dana when from Harvard college he presented himself at the farm. He was strong of purpose and lithe of frame, and it was not long before Mr. Ripley found it out and gave him a place at the front. He was about four and twenty years of age, and he took to books, language, and literature. Social, good natured, and animated, he readily pleased all with whom he came in contact. . . . His face was pleasant and animated, and he had a genial smile and greeting for all. His voice was musical and clear, and his language remarkably correct. He loved to spend a portion of his time in work on the farm and in the tree nursery, and you might be sure of finding him there when not

rounded by a literary atmosphere, which he utilized by learning and teaching Spanish and mathematics. The intimate friendship of the boy of 22 with George Ripley, George William Curtis, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Theodore Parker, William H. Channing, and Margaret Fuller, in the youthful days of those humane and gentle enthusiasts who were seeking to live according to their highest ideals of a perfect life—the mere recital of whose names now causes the eyes of every true child of New England to moisten with tender emotion—subjected him to formative influences of the best and most enduring character: and upon the breaking up of the Brook Farm experiment he may be said to have begun his literary career, yet with eyes that never afterwards ceased to trouble him. It was less than twenty years ago when, through treatment by Liebrich, a London oculist, he became able to use them with comfort, although never again did he take up his boyhood's habit of reading at night, and practically his whole scholarship has been acquired since he left college, without ever again burning any midnight oil. If other New England boys have done as well as he did, with obstacles and discouragements to surmount, as some certainly have done, it can be claimed for no one that he has done better than this lad without money and with limited eyesight but with indomitable will.

In attempting to form a just estimate of Mr. Dana it is necessary to consider him in three aspects: (1) in his relations to literature, (2) in connection with his labors for the Union in the war for secession, and (3) in his career as the controlling and principal editor of one of the greatest of the world's newspapers.

It is difficult to assign him to an exact position in the world of letters, because his own writings have been so merged in the great mass of the contributions to the "American Cyclopaedia" and in the impersonal editorials in the *Sun*, that their quantity and value can be accurately known to no one, and doubtless all his own work could not now be designated even by him. The specific writings known to have come from his pen, beside a few short poems, and his chapters in the life of Grant, prepared in 1868, in connection with General James H. Wilson, are not numerous.

It is certain, however, that he is a linguist of unusual attainments, that his knowledge of books is wide, that his literary taste and judgment are of the highest order, that he has no superior as a literary critic: and that he has written such notable articles on such an extensive variety of subjects for the "Cyclopaedia" and the *Tribune* and *Sun* during a period of fifty years, usually with accuracy, always in a style felicitous and forcible, as to place him indisputably in

otherwise occupied. Enjoying fun and social life, there was always a dignity remaining which gave him influence and commanded respect. If you looked into his room you saw pleasant volumes in various languages peeping at you from the table, chair, book-case, and even from the floor, and they gave one the impression that for so young a person he was remarkably studious and well informed."

In Mr. Codman's book is quoted Mr. Dana's opinion of Brook Farm written shortly after the death of Mr. George Ripley: "It is not too much to say that every person who was at Brook Farm for any length of time has ever since looked back to it with a feeling of satisfaction. The healthy mixture of manual and intellectual labor, the kindly and unaffected social relations, the absence of everything like assumptions or servility, the amusements, the discussions, the friendships, the ideal and poetical atmosphere which gave a charm to life,—all these continue to create a picture toward which the mind turns back with pleasure as to something distant and beautiful not elsewhere met with amid the routine of this world."

the ranks of the most expert masters of the English language and the closest students of the literature of Europe and America.

His "Household Book of Poetry," first published in 1857, and in 1882 revised and enlarged with a preface, dated November, 1882, states that its purpose is "to comprise within the bounds of a single volume whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language." "Fifty Perfect Poems: Selected and edited by Charles A. Dana and Rossiter Johnson," is the title of a volume published in 1883. In "Representative Poems of Living Poets, selected by the poets themselves," published in 1886, and edited by Mrs. Jeannette L. Gilder who writes the preface, are to be found three of Mr. Dana's poems: "Eternity," "Herzliebste," and "Manhood."

For the value of Mr. Dana's services to the Union cause during the War of Secession, it is but just to award to him for his gratification in his lifetime the supreme commendation which is his due. With an intense zeal, equal to that of the great war secretary whose assistant he became, and yet, with clear vision and cool judgment, he gave himself unreservedly to the work for which he had been selected. He went to the front wherever vital battles were to be fought; made himself welcome to every Union commander; mastered every situation; gave helpful advice on the spot; and wrote letters to Stanton and Lincoln full of facts which they would not otherwise have known, and of suggestions which were of the highest importance. The nature, extent, and

value of Mr. Dana's work, and the remarkable traits of the man himself, can only be known and appreciated through a careful perusal of his telegrams and letters which are to be found in so many volumes of the "War Records," published by the government. If he had done nothing but his service in preventing the abandonment of Chattanooga by Rosecrans after the Battle of Chickamauga, he would deserve the



1865. Age 46.

By Permission of S. S. McClure.

gratitude of the nation. His letters undoubtedly caused the superseding of Rosecrans by Thomas and the transfer of the command of the operations on the Tennessee to Grant, the conqueror of Vicksburg, in season to prevent Rosecrans from retreating and to make possible the decisive victories around Chattanooga.

Wherever Mr. Dana went he perceived the situation clearly, and formed his judgment wisely; and

his advice, given without fear or favor, was eagerly received and often followed; his position was anomalous and not wholly agreeable to him, but he did his work with tact; it was recognized and praised by Stanton and Lincoln who always honored him with their confidence and friendship, —Mr. Lincoln called him "the eyes of the government at the front"; as soon as he could he retired to his regular vocation; and he has ever since, against all attempts at misrepresentation, directed against either Stanton or Lincoln or any transactions of the war, stood for the truth of history as he, with his superior opportunities, saw or knew it. If Mr. Dana allows himself to review with self satisfaction any part of his life work, he doubtless congratulates himself most upon the quiet and unostentatious service which he rendered in a special way in wisely influencing his two intimate associates, the president and the secretary of war, in the direction of the movements of the Union armies against the forces of the rebellion; and he and his descendants may be justly proud of this portion of his career.

To now write of Mr. Dana as an editor is to speak only of the *Sun*. It is the privilege of a great editor to surround himself with a staff who not only carefully represent the views, but also either purposely or unconsciously reproduce the style of their chief. So the newspaper in matter and manner becomes one thing; in this case the New York *Sun*. These are some of its notable characteristics:

I.

Its literary excellence is surpassed by that of no other paper. This is

owing to the unremitting care of the editor and his assistants. Very little either of news or literary or editorial matter finds its way into the columns which is poorly expressed or shows bad taste in any particular. Unsparing labor is expended in seeking perfection in this respect. Doubtless more matter is rewritten, condensed, and improved in style for use in the *Sun* than for the columns of any other American paper.

II.

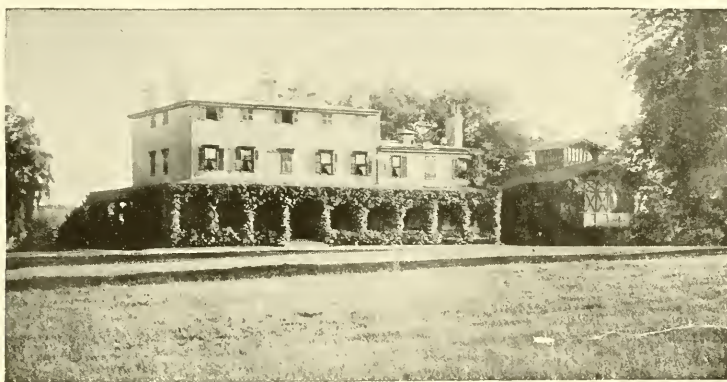
Its historical accuracy is carefully maintained. By this it is not meant that misstatements do not sometimes appear in the haste of the daily publication of what is called news and in the heat of political controversy. But it is a maxim of management that no matter what individual, party, or interest may be affected, nothing but the truth is to be deliberately stated and persisted in. Whatever can stand against the truth is to prevail, but not otherwise. It is often interesting to see the *Sun* reviewing controversies over questions of fact in order to proclaim, after careful research, with irrefragable proofs, the exact truth of the case. This is sometimes done in frank withdrawal of opinions previously expressed, but such are the proverbial care and accuracy of the editors that such changes are seldom necessary to maintain the reputation of the paper for fair dealing.

III.

The fearlessness of the *Sun* on several occasions has given to it a right to the support and gratitude of the country. When the fierce controversies arose between the work-

men and their employers at the Carnegie factories at Homestead, Pennsylvania, which were aggravated by the unjustifiable absenteeism of Mr. Carnegie in Europe, and riot and bloodshed took place, many public men and newspaper editors lost their coolness, and began to palliate, if not to countenance, continued rioting and the seizure of the works by the rioters. The *Sun*, almost alone of the great national newspapers, came unreservedly to the support of the public authorities, compelled the return

believes that the western hemisphere is reserved for Americans, that according to the principles of the Monroe doctrine, as the people of the United States are determined to interpret and enforce it, no new possessions are on any pretext, either with or without the consent of the local governments, to be acquired by European powers, and that eventually the existing control by such powers of American territory is to diminish and disappear. Holding firmly to these opinions, the *Sun* opposes



"Doris," Mr. Dana's Summer Home.

of the great establishment to the hands of its owners, and became the chief agency in arousing a national sentiment that secured the restoration of law and order. No better work was ever done in a great public crisis than that performed by the *Sun* in the repression of the Homestead riots of 1892. It is a strength to the country that the paper may be depended upon while under Mr. Dana's control to meet similar crises with the same fearlessness.

IV.

The *Sun* is American in all its tendencies and aspirations. Its editor

the British seizure, with no plausible color of right, of the east bank of the Orinoco; advocates the freedom of Cuba, and the formation of a government in Hawaii friendly to the United States; advises the exclusion of European powers from ownership or control of the Nicaragua canal; and hopes for the ultimate peaceful annexation of Canada to our Union.

While other newspapers earnestly urge the same views, yet it seems to many of us that the *Sun* more carefully investigates, more clearly expounds, and more cogently and courageously demands the enforcement of the special principles which should

govern the foreign policy of the nation, and finally make the United States, without colonization by intrigue or violence and without an enlargement of territory outside of American soil and American waters, the strongest and greatest country in the world.

The *Sun* and its editor are not faultless. It is the mission of journalism to speak promptly day by day concerning current events and questions, after such inquiry and deliberation as are practicable on short notice; and therefore absolute accuracy and wisdom cannot be claimed for any newspaper which boldly performs its functions, acting according to the light given at the time. Absolute consistency cannot be asserted for the *Sun* and Mr. Dana during the last third of a century. The necessity for immediate speech has also led to some harsh judgments of men which time has not proved to be just; while intense feeling and zeal have found expression in severity of denunciation which would not appear in writings designed to survive the seeming exigencies of the hour. Partisanship to carry party measures, the desire or obligation to defend or to excoriate party leaders and to win party victories, have also, at times, led the *Sun* into extreme expressions. But compared with the influence for good which it has exerted in its career taken as a whole, any anathemas which may have been uttered through mistake of fact or intemperate zeal, do not seriously modify the general declaration that the *Sun* has been conducted judiciously, wisely, ably, and fearlessly and to the great benefit of the nation which, like itself, has grown to exceeding

greatness of wealth and power since Mr. Dana, at the close of the War for the Union, made the newspaper his own and gave to it the individuality and characteristics by which it is now known to the world.

It remains to say that Mr. Dana, like many other men who are positive combatants in the eager strife of public affairs, is courteous, gentle and affectionate in his relations with his family and friends. He has excellent taste in pictorial art, and is fond of ceramics and has accumulated stores of porcelain, ancient and modern. He has a strong love of nature, and is learned about plants, trees, fruits, and animals. At Dosoris, his island summer home on the northern shore of Long Island, he has built plain but commodious dwellings where he most enjoys himself in an old age reasonably free from trouble or care, and where, it is to be hoped, he may continue to find happiness during many added years.

The writer of this sketch has never seen him, nor corresponded with him, and cannot be accused of undue partiality for him. Nevertheless, as he never writes in criticism of any one without carefully revising the manuscript and striking out all words which appear harsher than the truth warrants, now he reverses the process and erases everything commending Mr. Dana which seems likely to be called extravagant praise. Enough truth is left to make New Hampshire proud of the son who lived on her soil so short a time, but who has never forgotten or dishonored his birthplace, and has never failed to be at all times and everywhere a true American.

THE SPARE FRONT ROOM.

Clara Augusta Trask.

I remember early in my life how we children stood in awe
Of the majesty and magnitude of one powerful household law ;
How we longed to break and shatter it with every passing day,
But from some mysterious influence we dared not disobey ;
It hung o'er us relentless as the two-edged sword of doom—
“ Do n't let me catch you children in that spare front room ! ”

That darkened, silent room, oh, a mystic charm it bore,
As sometimes a furtive glimpse we caught through the half-opened door ;
Its floor was painted yellow, there were islands here and there,
Formed by braided rugs constructed from the clothes we did n't wear ;
There were paper window curtains of a vivid shade of green,
And behind them danced the drowsy flies and black wasps thin and lean.

A slippery hair-cloth sofa stood prim against the wall,
Two slippery chairs kept company each side the beaufet tall,
Brass-handled, stately, ancient, mahogany they said,
Descended from an ancestress for full a century dead ;
Above the narrow looking-glass drooped peacock's feathers gay,
And on the centre table the black-bound Bible lay.

And Grandma's “ sampler ” hung above the high-built mantel shelf—
A curious piece of handiwork that “ Grandma did herself,”
And in the wide-mouthed fireplace the shining andirons spread
Their dragon feet, and spoke of fires whose brightness long had fled ;
And over all the place there hung a deep, mysterious gloom,
That said, “ Do n't let me catch you in that spare front room.”

When the minister came round to call, and read, and pray,
They rolled the paper curtains up so 's he could find his way ;
And when a wedding was on hand the room was opened wide,
And all of heaven's sunshine fell upon the fair young bride ;
And when a loved one passed beyond into the outward gloom,
The coffin stood in solemn state within the spare front room.

When I think upon my childhood's days spent on the dear old farm,
When father's care and mother's love kept our young lives from harm,
I feel a thrill of vague unrest, and memory brings to me
The house that caught the wild salt winds blown inward from the sea :
I hear again the warning voice long stilled within the tomb—
“ Do n't let me catch you children in that spare front room ! ”

THE FIRST SNOWSHOE CLUB IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Edward French, M. D.



NANSEN, the famous Norwegian scientist, who crossed Greenland on snowshoes, says the following

about snowshoeing as a sport:

"Can there be anything more beautiful than the northern winter landscape, when the snow lies foot deep, spread as a soft, white mantle over field and wood and hill? Where will one find more freedom and excitement than when one glides swiftly down the hillside through the trees, one's cheek brushed by the sharp cold air and frosted pine branches, and one's eye, brain, and muscles alert and prepared to meet every unknown obstacle and danger which the next instant may throw in one's path? Civilization is, as it were, washed clean from the mind and left far behind with the city atmosphere and city life; one's whole being is, so to say, wrapped in one's snowshoes and the surrounding nature. There is something in the whole which develops soul and not body alone."

In the winter of '87, the writer of this article, with several others, feeling the need of more outdoor exercise during our long, severe New Hampshire winters, pitched upon snowshoeing as the only one applicable to our case. Originally

there were six of us who, obtaining snowshoes from Montreal, began our practice by traversing the level fields south of Clinton street in the city of Concord. We were not always moderate in our exercise, and feeling the freedom and exhilaration of the crisp night air and the bright reflected moonlight, would go more miles than our untrained muscles could bear, and we suffered in consequence the *mal de raquette*. The true *raquetteur* knows from experience to begin slowly and gradually increase his pace. The next winter we struck out for more extended tramps, and after many exploring trips, both by night and by day, selected as the most advantageous one that led about five miles southwesterly from the city.

This route for three miles was over a road whose sides were free enough from bushes to give good clear "shoeing," or the fields were clear enough for us to traverse the same distance. When the snow was deep enough to clear us from the torment of barb wire this was the favorite way. At the end of this three miles there was a sharp turn into an old wood road, broad and smooth enough to be delightful. It is always wide enough to get plenty of snow and narrow enough to prevent drifting.

Many a moonlight night did we race through here, the slender birches bending forward under their weight

of snow and seeming to bow a cordial welcome to the *raquetteurs* who left a close, steam-heated house at 8 p. m., to make them a cheery call in the cool, exhilarating night. After a brisk tramp of five miles in the winter air one feels hungry, and so for two years we had in the woods at the

of provisions. Once when an energetic and enterprising red squirrel gnawed into the bag the tree bore a new kind of cone, which on inspection proved to be sausages. The tree was gracefully draped with pendant links which gave it a Christmas look. The little *chickaree* afterwards



Going down to the Pond.

end of our road a brush "leanto," where we usually stopped for a rest and something to eat. A good, roaring fire and a hot lunch gave us renewed courage for the tramp home. A coffee pot, frying-pau, and a few earthen mugs were *cached* under a stump, and a canvas bag, tied in the top of an evergreen out of the way of foxes and skunks, held a small stock

became quite tame and depended considerably upon our bounty. We named him Santa Claus, and as long as we frequented these woods he was always a welcome guest.

It was an easy, but to some of us not a welcome, transition from our breezy, healthful "leanto" to the little house at Montvue park. While the "leanto" lacked many artificial

comforts and its heating facilities were of a low class, yet it had compensating advantages. The ventilation was simply perfect, and it was perpetually disinfected by the sweet balsamic odors of the beautiful pines and hemlocks. The cheerful, roaring flames of the campfire warm that vestige of barbarian blood we all have and make it rush and whirl in an impetuous current through our tense arteries, while a cast-iron stove but rivets tighter the bands of lethargy which bind us to an unhealthful civilization.

a secretary and treasurer, Mr. Edward Batchelder. It was given a name, "The Outing Club," and numerous applications for membership were made to the secretary.

It was evident that a new policy must be adopted, and after a few short months a new organization was born of "The Outing Club." It had a permanence and dignity which was



The new House and the old

It has always been a fact of this organization that the ranks are always full. It is so to-day and was so from the first. The original six increased to ten, there being six new ones, for two of the original number, finding snowshoeing too severe or not congenial, gave way to others who were eager to join. For one winter the little house was used, but when the spring came, with the rest of the world, the club took on a larger growth. It had risen to the dignity of organization, and had a president, Mr. George H. Colby, and

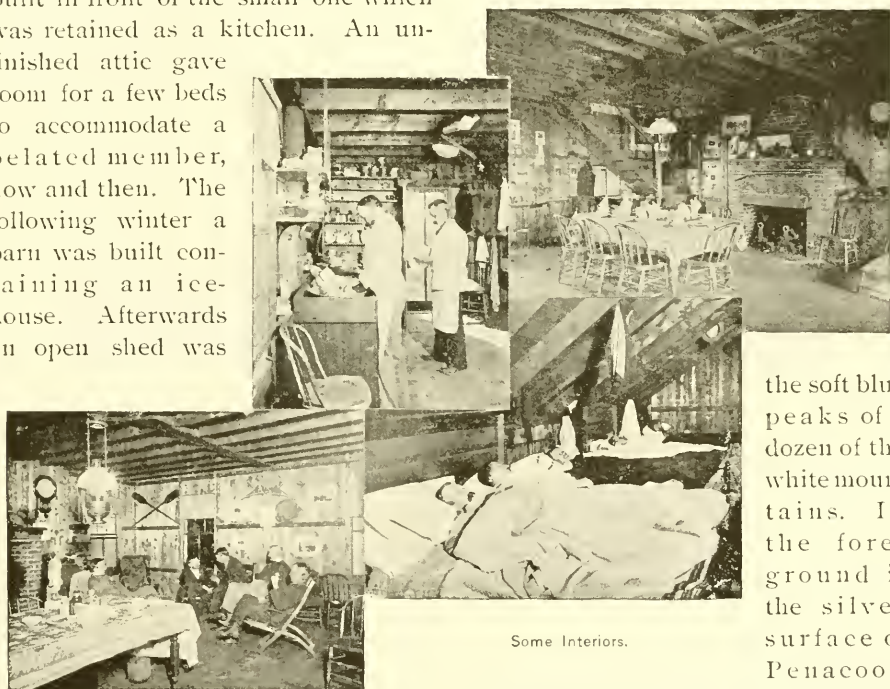
never assumed before. It was incorporated, had shares of stock with an assigned value, developed by-laws, and an executive committee, and voted in twenty members. The club elected for president Edward French, continuing Mr. Batchelder as secretary and treasurer; and its executive board began considering plans for enlarging the little house at Montvue park.

The purposes of the club were

multiplied, but leaving every member free to indulge in snowshoeing or not, as he pleased. A new name was taken, "The Snowshoe Club," because it would perpetuate its old purpose and served to crystalize the memories of many a happy day and night in company with auburn-haired Santa Claus at the fragrant "leanto."

Land was bought, and a new house built in front of the small one which was retained as a kitchen. An unfinished attic gave room for a few beds to accommodate a belated member, now and then. The following winter a barn was built containing an ice-house. Afterwards an open shed was

blance to the straggling, tribal organization which, held together only by the thin threads of congeniality, used to tramp merrily over hill and dale or race through the feathery arches of the woodland. The location of "Furlough Lodge," the present home of the club, is one of tireless beauty. From its broad piazza a continuous chain of hills leads away and up to



Some Interiors.

the soft blue peaks of a dozen of the white mountains. In the foreground is the silver surface of Penacook

lake, and the long attractive slopes of Kearsarge with many noble hills in the immediate vicinity. At the southwest, Monadnock, Crotchet, and the Uncanoonucs, rise above the jumble of hills, and while not as extensive as the landscape to the north, these mountains add much to the beauty of the view. Visitors from the Appalachian club, than which there are no better critics of scenery in New England, pronounce it "one of the six most beautiful views in New Hampshire." We are willing

The club of to-day bears no resem-

blance to the straggling, tribal organization which, held together only by the thin threads of congeniality, used to tramp merrily over hill and dale or race through the feathery arches of the woodland. The location of "Furlough Lodge," the present home of the club, is one of tireless beauty. From its broad piazza a continuous chain of hills leads away and up to

to accept this generous appraisal of its value.

The buildings are roughly finished and furnished, and make no pretence to elegance or effect. Its management is unique, and as far as known it is the first one of the kind in this country. It is *sui generis*, and differs essentially from all other outing clubs in the complete independence and liberty enjoyed by its members. Unconsciously it has built itself to be more like the famous Beefsteak club of London than like any other existing organization for entertainment.

guished in art, politics, and literary pursuits. The utmost freedom compatible with gentlemen and the comfort of others has been its aim, and nothing in the way of buildings or furniture has been held too good for every day use. Wood, oil, a few provisions, and the necessary utensils for a kitchen and dining-table are kept supplied free for general use. With the club's present way of easy management, a small monthly due of fifty cents a month for each member, pays all the expenses. There is no resident steward or janitor, but



Furlough Lodge.

Its distinguished prototype was founded in the time of David Garrick, more than a century ago, and still meets and has its peculiar dinners in the green room of Mr. Irving's theatre.

Like the distinguished gentlemen of London, our club has a dinner on the full of the moon of each month, cooked and served by three of its members. The members who make up this supper committee are designated by the club's president and notify the other members of the club of the date. Each member accepting an invitation bears his share of the expense.

The club in its unpretentious, democratic way has entertained United States senators, congressmen, and governors, with many others distin-

every member with his key resorts to the clubhouse when so disposed and takes care of himself and leaves it clean enough for the next member who comes. It would seem impossible to find twenty-five men, drawn chiefly from professional and commercial pursuits, who would be more congenial and who would so heartily enjoy its privileges as do its members. The four mile walk from the city always provokes a vigorous appetite and an enthusiastic appreciation of the beautiful view from the broad piazza. It is an established fact that the introduction of croquet, lawn tennis, and other out-door sports has elevated the general health of the American people. In this we claim to have been of some use and cer-

tainly by cycling, trap shooting, driving, hunting and fishing in summer, and snowshoeing in winter, have added to the "sum of the world's amusements." The introduction of snowshoeing alone has given a new sport and means of exercise, and invigorated many a victim of steam heat, where formerly there was nothing but the enervating influence of super-heated houses. Its example has called into being three other outing clubs in the city of Concord alone.

Every individual member believes

that there is more good fellowship compressed within the unpretentious little house than elsewhere in this vicinity. It has passed its ninth birthday and has already many plans of alteration and improvement under consideration. Dr. I. A. Watson, its third president, an enthusiastic snowshoer, has many plans for the advancement and success of the club. As the years roll on they will sometime see a handsome establishment to parallel the rare beauty of the extensive view.

MOMENTS OF LIGHT.

By Milo Benedict.

I.

A PREACHER.

So true the life, so white the spirit's heat,
That though he spoke such thoughts as all have thought,
And gave a text which scarce attention caught,
He forged us new and gave us wings for feet.

II.

DISTINCTIONS IN MUSIC.

Why build so high your symphony of sound,
When in one tone a whole world can be found?
I'm thrilled to think what music I have heard
When soul meets soul in one soft-spoken word.

III.

HELPS.

All books, religious, arts, philosophies,—
The whole of memory, nature—every part,—
These helps I need, so deep the mysteries
I seek to understand in one true heart.

IV.

WINTER COPES NOT WITH LOVE.

O silvery cold, cold wind!
You cannot rule the hour
Since love can always find
A summer for its flower.

Because you killed the rose
What sovereign right have you?
'Tis vain! Love has no foes:
June lasts the whole year through.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

By Rev. O. R. Hunt.



NE evening, while we were seated on the *deacon's scat*, around the camp stove, who should put in an appearance but Will Smart, overseer of the work in the woods. "What bring you in here, dis time of night?" said Archie, the cook.

"I brought in a young lawyer who is going over to Parmachenee," was the reply.

Having heard much about this lake and Camp Caribou, and its proprietor, John Danforth, I at once said to Mr. Smart, "I wish I had known of this and I would have gone over with him."

"All right now," said Smart, "for he is not going until morning, and if you wish we will take an early start and I will drive you over to the camp."

Anxious to make the trip I rose and took breakfast with the lumbermen at five o'clock, and at six o'clock we were in the cutter en route for Ed Blair's camp, four miles from the lake on the direct route to Danforth's.

We were somewhat delayed by meeting the teams, all of them seeming to be in the worst places to pass, but we did as best we could and reached the camp, only to be told by Billy Edwards, the cook, that the lawyer and John Huggins had been gone over an hour. My first thoughts

were to abandon the project, but having undertaken the journey I decided to persevere, and, laying in a good stock of matches and two doughnuts for a luncheon, took to the trail like a bloodhound and followed it as closely. About nine o'clock it began to snow, and continued all day and most of the night.

The trail, however, was easily followed, and I patiently continued my journey until 2:30 in the afternoon, when I came to a place on the Magalloway river, known as "Little Boys Falls." The storm had increased and the snow had so completely filled the trail that it was utterly impossible to find any traces of it. No one had ever told me of this river, and where to go and what to do I did not know.

My first impression was to go to the right, and as that was the way the wind was blowing, and I being about ready to be blown by the wind, I followed down the river to the right about a quarter of a mile, but, finding no signs of snowshoes, retraced my steps to the trail on the bank of the river, and then went to the left, up the river. I was somewhat weary with my morning exercise, it being the second time I ever was on snowshoes, and facing the storm looking for tracks was rather discouraging, especially when I could not find any; so I turned about for the trail on the shore of the river a second time.

Then I thought I would cross the river and find either their trail or some spotted line of Danforth's, but alas! there were no signs given, and I returned to the trail on the shore of the river a third time to decide upon further movements. It was now 3:30 in the afternoon, and knowing the night would soon overtake me, I knew not what to do. Had I an axe and a blanket I could build me a shelter and camp for the night, but these I did not have, and the prospect looked so discouraging, that I gave up all hope, even of life, and laid myself down to die.

I cannot describe the feeling which came over me while there, for none but a lost man can understand it; suffice it to say it was anything but pleasant; but I hoped I should soon chill and then die. While lying there in this condition, with the snow fast covering my body, something said to me, "This is suicide; rise, do what you can, and trust God for results." Encouraged by this thought I arose, and asked God to help me and guide me.

The only feasible thing for me to do now was to take the back track, and while it seemed like a hopeless task to reach Blair's camp that night, yet I started with the determination to do what I could towards it. I had no difficulty in following the trail so long as it was through the heavy-wooded growth and the daylight lasted; but when that was gone and I had come out into the opening, where years previous the lumbermen had operated, I was in trouble again, and with no trail before me and no daylight to find one, I was compelled to stop, and give up all hope of reaching the camp that night.

I was now in the old logging works, and there being some uprooted trees near the trail where I was standing, I took to them for shelter. Turned as they were, one over the other, there was underneath of these trees an opening, and by the aid of one of my snowshoes I made it larger; and, by the time I had come to the turf-covered roots of the trees, I had prepared a good-sized winter camp. Then I set out for a birch tree and some wood, that I might have a fire. The first was soon found, but, owing to my eagerness in securing the bark, I went round and round the tree, only to lose my trail back to my newly-made camp.

I had secured as much bark as I could carry, and after wandering about for a while trying to find my tracks, threw down my burden, saying to myself: "It is no use; die I must, and I might as well meet it now as any time." Just then, the wind drew a piece of the bark to my right out of sight, and to my surprise there was the entrance to my newly-made camp, and I gathered up my birch bark and took it in.

Before leaving my camp to go in search of wood, I prepared several birch-bark torches and stuck them in the snow, but, in my attempt to remove my gloves, found them both frozen on. If I only had one hand to use I could get my matches and light a torch, but it was no use trying, so I took first thought and thrust my right hand under my clothing, and after keeping it there a short time I removed the glove on my right hand, and by the aid of my knife the left one was opened and off.

For a while I had a beautiful illumination, and the tree tops were

plainly discovered above the snow with dry limbs broken off, giving a good supply of fuel. I took it to my camp, guided by the light and smoke of the torch, and began to build a

went my match. I was now reduced to the brimstone end of the only dry match I had, and not knowing at that time that a fellow could rub a wet match in his hair and then light it, I proceeded to dig a hole in the side of my snow-walled camp, large enough to admit my head, hands, and some kindling, in which position I scratched cautiously but successfully, and soon had a good fire.



fire. I did not have to wait long before my matches were all wet save three which I had left in my match-box. The first one tried was just in season to be blown out by a gust of wind coming in at the entrance, and while placing some bark in front of it the thought occurred to me that I had better provide a chimney for the smoke to go out, so out I went on top of the upturned trees to dig a hole. Removing one of my snowshoes to use as a shovel, I stepped back just a little, and down I went between the limbs of the trees into my camp below. It was quite a quick way to build a chimney, and I had the privilege of taking out some loose snow which had fallen in, but then, I had a chimney just the same, and attempted a second time to kindle a fire.

In separating my two remaining matches I broke one of them, but took the whole one and scratched it. To my sorrow, I learned the draft of that chimney was directly opposite from what it was intended, and out

with perspiration. By the time this was done my wood was burned up, and I went out in search for more. In fact, the entire night was spent in gathering wood and watching it burn. I can not tell you how I droned the hours of that long night, but, contrary to my expectation, the time passed so rapidly that when I looked at my watch and saw it was quarter past four in the morning I could not believe it. I thought possibly I had forgotten to wind it or something had happened to it; but not so, and my heart did leap for joy as I sang the long-metre doxology and prepared myself for a nap. Having a lot of good coals and some hot stones in the bed of my fire, I curled up in as small a compass as possible and with feet to the fire went to sleep.

My nap was short but refreshing, and had it not been for "old Jack Frost" breathing in my face with his breath, eight degrees below zero, I should have enjoyed it much longer,

but as it was, it was long enough for two toes to freeze, and I was glad of an opportunity to exercise.

It was now 5 o'clock, the storm had ceased, the wind had changed, and so had the purpose of that chimney, and the result was, in my effort to re-kindle my fire, the wind blew down into the embers and I was the unhappy recipient of a hot cinder in each eye. The left one was closed entirely, and I tied my handkerchief over it, while the right one was partly closed, and I was obliged to raise the lid with my finger that I might see at all.

In this one-eyed condition I set out at 6 o'clock to find my lost trail of the night before. To my joy it was soon found and easily followed until I came to a steep ledge. With pleasure I remembered sliding down this place when I went over, but now the act of sliding up was a task too much for me to undertake, and thinking I could husband my strength by going round the hill, I made the attempt, only to cross the trail, unnoticed, and in a circle reach the very place, at at 9:30, where I had camped the night before.

Again I was conscious of being lost, but a second time I set out and followed the trail to the steep ledge, and not having the strength to climb it or the courage to go round it as before, I turned to the left, and after one hour's travel, as I supposed going round the ledge, I came out a second time at my camping place.

It was now about half-past ten,

and what to do I did not know. I set out again for the high ledge, but before reaching it I saw down in the valley to the right an old logging camp. I went to it, and upon finding a bridge near by, decided it must be the old half-way camp where the tote teams stopped when taking supplies from Pittsburg to Parmachenee lake.

There being a lot of straw in one of the rooms of this old camp, I shook it up for a bed, placed on my snowshoes and some pieces of boards for blankets, and crawled in to refresh myself with sleep. I awoke at 12 o'clock, nearly frozen, and at once started, as I thought, on the direct road to the First lake. Coming to a girdled tree, it occurred to me that this was the tree which one of the sportsmen had marked, indicating where to turn off from the old tote road and go down to the Second lake.

I was now happy, and confident that I was going in a direct course for Blair's camp. Soon, however, I came out into some low land, and a



little before me on the right was a steep mountain. Again I was assured in my own mind that I was on the right road, and the mountain was old "Bose Buck," just back of

my home camp. Having talked a good deal about the view from "Bose Buck," I looked at my watch, and finding it only 1 o'clock, thought I would go up the mountain and take in the sights.

The side of the mountain was all cleared, and although quite steep I persevered until about half way up, when a little twig which I was holding on to gave way, and down I went, heels over head, into the light snow, on an angle of about forty-five degrees, minus one snowshoe. The more I strove to get out the deeper I went in, and the situation became a little discouraging, but I finally succeeded in removing the other snowshoe and placing it under my left side and rolled over on to it. In that position I beat down the snow about my feet and legs and formed quite a firm foundation to stand on, and thus by a desperate struggle I succeeded in getting on to my feet again. Fortunate for me my last snowshoe was below me, and I crawled to it on the other one. To my sorrow and discomfort the strap on my snowshoe had broken, and a part of it was lost; my only substitute was a suspender.

It was indeed a critical moment with me, for if I took one of my suspenders the whole responsibility would rest upon the other, but I took the risk, and soon I had my shoes adjusted and went down the mountain a wiser man than I went up, to say nothing about the sightseeing.

In going down the mountain I went the easiest way, and to my joy, at the foot of the mountain in the low land there was an open brook, and I got my first drink of water. Previous to this I had not been very

thirsty, but no sooner did the water touch my tongue than it seemed impossible for me to take the bark cup from my lips, and I guess I got pretty full, at least it overpowered me, and lest I should give way to my feelings and go to sleep, I clung for life to a little tree.

I have no idea as to the time I remained in this condition, but the first thing I saw on recovering consciousness was a spotted tree at my side, and a hand rail supported by two forked sticks over the brook. I knew this was the work of man and the trail went somewhere, but where I did not know, and it went directly opposite from the course I was going. At once I realized, as never before, the fact that I was lost, but here was this trail, and as I could not rely upon my own judgment, I decided to follow it, thinking if I did not live to find the end of it some one would at least find my bones.

After a long, hard tramp for about three hours I came to quite a little hill, and as the trail led up over it I resolved to follow it, live or die, and taking off my snowshoes I put them on my hands and crawled up on all fours to the top. While lying there on my side I discovered in the distance a small camp. My first impressions were that it was the one where I had taken my noonday nap, but, upon closer inspection, I saw a stovepipe sticking out through the roof, and with the bound of a deer I was on my feet wending my way to it, and for my comfort, and I believe my life, I am indebted to John Danforth and Rump Pond camp. The picture herewith given is a view of the camp taken in summer, and while there is more of it to be seen as you

now see it, and happy hearts sitting near by, yet there never was a time when it looked so well to me as then, and the supper I had there that night was also better than either of those standing there could prepare, save Danforth himself, who is sitting on the bow of the boat beside the man with the paddle.

The door of this camp had a half-window in it, and knowing that he who climbeth up some other way is a thief and a robber, I proposed to go

as freely as I did that. There was also a good cook stove, and plenty of dry wood in the corner. So I built a fire and began housekeeping.

With pail and axe I went to the pond for water, but ere I had chopped long my strength failed me, and the old all-gone feeling of nervous prostration came on the same as when I clung to the tree when I drank the water, and as there was nothing to cling to now I sunk down to a bed in the snow. With great exertion I



in at the door. Removing the snowshoe from my right foot and standing upon them both, with my right foot held up in my hand, I kicked for all I was worth and was successful at it for away went the glass and down went the shutters, and I walked in to take account of stock.

On a wire across the rear end of the camp were three pairs of heavy woolen blankets, in the centre was a table bearing a lamp, a box of matches, and a six-quart pail of molasses. This molasses being the first filling stuff I had found for two days, save the water at the foot of the mountain, I helped myself to it

filled my pail with the chopped ice and dragged it beside me as I crawled back to camp. I put the ice in the teakettle, which was on the floor, but I could neither raise myself nor it, and in this exhausted condition I accidentally inhaled the hot air from the oven of the stove, and it refreshed me so that I was in a short time all right again, and began preparations for supper.

One blow with the axe raised the cover of a big, blue chest, lock and all, and there, to my joy, were revealed groceries enough to last me a month. I fried some salt pork and flapjacks, and made a pot of tea,

yes, it was tea, strong and hot, I assure you, and no baby drink.

I must now revert for a moment to the water at the foot of the mountain. If I was to pass through another such an experience I would not drink any water, for it created such a thirst that I constantly ate snow all the afternoon, the very worst thing one can do on an empty stomach, as it chills the stomach and does not quench thirst. Now, as I sat down to eat, no sooner had I taken a drink of my hot tea than there was a reaction of the stomach, and I was seized with violent cramp. My head was drawn back, my arms drawn up, my hands clinched, and my stomach felt as though it would burst. In this condition I took to the blankets and in a short time went to sleep. I do not know how long I slept, but as soon as I was awake I was conscious of the location of my stomach, and the disturbing elements therein. At once I sprang out of the blankets and hastened for the washbasin and anxiously waited to find out whether tea was to be thrown up or molasses thrown down, and which was to have possession of my stomach. The fire had gone out, the camp was cold, and there I stood, washdish in hand, a fit looking subject for an artist, wondering what I could do, when, presently, my eye rested upon a jar of pickles, and I helped myself to them as freely as I did to the molasses, and the pickles decided all controversy should cease, and hunger should hold sway.

In obedience thereto I rebuilt my fire, warmed my tea and flapjacks, eating them as soon as warm. Supper being over I decided to lay myself away in the blankets, but I had scarcely covered my head when I

heard the creaking of snowshoes and a voice from without saying, "Are you in here, Mr. Hunt?" To which I replied, "I am, and there is room for more." To my surprise it was Ed Blair, boss of the lumber camp, and John Huggins, guide of the young lawyer to Camp Caribou.

And now my rescue, briefly told, was as follows: Huggins returned from Camp Caribou next morning, and as there had fifteen inches of snow fallen, thought he would rather retrace his steps than make new ones, consequently he passed by where I had camped the night previous about ten o'clock that morning and reached Blair's camp at two o'clock in the afternoon. Inquiry being made by the cook, "how the minister stood his journey," the reply was "I haven't seen him," and at once it was decided that he had lost his way, and the horn was sounded, and the crew ran for the camp to ascertain the trouble. Each one volunteered to go and search for me, but it was finally decided that Blair and Huggins would be best able to find me. It was now three o'clock when they set out from the camp. They took a good supply of food, blankets, and some tools to make a sled to draw me in on if necessary. Huggins led the way to my camping place the first night, and then they tracked me, making all my circles, until eight o'clock in the evening, when Huggins gave out and was obliged to camp. Blair thought he would go on a little farther and soon came to the trail, which he knew led to Rump Pond camp, and when at the brook finding my birch drinking cup knew at once I was alive and able to care for myself and would be in Rump



Pond camp that night if I followed the trail.

With this evidence Blair returned to where he had left Huggins, and the favorable report so animated him that he was able to go on, and they reached the camp at ten minutes past nine o'clock. Next morning we left Rump Pond camp at six o'clock, and in five minutes' time were in the tote road from Chesham, Can., to Camp Caribou. In my attempt to climb the mountain the day before I sprained my knee and it now gave out entirely. Blair remained with me while Huggins started in great haste for Camp Caribou, to get a sled to draw me in on, but ere he had been gone twenty minutes, he met Lewis Bragg, with a four-horse team on his way to Canada for hay for Danforth. The young lawyer and Danforth were with Bragg going up as far as Rump Pond camp for a little outing.

Huggins returned with the team, and for the first time I was standing in the presence of John Danforth. I gave him my hand as a friend, but found him to be a brother; and he wrapped me in his own blankets and ordered his team to convey me to Camp Caribou, where I was received by his wife as a mother, and where I remained a welcome guest for nearly four weeks, and then was guided safely back to Ed Blair's logging camp by mine host himself.

I remained in the logging camp until the first of April, when I returned to my home for my wife who accompanied me in my wanderings back to the lake, where we remained in my camp, as shown in the picture, during the summer. To my mind the whole transaction is a clear illustration of the Gospel following the law, one never knows how far round it will take him, or when he will get out.



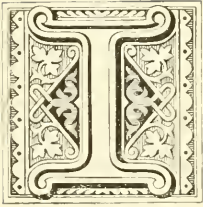
MORNING AMONG THE HILLS.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

With royal flush the mountains burn;
Each bare uplifted brow
In courtesy might love to turn
And greet the day spring now,
Whose overflowing glory they
In silence drink,—so dawns the day!

BERLIN: A TOWN OF TO-DAY.

By Edward C. Niles, Esq.



IT is probably safe to assert that the present condition and prospects for the future of no town in New Hampshire owe so little to the forethought and labor of former generations as do those of Berlin. The real founders of Berlin are the men of the present generation,—it might even be said, of the present day,—and whatever of good or evil, of disaster or prosperity, may befall this metropolis of the back-woods will be due to the industry and sagacity or to the negligence and incompetence of those who to-day are determining the lines along which the development of its natural resources and of its moral, religious, and intellectual activities shall be carried on. But little as the past has influenced the present, and little as this town offers of opportunity for historical and genealogical research, it still has a past

which is of interest, if for no other reason, from its contrast with the present.

The territory comprised in the present limits of the town was granted in 1771 to a number of English gentlemen, and was called Maynesborough, in honor of Sir William Mayne, the most distinguished among the original grantees. The grant was made upon certain conditions, among which were the following:

“*Second* That the said grantees shall settle or cause to be settled Fifteen Families by the 1st day of January 1774, who shall be actually cultivating some part of the said Land and resident on the same, & to Continue making further and additional Improvement, Cultivation and Settlement of the Premises so that there shall be actually settled thereon Sixty Families by the 1st day of January 1782, on penalty of the forfeiture of any and every delinquent's Share

and of such share or shares reverting to us our Heirs and Successors to be by us or them enter'd upon and re-granted to such of our Subjects as shall effectually Settle and Cultivate the Same :

"*Third* That all white and other Pine Trees being and growing within & upon the said Tract of Land fit for Masting our Royal Navy be Carefully preserved for that use & none to be Cut or fell'd without our special Licence for so doing first had and obtained upon the penalty of the forfeiture of the Right of such Grantee his Heirs and Assigns to us our Heirs and Successors as well as being subject to the penalty of any Act or Acts of Parliament that now are or hereafter shall be enacted.

* * * * *

"*Fifth*. Yielding and paying there-fore to us our Heirs and Successors on or before the 1st day of January 1781, the rent of one Ear of Indian Corn only if lawfully demanded."

The settlement contemplated in the charter was never made, nor was there any attempt at settlement until well along in the present century. For many years the forest wilds were invaded only by the hunter or the trapper, or in later times, along the Androscoggin, by the lumberman, who found in its richly wooded river-banks a treasure easily transported by nature's highway to the settlements in Maine. Through Berlin occasional bands of marauding Indians passed to descend upon the early settlers at Gilead and Bethel, and through Berlin they returned with their captives on the way to their Canadian homes. But except for these occasional visitors

Maynesborough remained an untrod-den wilderness.

The Declaration of Independence was proclaimed, and the Revolution was inaugurated and carried on to its successful issue. America was a second time embroiled in war with the mother country and was again victorious, but Maynesborough slept unmoved alike by reverses and tri-



The Alpine Cascade.

umphs, unconscious of Lexington and Bunker Hill, of Bennington and Trenton, of Valley Forge and Yorktown, and her rocky hillsides never echoed to the names of Washington and Stark, of Jefferson and Adams, of Perry and Paul Jones.

But the era of activity following the termination of the War of 1812 was marked in this country by a general extension of the outposts of civiliza-

tion, and in 1821 a few adventurous spirits started from Gilead, the first town on the Androscoggin below the Maine line, and passing through what is now the towns of Shelburne and Gorham, settled on the fertile meadows in the northern part of Maynesborough.



Mount Forist, from the Heights.

The first house was built in that year by William Sessions, on the easterly side of the river, on what was afterwards known as the Benjamin Thompson farm. The house, which has long since disappeared, is said to have stood across the road from the present house, on a slight rise of land above the intervale. A few others followed within a short time, and before long a clearing was made on the westerly side of the Androscoggin, and a house was built by Samuel Blodgett on the farm which was afterwards owned by Reuben H. Wheeler, and very near where the house of John W. Greenlaw now stands.

The first settlers were farmers, and picked out the land best suited for agricultural purposes, and there are to-day no better farms along the Androscoggin valley than those which were first tilled by William Sessions and Samuel Blodgett. But the great

inducement to settlement in Berlin has never been the opportunities which it offers for agricultural pursuits. The tillable land is very scarce, and there are not more than twelve or fifteen small farms, all told, within the town limits.

But whatever of prosperity it has attained or may hereafter attain is due to the forests by which it is encircled, and to the stream which affords both a ready means of transportation for the forest products and the power by which they are converted into a great variety of marketable forms. The Androscoggin, rising in the Rangeleys, furnishes the

only outlet of that great chain of lakes, and receives, in addition to the drainage of its own large valley, that of the Magalloway, the Swift, and Dead Diamonds, Clear Stream, and a large number of other streams through which are discharged the waters of numerous lakes and ponds.

This great volume of water is compressed at Berlin between narrow walls of solid rocks, and pours over a succession of rapids and abrupt cataracts with tremendous force, falling about four hundred feet in six miles, and furnishing perhaps the greatest water power in New England, if not in the East. It is this water power which has given to Berlin its character as a mill town. And it was not long before the possibilities latent in this power were recognized.

In 1826 Thomas Green located a mill at the head of the falls, near where the Berlin Mills saw-mill now stands, and a year later purchased

land and a mill privilege about a mile lower down the stream, erected a saw-mill and a grist-mill, and built the house now known as the Scribner house. Later he moved his grist-mill to the power opposite, where the store of C. C. Gerrish & Co. now stands. His sons, Daniel and Amos Green, in 1829, put up a shingle- and clap-board-mill near their father's saw-mill. Daniel Green afterwards built and operated several mills on the Upper Ammonoosuc and Dead rivers, and on various sites on the Androscoggin. In the course of his experience as a mill owner he lost five mills by fire and one by a freshet, but always built again, either on the same site or in a new place.

Mill privileges were plenty in those days and land was cheap. Daniel Green is said to have owned at one time or another the entire water power at Berlin, and nearly all the land in town. Among other early mill owners were Dexter Wheeler, who at one time operated the mill built by Daniel and Amos Green; Renben H. Wheeler, who owned several lumber-mills, at various times, and also for some time carried on a starch-mill; Ira Mason, who ran a shingle-mill on Bean brook; and Samuel M. Andrews, who owned and operated several mills on Dead river.

In 1829 there were enough settlers in Maynesborough to warrant its incorporation as a town, and it was accordingly incorporated by the legislature in that year. But, probably on account of the general feeling of hostility to Great Britain then prevalent in this country, and the desire to efface all reminders of British sovereignty, the historic and significant

name of Maynesborough was discarded, and the new town was christened Berlin.

Several years ago, when there was talk of applying for a city charter, it was suggested that a return might be made to the original name of the town; but the name of Berlin has become so associated with her manufacturing and commercial interests that it is hardly probable, meaningless and insignificant though her present name is, that the change will ever be made.

The first town meeting was held September 1, 1829, at the house of Andrew Cates. The check-list used at the March meeting in the following year contained the names of but fifteen voters, representing only seven family names.—Blodgett, Bean, Cates, Evans, Green, Thompson, and Wheeler,—and indicating, on ordinary principles of computation, a total population of about seventy-five. To-day her check-list of eight hundred and eighty names represents a population of about 6,000, the small proportion of voters to inhabitants being due to the fact that now a large part of the population are of foreign birth, while at the time of the first town meeting, in all probability, every man of legal age was a voter.

The growth of the town was steady, but slow, for the next forty or fifty years. A considerable impetus was given by the construction of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railway,—now the Grand Trunk,—which reached Berlin in 1852. Two years later the branch track, known as the Berlin Mills branch, was built to the mill of H. Winslow & Co., the largest mill in town, which was after-



Berlin National Bank.

wards made the nucleus of the plant of the Berlin Mills Company.

Walling's map of Coös county, published in 1861, gives the population of Berlin as four hundred and forty, and a glance at the check-list will show that the family names prominent in 1830 still predominated, indicating that the increase in population was due in very small measure to immigration from without.

The records of these intermediate years are very meagre. The town records, if intact, would throw very little light upon the life of the town; and by an unfortunate accident a part of them were lost at the time of the fire which in 1892 destroyed the building owned by A. N. Gilbert, in which were the town offices. The records which were lost were in a

safe, which after the fire could not be opened, and was sold and taken out of town, records and all. And it has since been impossible to discover the whereabouts of the missing books. If there should ever again be a fire in the building in which the records are kept, a similar accident could not well occur,—as, by the wise forethought of the town authorities, they are not now kept in a safe.

However, the records available will suffice to show who were the strong men of the town in those days. Prominent among them was Dexter Wheeler, mill owner and trader, who held all the offices in the gift of the town, being for twenty-four years town clerk, and at one and the same time selectman, town clerk, and treasurer. Reuben H. Wheeler, lumberman, mill owner, and farmer, was a man of keen intellect, forceful, and energetic. He lived on the place now owned by his son-in-law, John W. Greenlaw. Merrill C. Forist, whose name is borne by the huge cliff towering above the town, was for many years proprietor of the hotel at the Falls. He was a man of commanding presence, and was a noted character among all who travelled this way. He was for some years town clerk, and no town can show handsomer records than were kept by him. Gardner C. Paine, partner of Dexter Wheeler, would have been a leading man in any community. He is credited by those who knew him with having possessed an unusual combination of quickness of perception and soundness of judgment. In small places men of mark, almost without exception, arouse enmities and jealousies among those less favored than they; but in Ber-



Clement Block.

lin all speak well of Gardner Paine. Ira Mason was for many years a prominent man in the commercial and political life of the town. He was a successful merchant, and owned land which he had the sagacity to retain, and which the rapid growth of the town in later years has made exceedingly valuable.

J. W. Wheeler, or Woodman

Wheeler, commended the ingenuity of Wheeler's method of carrying off the sawdust to the river by the belt and box, and said nobody else would have thought of it, anybody else would have wheeled it out."

This lawsuit grew out of an attempt made by Daniel Green to convert his mill-pond on Dead river into a cranberry bog. About sixty acres



Residences of H. T. Sands and B. L. Pike.

Residence of H. J. Brown.

Residence of E. C. Niles.

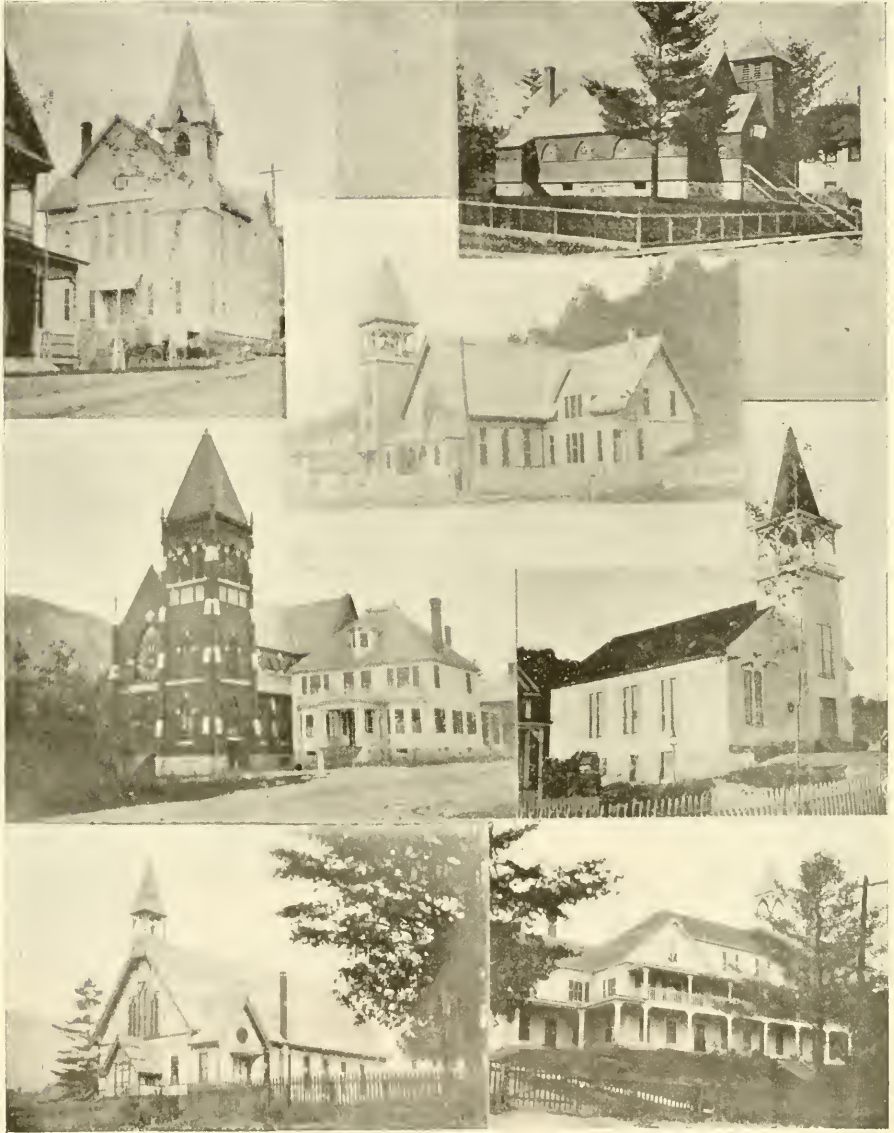
Furbish Residence.

Residence of W. C. Perkins.

Wheeler, as he was commonly called, together with his brother, Reuben H. Wheeler, was for some years in control of the mill at Jericho, where they did a large business. A record of his mechanical ingenuity has been preserved in the case of Green v. Gilbert, reported in 60 N. H. 144, in which "a witness testified that on one occasion, before 1873, the plaintiff (Daniel Green), coming into the defendant's mill, then owned by one

of land was thoroughly drained and planted with cranberry vines, at a very considerable expense; but White Mountain winters and sawdust proved fatal to the experiment, and the money invested was a total loss.

Daniel Green was for many years the most prominent figure in the town. He was born in Shelburne in 1808, and removed to Maynesborough in 1826 with his father, Thomas



Methodist Church.

Congregational Church.

St. Barnabas's Church, Protestant Episcopal.

St. Kieran's Church and Rectory, Irish Roman Catholic.

St. Paul's Church, Scandinavian Lutheran.

St. Anne's Church, French Roman Catholic.

French Convent, formerly the Cascade House.

Green. From the time when, at the age of twenty-one, he built the shingle- and clapboard-mill above mentioned, until his death, at the age of eighty-four, he was actively engaged in business of one form or another, meeting with numerous obstacles and

undergoing repeated reverses, but overcoming them all by the force of his indomitable energy and persistence, and continually, to the very end of his life, enlarging the scope of his operations.

He not only owned and operated

the lumber-mills of which mention has already been made, but also for some time manufactured mill machinery in a shop on the site of the building now known as the Revere House; was engaged in a considerable mercantile business, and in his later years dealt quite largely in real estate, both water privileges and land; almost all the land which has formed the stock in trade of the various land companies organized within the past five years having been purchased from him or his heirs. He also invested largely in Florida property, and was the owner of valuable orange groves in that state; and it was in Florida that he died. He left a large family, his estate being divided among fifty-four heirs in the direct line of descent.

His eldest son, Sullivan D. Green, was possessed of considerable literary ability. Educated at the University of Michigan, he served through the Civil War in a Michigan regiment, and at the same time acted as war correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*, and for eight years after the war was on the editorial staff of the same paper. Returning to Berlin to assist in the management of his father's business, he held various town offices, and finally died in the prime of life, being survived by his father.

There were many more who during those days of small things were prominent in the commercial, political, and social life of the town; but as the object of this sketch is not to give a complete genealogy of the older families of the place, but rather to show what sort of place it was and is, and what characteristics are most to be noted among its former and pres-

ent residents, enough has been said to answer the requirements as far as the men of the past are concerned.

The town, until from 1875 to 1880, made no noticeable growth. For almost half a century after its incorporation it contained no organized religious body, and no church edifice. In "Lawrence's New Hampshire Churches," published in 1856, is this statement: "The following three towns have each less than 100 inhabitants—Cambridge, Dixville, and Millsfield; the following less than 200—Berlin, Clarksville, Dummer, Errol, and Randolph. In none of these eight towns is there any church unless Clarksville and Dummer be excepted, where a church of 66 Freewill Baptists are found." The three points of interest in this quotation are the population of Berlin at that time, the fact that there was then no church organization in the place, and the naïve use of the word "unless."

The first church society organized in the town was that of the Congregationalists, under the Rev. A. J. Benedict, who was also the pastor at Gorham, that place being then considerably larger than Berlin. In 1882 this society, largely through the liberality of the Berlin Mills Company, built the first church edifice in the town, at Berlin Mills village. Their present pastor, the Rev. J. B. Carruthers, has made himself as generally known by all classes of citizens as any resident of the town.

The Universalists organized a society in 1886, and their place of worship, standing beside the Berlin House, was built in the following year. The society is at present without a resident pastor.

In 1880 the Roman Catholics built the church which stands at the corner of Pleasant and Church streets; in their case, as in that of the Congregationalists, the Berlin church was an off-shoot from Gorham, and it had no settled pastor until 1885, when the Rev. N. Cournoyer took the charge which he still retains. As the number of English speaking members of this church increased, it was deemed advisable to create a separate parish for their convenience, and accordingly St. Kieran's church was built in 1894-'95, under the energetic management of the Rev. E. D. Mackey.

Berlin is a polyglot town, however, and services in two languages do not meet the requirements of all her citizens. Accordingly, in 1887, the Scandinavian Lutherans of the town formed themselves into a parish, and built St. Paul's church in "Norwegian village," and secured the services of a resident Scandinavian pastor, the Rev. S. N. Garmoe.

St. Barnabas Mission, of the Protestant Episcopal church, was organized by the labors of the Rev. Wm. Lloyd Himes, of Concord. The mission owes both its comely edifice and the land on which it stands to the generosity of Mr. Henry H. Furbish, who during his residence in



Residence of Mrs. S. D. Green.



Residence of A. H. Eastman.

Berlin gave freely both of thought and of money to every enterprise likely to be of benefit to the town. The Rev. W. B. Macmaster is now in charge of the mission.

The Methodists, after worshipping for some time in the Universalist edifice, have built for themselves a commodious structure, the first church building on the west side of the Grand Trunk Railway. The services of their pastor, the Rev. F. C. Potter, give great satisfaction to the members of his congregation.

If to be without doctors or lawyers is



Berlin House and Universalist Church.



Wilson House.

to be happy, Berlin must have enjoyed over fifty years of unalloyed bliss; for until 1881 she had to go to Gorham for her law and her medicine, as well as her theology.

In that year Dr. Wardwell, who from Gorham had long ministered to the ills of Berlin people, decided to make his home in the up-river town, which was then beginning to show some signs of its future growth. He was followed before long by Dr. F. A. Colby, who, since the death of Dr. Wardwell, has been the senior physician of the town in point of residence. There are now nine doctors in town, representing the two great schools of medicine.

In 1881, also, the first lawyer came to town, in the person of R. N. Chamberlin, who in the fifteen years of his residence in this place, has not only attained eminence in the practice of his profession, but has also been prominent in the field of politics, having been in 1893 speaker of the N. H. House of Representatives. For four years he held the field alone, but then had to share it with Daniel J. Daley, who moved down from Lancaster in 1885.

This arrangement was very satisfactory, as there were just sides enough to each case to go around. But the intrusion of Herbert I. Goss, who also came over from Lancaster, where he had been associated with Hon. Jacob H. Benton, put an end to this legal Utopia. Others followed at greater or less intervals, and the town to-day has seven lawyers. Of

these, Mr. Daley was four years county solicitor, and his partner, Mr. Goss, who now holds the same position, is the only Republican ever elected to that office in Coös county. William H. Paine, now in practice here, was formerly Rockingham's county solicitor. The judge of the police court is George F. Rich, partner of Mr. Chamberlin, who was the first judge of that court.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the oldest lawyer in Berlin is not yet forty years of age. And every law-



Log Jam, near Mason Street Bridge.

yer that ever settled here is here to-day.

As has already been said, the growth of Berlin has principally taken place within the past few years; and it has also been remarked that that growth has been due to two causes,—her magnificent water power and her proximity to the forests. Berlin's foundation, geographically speaking, is solid rock; but from a commercial standpoint she is founded on wood. Until this year every product of her mills has had its origin in the forests, her pulp and paper as well as her lumber; and it is through her large corporations that advantage has been

taken of these natural facilities, and to them that she owes whatever of prosperity she has had.

The Berlin Mills Company in 1866 succeeded to the mills and privileges of H. Winslow & Co., as has

down the Androscoggin to their mills at Berlin. A description of their



Berlin Mills Saw-mill and Pond.

Part of Berlin Mills Mill-yard, about 1890.

Berlin Mills Saw-mill, Dams, and Bridge.
Lower end of Berlin Mills Saw-mill.

business alone could easily be made to fill all the space allotted to this article; but perhaps some conception of it may be afforded by giving a few figures. They

been stated, and from that time to the present day their business has been continually growing and spreading in one direction and another, until to-day it is the largest lumber manufacturing concern in New England, if not in all the East.

The company own vast tracts of timber lands in New Hampshire and Maine, aggregating about 300,000 acres, and cut and drive their own logs. On their lands they cut each year about 60,000,000 feet of logs, spruce and pine, which they drive

employ about the mills and yard, in the summer, from 600 to 800 men. In the winter, when their lumbering operations are going on, they give employment to about 1,200; and during the spring they furnish occupation to about 450 river-drivers.

The cutting and driving of their lumber necessitate the owning of a large number of camps with a vast supply of camp outfits, tools, etc., and they also have large farms in Berlin and Milan, and on the Diamond and Magalloway rivers, where

they raise a considerable part of the fodder used by their horses in the woods and in the mill-yard.

Their saw-mill at Berlin is situated at the head of the falls. It contains six band-saws, or "band-mills," the modern substitute for the old-fashioned circular saw, which will go through a huge log, from end to end, about as fast as a man will walk. In addition to these saws there are two shingle machines, two clapboard machines, and two lath machines.

The refuse from the saws passes through sluices to the basement, where it is sorted according to the purposes for which it may be used. There are no "waste products,"—everything is used. A part goes to the pulp-mills, another part to the lath machines, and all of which no other use can be made is cut up for fuel, and used in the boiler plant or at the paper- and pulp-mills. The company buys no fuel whatever for use anywhere about its mills.

about the mills. The product of their lumber-mill is sold in the American markets, and goes also in considerable quantities to South America and England. They also make about 2,000 cords of birch, annually, into spool-stock, which is sold in Scotland. They send out daily a train of sometimes more than thirty cars loaded with lumber, which is run as a special train to Portland, and known as the "Berlin Train."

In addition to the manufacture of lumber, they have two pulp-mills and a two-machine paper-mill, which are run to great advantage in connection with their lumber business. They also carry on a grist-mill, a machine shop, and a large store, in which they do an annual business of about a quarter of a million dollars.

But the company are not to be known only as a corporation engaged in manufacturing and selling lumber and pulp and paper. They have not only been in the town but they have



Berlin Mills Paper mill and Berlin Falls Fibre Co.

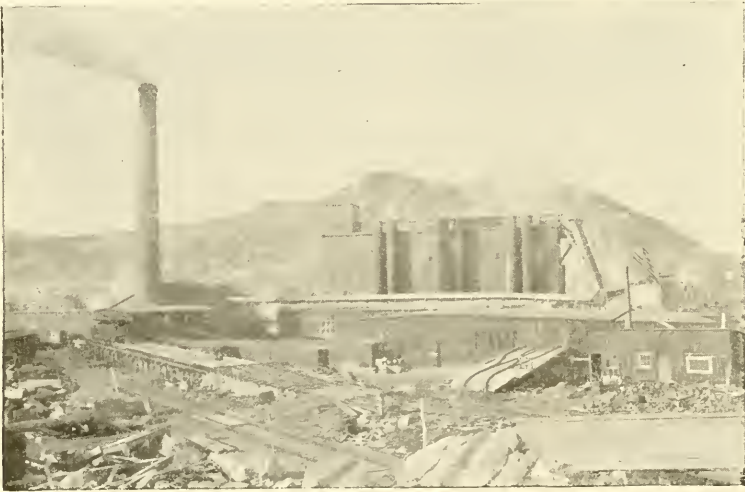
In their mill-yard are several miles of track, on which three locomotives owned by them are kept continually busy. They also use sixty horses

always been a part of it, and a very important part. The Berlin Mills village,—that portion of the town lying above the "Narrows,"—

owes its existence entirely to them. The company, or the individuals comprising it, made possible the building of the Congregational church, and have always assisted liberally in its support; when there was no public library in town, they maintained a circulating library, and when the town established a free library, they turned their valuable collection of books over to the town. They maintain a free reading-room, billiard-room, etc., for their employes.

became associated in partnership with J. A. Bacon, a paper manufacturer, owning mills at Lawrence, Mass. They continued in partnership until 1893, when a corporation was formed under the name of the Berlin Falls Fibre Co. For many years Mr. Furbish resided in Berlin and was the active manager of the mills, and his son, W. H. Furbish, is now the superintendent.

The company manufacture pulp by a chemical process, known as the



Burgess Sulphite Fibre Co., East Side.

and in countless ways have contributed towards raising the standard of living in the town.

The officers of the company are W. W. Brown, president; J. W. Parker, vice-president; Thomas Edwards, treasurer; and H. J. Brown, assistant treasurer and general superintendent of mills.

The Forest Fibre Company built its first mill in 1877, and the second in 1880. Henry H. Furbish was the originator of the company, and has always had a prominent part in the direction of its affairs. He early

“soda process,” the principal ingredients used being soda-ash and lime, from which a liquor is made in which the wood,—poplar is used in this process,—is “cooked” in huge vats, until the acids and resinous substances are freed from the wood, leaving almost pure cellulose. This is rolled into sheets by a process like that used in manufacturing ground pulp, and is shipped off to be used in making paper. The product of this mill goes mainly into such grades of paper as are used in magazines, and fairly good book paper,

for which purposes ground pulp, from its lack of fibre, cannot be used. The daily capacity of the mill is about forty tons of pulp, using eighty cords of poplar.

The Burgess Sulphite Fibre Co. are situated on the east side of the river, directly across from the Berlin Falls Fibre Co. They manufacture pulp by a chemical process somewhat resembling the soda process in its general features, though differing greatly in detail. Spruce is used instead of poplar, and the raw materials from which the liquor is made are lime and sulphur. The lime, of which about five carloads are used weekly, is brought from the West, while the sulphur is imported from Japan and Sicily. The wood used is bought in various places; at present the mill is receiving about forty carloads of logs each day from Canada, the lack of snow having greatly hindered lumbering operations in Coös county this winter.

The mill is producing daily from seventy-five to eighty tons of pulp, and additions are now in process of construction which will increase the output to one hundred tons. It is now the largest mill of its kind in America, and when the addition now under way is completed, will be the largest in the world. The freight bills of the company on out-going freight amount to over \$100,000 annually, of which, it is interesting to note, about one half is paid on the Androscoggin water which is contained in the pulp. Fifty thousand dollars a year is a good deal to pay for freight on water that nobody has any use for, but the proportion of water to solid matter is even larger in other kinds of pulp.

A noticeable feature about the Burgess mills is the originality shown in both process and mechanical appliances. The use of labor is dispensed with wherever possible. The wood is unloaded from the cars on an automatic conveyer which takes it directly to the tank,—as large as a small pond,—in which it is soaked. From the tank it is taken out and the bark removed on revolving knives. It then goes, by way of another conveyer, to the machine in which it is cut up into chips. These chips, in turn, are automatically carried to a sifter, in which the sawdust and the large pieces are sorted out from those which are of the right size, the former being carried to the boiler-room for use as fuel, while the others are taken up to the top of the mill and dumped into the digesters,—the great vats in which the chips are cooked. There are six of these digesters, each fourteen feet in diameter and thirty-five feet high; when the mill was built, in 1893, they were the largest in the world. The substance with which they are lined is the invention of T. P. Burgess, the general manager of the mill, with whom certain important features of the process of manufacture are original, as are many of the labor-saving contrivances.

The officers of the company are W. W. Brown, president; Aretas Blood, vice-president; Theodore P. Burgess, treasurer and general manager; Frank P. Carpenter, Herbert J. Brown, and Orton B. Brown, directors; and George E. Burgess, superintendent. The company employ a large office force, and are now building what are intended to be the finest mill offices in the state.



Glen Mill No. 1.

The Glen Manufacturing Company came to Berlin in 1885, and built on the original Berlin Falls a mill, which the town voted to exempt from taxation for ten years. It was certainly the best investment that the town ever made. The company steadily and rapidly increased its plant, until to-day they own six large mills and employ in them about four hundred men, with a weekly pay-roll of about \$4,500.

Their first paper machine was set running in the spring of 1886, and was named after Col. C. H. Taylor, of the *Boston Globe*. In 1887 they made an addition to their original mill, giving them three paper machines. In the same year they bought a mill which had been operated for a short time by the White Mountain Pulp and Paper Co., and which they afterwards incorporated with their Mill No. 5. No. 3 was built in 1889; in 1890 one machine was added to No. 1; in 1891 No. 4 was built; in 1892, No. 5; and No. 6, their sulphite pulp mill, in 1893.

They now have a complete plant, manufacturing everything that goes

into their paper, the sulphite pulp taking the place of the rags, of which it was formerly necessary to use a small quantity in order to give the paper the requisite toughness. They now manufacture daily thirty-five tons of sulphite pulp and eighty tons of ground-wood pulp, from which they make sixty-five tons of paper at Berlin, while the rest is shipped to their mills at Haverhill,

Mass., where it is made into fifty tons of paper. They grind up annually into pulp about 30,000,000 feet of spruce logs. They own about 100,000 acres of timber lands,



Falls at Glen Mill No. 1. The original Berlin Falls.

and contract for the cutting of their timber. Their facilities for obtaining their raw material are unequalled by any other large paper-mills in the country, and for this reason they are

able to manufacture at an advantage over those less favorably situated.

They have three dams, by which they have developed about 12,000 horse-power. They have thirty-six pulp grinders and five paper ma-



Glen Mills Nos. 4 and 6.

chines. The process of manufacture in its first steps resembles the sulphite process, up to the point at which in the latter the wood was cut into chips. In the mechanical process, the blocks of wood, from which the bark has been removed, are ground up, under a heavy water pressure, on large grinders,—stones like ordinary grindstones, but about five feet in diameter and two feet in thickness. The pulp then undergoes various processes by which a considerable part of the water is removed, and it is rolled out into thick sheets for

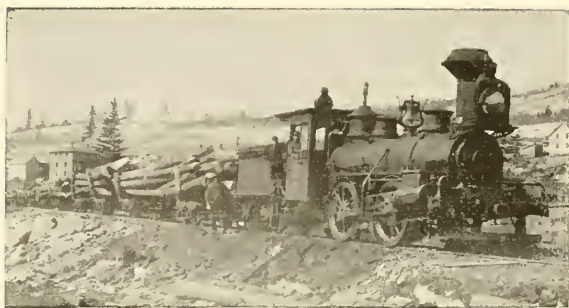
transportation. The pulp, soaked in water and mixed with a little sulphite pulp, is then passed through the paper machine, a great mass of machinery in which the moist pulp, passing over felts and screens and between warm cylinders and over various appliances for drying out the water, finally comes out at the other end in the form of a wide sheet of pure white paper,—ten feet wide on the largest machine in the Glen mills,—and is wound up in a great roll ready for the printing press, at the rate of about three hundred feet a minute. The Glen's paper machines turn out over 60,000 square feet of newspaper every minute, and run day and night continuously,—twenty-four hours in the day and seven days in the week. In a little over two months they make enough paper to encircle the earth around the equator with a belt eight feet wide.

They have had continuous contracts with the *Boston Globe* and the *New York Tribune* ever since their first mill in Berlin was built, and their paper is used in newspaper offices from Maine to Texas, and even in the British Isles.

The officers of this company are John L. Hobson, of Haverhill, Mass.,



Glen Mill No. 5.



Train of Logs for the Glen Manufacturing Co.

president; H. M. Knowles, of Boston, treasurer; and I. B. Hosford, of Haverhill, general manager.

These four large corporations have developed, by their dams on the Androscoggin, not far from 30,000 horse power; few if any of the privileges in use are developed to their fullest capacity, and there are a considerable number of magnificent powers as yet entirely unused.

In addition to the four large companies there are a number of small manufacturing concerns, almost all of which make some form of wood product. Of these the largest is the Berlin Manufacturing Company, whose mill would be considered a large plant in almost any other place in New Hampshire than Berlin. They own a valuable site, nearly opposite the Grand Trunk station, and have an extremely well equipped and convenient mill, in which they manufacture spruce, pine, and hard-wood lumber of all descriptions, and do a general jobbing and house-fishing business.

The power is furnished entirely by

steam. A. N. Gilbert is the treasurer and general manager.

The Builders' Supply Company also own a well-appointed mill in which are manufactured all kinds of house-fishing material, doors, sashes, hardwood-flooring, etc. The power for this mill is furnished from the Dead River privi-

lege, which also operates a small grist-mill.

Ezra M. Cross, after being for some



Grinders in Pulp Department, Glen Mill No. 1.

time in business on Mechanic street, has, during the past year, moved down below the Glen Mill No. 1, where he has built two large and convenient buildings in which he carries on his foundry and machine-shop business. He makes castings in all the common metals, and does a general jobbing business. He employs about twenty men, all necessarily skilled workmen and earning good wages.

The criticism has often been made that the mills of Berlin gave employment practically to none but able-bodied men, and that no opportunity was given for the women and younger people of the laboring families to add

to the family resources as can elsewhere be done, where the forms of labor are more varied. This difficulty, it is believed, has been in large measure obviated by the erection of the Berlin Shoe Factory.

The money for this building was paid for in part by popular subscription, and in part by the use of the credit of the town. The factory has been leased to Chick Bros. of Haverhill, Mass., one of the largest shoe companies in New England, on a guaranty that they will do a certain amount of business here for a fixed term of years. The shop is situated near the Berlin Manufacturing Co., beside the Grand Trunk tracks. It is 200 by 50 feet on the ground, and five stories above the basement, with a large tower in front and in the rear a brick power-house. It is built on the best principles of first-class mill construction, equipped with stand-pipes and an automatic sprinkler system, and lighted throughout by electricity furnished by its own dynamo. It will accommodate about 1,000 employes, and it is thought that before



Berlin Manufacturing Company's Mill.

summer it will be running to very nearly its full capacity.

Shoe-shops are generally considered rather risky ventures for small towns, but Berlin's people feel that this institution bids fair to be a permanency. Their confidence is based not only on the character and business standing of the lessees, but also on the fact that, strange as it may seem, Berlin offers peculiar advantages for the transaction of this particular business. Help of the kind wanted is abundant, and anxious for an opportunity to work. Fuel is cheap, wood being abundant, and coal costing less in Berlin than in Concord. And the

freight rates from Berlin to the West are lower than from Haverhill, and it is from the West that Chick Brothers obtain the greater part of their raw material, and to the West they ship much of their finished product.

So much for the mills of Berlin; to them the



Berlin Shoe Factory.



View from Berlin Heights.

town is mainly indebted for what she is. I wish now to devote a short space to a consideration of what she is.

According to the census of 1890, Berlin had about 3,500 inhabitants; by a census taken last spring by the selectmen, this number had swelled to nearly 6,000, so that she is now the largest town in New Hampshire.

Her streets and stores and many of her houses, are lighted by electricity, furnished by the Berlin Electric Light Company, whose plant is situated in the mills of the Berlin Falls Fibre Company. The president of the company is W. H. Furbish, and H. H. Furbish is treasurer and general manager. The electric light company is an old institution, and Berlin was one of the first places in the state to introduce electricity. Gas has never been used here for illuminating purposes, and it is hardly probable that it will ever be introduced.

Water is furnished by several companies, of which the largest is the Berlin Aqueduct Company, whose system was put in in 1892 at a very heavy expense. The soil of the town, if I may so express myself, is solid rock, and more than thirty tons of dynamite were used in blasting out the trenches for the pipes. The main supply is a reservoir on Bean brook in the hills about a mile east of the Androscoggin, and a pumping station above Berlin Mills furnishes an auxiliary supply of filtered river water. This company furnishes about 900 families with water, and also supplies the town hydrants, of which there are now forty-six, as well as the automatic sprinkler systems with which all the mills are equipped.

The Green Aqueduct Company sup-

plies excellent water to a considerable number of families in the centre of the town, while the Cold Spring Water Company performs the same service for a number of houses on the east side of the river.

Protection against fire is furnished by three very efficient hose companies, the high pressure of the aqueduct company making the possession of steamers unnecessary. There has been no serious fire in town since the introduction of the water service. The Glen Manufacturing Co. and the Berlin Mills have each a fire engine of their own, with a complete fire-fighting equipment and a thoroughly drilled fire department, and the other mills are supplied with hydrants connected with the aqueduct company's system.

At the same time when the water-works were put in, a complete sewer system was constructed by the town. The resulting gain in the general health of the community has been very marked.

The town is well supplied with social and fraternal organizations, among them being a lodge of Free Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Independent Order of Foresters, Catholic Order of Foresters, Society of St. John the Baptist, and Brotherhood of Paper-makers. The old name of the town is retained in the Maynesboro' club, which has convenient rooms in the National Bank block, equipped with billiard and pool tables, and furnished with a good selection of newspapers and periodicals. The club is a very important factor in the social life of the town. In addition to the above, there are several whist clubs, a ladies' literary club, and a snowshoe club,

with headquarters at the old Benjamin Thompson place.

There are two opera houses in Berlin—the Whitney opera house, on Mechanic street, and the Clement opera house, in the Clement block. The latter is a handsome hall with a seating capacity of nearly 1,500, and is one of the largest and best appointed opera houses north of Boston. Berlin has two out-door ice-rinks, and in the summer she supports a ball nine which boasts of being the champions of the North country. She is at the gateway to one of the finest hunting and fishing grounds in the East, and deer, partridge and rabbits, and trout and pickerel, abound even within the limits of the town. Every man in this part of the country is a fisherman, and in the summer there is a continual stream of fishing parties making for their favorite camping spots “up river.”

The town has an excellent public library, founded in 1893, and very largely reënforced by the recent gift of the entire Berlin Mills library. The library has rooms in Clement’s block, where are also the police court and town offices.

The banks of the town are a very important factor in its progress. There are two, the Berlin Savings Bank and Trust Company, of which A. M. Stahl is president and J. S. Phipps, treasurer, and the Berlin National Bank, of which A. R. Evans is president and A. H. Eastman, cashier. Both banks have been very conservatively managed, and extremely successful. It was reported that \$175 a share was recently refused for stock of the savings bank, while the national bank boasts that

it has never lost a dollar on a note. A description of Berlin would be woefully incomplete that did not make some mention of the natural beauties of the surrounding country. The town lies in a valley, hemmed in on all sides by mountains, with three outlets—up the Androscoggin, down the same river, and up the Dead River valley to the height of land where are the headwaters of the Upper Ammonoosuc.

From the Heights, as the upper part of the town is called, is obtained a fine view of Mts. Washington, Madison, and Adams, the Tiptop House being in plain sight. A magnificent view is obtained from the summit of Mt. Forist, while the outlook from Cate’s hill, back of the town, can hardly be surpassed anywhere in the White Mountain region. Starr King speaks of the view of the mountains from near the Thompson farm as showing better the characteristics of the three great mountains than any view elsewhere obtainable.

The Berlin falls, before the Glen mills were built, were one of the features of the scenery of this region, and are spoken of in terms of the highest admiration by Starr King. The Alpine cascade is a cataract of great beauty, and is visited in the summer months by a great number of sight-seers.

To tell of all the features of Berlin’s scenery, and to describe everything worthy of note in her various departments of activity, would be an almost interminable task. All that Berlin asks is that those who doubt what is said of her should come and see for themselves. She has good hotels and comfortable homes, and her latch-string is always out.

ELBRIDGE A. TOWLE.

By L. K. H. Lane.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has produced its full quota of men and women who have won distinction and renown in the various walks and callings of life to which their inclinations and talents have directed them, and their achievements have entailed honor to their memory and likewise added luster to the proud history of the state. If the vocation of railroad conductor is regarded as less brilliant than that to be obtained in the world of letters and science it is none the less honorable, and as exemplified in the career of the subject of this brief sketch is such as to appeal to the pride of every citizen of the commonwealth that gave him birth.

Elbridge A. Towle, on whose life the curtain was drawn January 31, last, was one of the oldest in point of service, and one of the most widely and favorably known railroad conductors in the United States. He was born in Hampton in the little toll-house on the turnpike, where his

father was toll-gatherer for sixteen years.

He first saw the light of day January 29, 1823, and was one of eight children of Caleb and Sarah Towle. When Elbridge was six years of age his father moved with his family to

the adjoining town of Hampton Falls, and engaged at farming upon the place now owned and occupied by another of his sons, Emmons B. Towle. This place is near the common, where stands the Governor Ware monument, and in close proximity to the house in which the poet Whittier died.

His education was obtained in the public schools with a brief course at Hampton academy. He was then employed by the stage company for a short time substituting for his brother, the regular driver. On March 28, 1847, he entered the service of the Eastern railroad as a brakeman on the train then run by Jeremiah Prescott, who afterwards became superintendent of the road.



Elbridge A. Towle

Mr. Towle was early made a conductor and given a Portland train running out of East Boston. Later, when the Eastern road entered the city proper, he ran the first train from the Causeway street station. He also ran the first train to North Conway. With the exception of four years that he ran through to Augusta, his regular run was from Boston to Portland. He covered the distance of 108 miles six days every week, and two days of each week he "doubled the road," making in round numbers 900 miles every week, 46,800 miles every year. In forty years he travelled 1,872,000 miles, or a distance that would have taken him around the world about seventy-five times.

On every trip over the road he passed within sight of the house in which he was born. It is a most remarkable fact that in his long service no accident ever occurred to his train resulting in the loss of life of a single passenger. Wonderful indeed were the changes and improvements in railroads, their equipment and management, that he witnessed. When he began railroading the largest cars accommodated forty-eight passengers, now their capacity is seventy-five. Then the heaviest engines weighed thirteen tons, now they weigh one hundred tons.

Mr. Towle served under the administration of fourteen presidents of the road, and at the time of his death he was in term of service the oldest employé of the great Boston & Maine system. He was acquainted with, and the warm personal friend of, many of the famous men of New England, including Daniel Webster, Governor Woodbury, Franklin Pierce,

Hannibal Hamlin, William Pitt Fessenden, and James G. Blaine.

When Hannibal Hamlin made the trip to Washington to assume the vice-presidency of the United States, he made two noted speeches, one at Salem, the other at Newburyport, from the rear end of Conductor Towle's train. James G. Blaine on his trips between Washington and Augusta always made it a point to ride on Mr. Towle's train, and on his last journey to the Capitol, accompanied by a few intimate friends, his private car was carefully guarded against intruders and orders given to admit no one, but the distinguished statesman sent for Mr. Towle, accorded him the heartiest of greetings, and manifested his interest in the continued welfare of the venerable conductor.

During the almost complete half century of his railroad life how varied must have been his experience! What scenes he must have witnessed while looking after the safety and comfort of the millions of travellers entrusted to his care. Parties journeying on pleasure bent, some weighed with the responsibilities of business, others on missions of sadness bowed with grief,—all receiving sympathy from the great heart of this noble man, who with health as rugged, honor as impregnable, and a purpose of right as fixed as the granite hills of his native state, pursued his course admired and loved by countless numbers of his fellowmen.

He was faithful to the end. Up to and including the day of his death he took his train through on time, and as usual delivered his charge safely at the end of the route, retired

to the privacy of his home in Charlestown, and sorrowing over the loss of his beloved companion whose death had occurred but a few days previous, from the presence of his children, his spirit was wafted to rejoin her's in that realm that knows no sorrow.

The life of Elbridge A. Towle was an example to follow, the virtues that he possessed are worthy the attainment of those who seek to be perfect men and women, and the monument best fitting to perpetuate his memory was carved by himself, more enduring than any that posterity can rear.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

By Harrie Sheridan Baketel, M. D.

O God, I pray, help me alway
Thy will to do.
Teach me to faithful be, full of humility,
And ever true.

THE LEGEND OF JOHN LEVIN AND MARY GLASSE.

[CONTINUED.]

By E. P. Tenney.

CHAPTER XVI.

BESIDES the visit of John Levin to Manchester upon that Sunday, the eighteenth day of July, Raymond Foote was there. Had he not been so frank hearted and true as to inspire confidence in every one whom he met, it is not likely that the jailor Hodgman would have accepted the prisoner's generous bribe,—and given him a disguise, and a horse, and twenty-four hours vacation, from midnight to midnight of July the eighteenth. The disguise was so perfect that even his friend, Dr. Jay, did not know him, when Raymond seated himself by his side in the meeting-house that morning; and since his ride in the

small hours made him sleep and breathe heavily in unison with others all through the sermon, he was looked upon by the awakening congregation as some new neighbor who had moved into town while they were asleep, or a fisherman accidentally present, so that no one spoke to him.

Observing the boating party he strolled along shore, just in season to be no unwilling observant of the Chubb Creek picnic, and listener in the thickets at hand. And he went to Glasse Head, after he knew that Mary was alone, and asked for lunch,—a request not unfrequent from coastwise travellers by water or land.

But he could not long disguise his voice; and when he removed his full-beard mask, he received hearty welcome and promise of concealment during his brief stay.

"I have not been able, Mary, to get your voice out of my ears for one waking or dreaming hour since you came to the jail with the birds."

Mary's face became suddenly pale: "I am glad, Raymond, if it was pleasing to you; but it was unwise in me, if not imprudent. Perhaps I ought, by virtue of our very long friendship, to have told you that I had engaged myself to John Levin; so that it was not very proper for me to go as I did, even to you. But my heart had misgivings, fearing that it was Mr. Levin himself who caused your arrest,—concerning which I went to warn you."

Mary had dropped her eyes in saying this. When she looked up, Raymond was as pale as her mother's ghost.

"I have lost my errand then, if that be so. Nor can I now even tell you what it is. It would not be fair between me and John Levin, if I were to say what I came for. But, Mary," he said, taking her hand, "if you have engaged to marry, let it never fail by your fault; if it fails by his fault, no matter how many years hence, will you tell me? And will you meantime come to me, if I can serve you? Do you not remember that you called me your brother when you were two years old?"

Mary was long silent. And Raymond went to the window to look out upon the light surf tossing upon the Ram islands or over sunken ledges. Mary after some time came to the window, and took Raymond's hands,

saying: "My heart trusts you, Raymond; and I would quickly answer your triplet of questions, Yes, Yes, Yes,—but after what I have told you about my relations to John Levin, it is not considerate even if kind in you to ask me to answer such questions, under the present circumstances. If circumstances change, it will be proper for you to ask then." Then Mary ceased to speak, and she looked steadfastly into the eyes of a friend whom she trusted. "I love you, Raymond, as a very dear friend. More I cannot say. Nor can I seal what I have said, or allow you to do so,—notwithstanding your lips are like cherries. Now escape while you can, for Martha and the doctor are coming to an early tea. Good bye. God be with you."

Raymond's road back to the jail seemed very long; and he was not so light hearted as he had hoped to have been, still there was a heart prompting which said,—"Raymond Foote, this is the best day's work you ever did in your life, but you were a great fool that you did not do it before you introduced Mary Glasse to John Levin."

CHAPTER XVII.

Upon that same Sunday, Martha and the doctor stayed a little at the Chubb Creek picnic ground after John Levin's departure, and after Mary had walked up the shore toward Glasse Head; the husband at least loitering with an eye to business.

"I half believe," said Martha, "that you were in league with your friend Levin, in coming here to select a building spot on Sunday. You know that I should not have

come upon such an errand to-day. But we are perfectly at one in the matter; for you would, I am sure, never have asked me to come, so that I happily lay it all to John Levin."

"John is not handy with a boat, you know, my adorable one. It's better landing here than at Black cove, in such water as we have to-day."

Then they sat upon the rocks near where they intended to build.

"It will be no slander, Robert, if I speak ill of John Levin, for it would not be behind his back. His face is always haunting me, and I shrink from it, since I know that he loves Mary."

"Let us, then, not speak of it."

"I would, indeed, much rather treat him as the dead, and say nothing ill of him."

"I admit that his character is less transparent than that of our mess-mate Foote, who never made a plot, or for a moment concealed the thought uppermost in his mind. He has not even the slightest talent for duplicity; but then, you know, he is not as brilliant as John Levin."

"Fiddlestick!"

"By brilliancy, I mean, in a business way, that John Levin is always keenly alive, wide awake, and making the sharpest turns to fulfil some purpose he has in view. He lives on a large scale. He is not so petty as to lie for a shilling, but he will tell twenty for a pound. In a bargain he would cinch his bosom friend, if he had one. But then he intends to make money; and if others have less wit, let them look to it. He was never born to be his brother's keeper. He's just the man to develop the resources of a new country."

"And still he is your friend."

"He is not my friend; he is my patient. I amuse him, and dose his mother; John amuses me, and gives me surprising fees. So large, indeed, that I imagine he expects to have a use for me some day. Perhaps, however, it is because I amuse him so much; then, we've known each other for twenty years."

"Ah, that's it. I did not know."

The doctor paused a moment, then added: "My first experience, Martha, as a ship's doctor, was with a master who trafficked in human lives; and once, before I knew it, I found myself upon an English ship plundering Spaniards. One expects, however, to meet all kinds of people in our British sea-faring life. But Martha, my adorable one, I am glad to be on shore with you."

With due formality and affecting solemnity, upon this site which the doctor had selected for their new house, he kissed his wife; and then they walked toward Glasse Head, the husband somewhat ponderously leading the way.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The next day John Levin presented one of John Calvin's snuff-boxes, which he had been fortunate enough to pick up at a junk shop in Geneva, to the Reverend Calvin Hammersmith, D. D., duly inscribed, "July 19th, from a friend and admirer." And John Levin sold to Elder Perkins an immense quantity of snuff, of the same brand he said that John Knox used in order to keep his congregation awake; so that, the next Sunday, the pious Levin found the Hammersmith auditors as alert and attentive as if

they had suspected their minister of heresy.

John Levin personally never took snuff, nor did Mary Glasse; nevertheless, they managed to keep awake that Sunday afternoon. Nor had Mary, before, ever met a person so sincerely desirous of religious illumination as the pious pagan, John Levin. But what he said was so intermingled with grave doubts as to the truth of Christianity, and uncertainty in regard to the personality of the First Cause, that the girl puzzled all the week to know whether her lover was an angel of light or whether he wore the character as a disguise.

The Sunday following, after Elder Perkins and his pastor had interviewed Mr. Levin, with reference to making him a deacon, Mary satisfied herself that, after all said and done, her devoted friend was something more than a mere rhetorician or playwright at things religious.

"I cannot conceal from you, Mr. Levin, that to me the principal question is, whether or not you and I are upon the same religious plane or likely ever to be so. I am not very devout, and I am not learned but my relation to the unseen is so real, that, even if it occupies relatively little of my time or thought, I cannot imagine one to be well balanced, who is off his base, as we say, in his religious theory or practice."

This would have seemed dull to John Levin, if the receiver of his snuffbox had said it, but he had already found that in Mary, which led him at least to know where she stood morally, and to know it more exactly than he knew his own whereabouts as to the claims even of nat-

ural religion. This positive element in the character of the only person who had ever awakened him to a sense of the emptiness of a life with no unselfish love in it, had at least won Mr. Levin's respect, and set him to more questioning than common as to his own relation to Mind in the universe, and to possible theories of right and wrong; and he had reached the conclusion, not unimportant, that the presence of Mary Glasse reinforced that which was best in his nature, so that her company was morally wholesome,—and that it was a good use of Sunday afternoons to visit Glasse Head.

One effect of this conclusion was to lead him to unwonted sincerity. It embarrassed him greatly to express his real thoughts and feelings, nor was it easy for him to persuade Mary that he truly did so. Fascinated as she was with his manly beauty, intellectual brilliancy, and grasp of complicated affairs; and bound to him as she was by a feeling of physical and spiritual kinship, entirely inexplicable to this girl not out of her teens, a feeling that had grown upon her ever since she had received him from the Atlantic,—she still looked upon him as a perfect master in the arts of deception, of astounding mendacity, and of life questionable as to his personal habits. How she could cling to him she did not know, but she was conscious of being fastened to him by some secret power as hard to resist as gravitation. But if she must be near him, must often see him, must love him at least dutifully, if not with a wife's all-absorbing love,—still she was not bound to believe in him. But upon this first day of August she came to believe

that John Levin was not absolutely without sincerity.

It was on his part a great step to take,—to confess himself a pretender and a sham; to confess it to a girl half his age; to tell her, what was true, that she had appeared to him like a revelation, that in her he had something to live for, that for the first time in his life he felt the kindlings of an unselfish devotion; and that his new life of love had made him conscious of much that was evil in his nature—if not evil positively yet relatively,—evil as compared with an ideal life, his ideal—the life of Mary Glasse.

With strange heart-throbs the girl heard the impassioned story. Not a word was now said about marriage, or fixing that day of which she could not think without terror. And now for the first time since her engagement she felt that she had not been too hasty, and she understood something of the eternal ground of that divine ordaining which had brought her and John Levin together. And there glowed in her heart fresh fires of affection for this strange man.

"I have had a rough life, Mary," he said, standing upon the threshold, "I am selfish, and hard, and almost destitute of what you would call sense of duty. I was brought up so, and I have bettered my training. You will have a hard time if you are sent now to become the guardian

angel of my life. To have made your task easy you really ought to have begun when I was a child, or away back before my mother's ancestors began their wild, adventurous, unscrupulous living. I need your life, Mary. It is a great comfort to me to become conscious for the first time in my life, of a slight attempt at self contending. I never did it before. I do it for your sake; for my own, that I may be more worthy of you. It is a great comfort to me to be permitted to see you; although it cannot be very satisfactory to you, that is, if you look for such purity of life and character as alone ought to cross your threshold. But I am what I am.

"It is a great triumph on your part, Mary," he added, smiling and kissing her good bye, "that you have made me willing to humble my egotism to tell you, even by a cautious intimation, what a scamp I am; how great a scamp, you will, I trust, never know or believe. The wild beast within me falls at your feet. Thank God that you do not know how low down in the scale the creature is. But, Mary, I love you, and I depend upon you to do your best to help me to get the upper hand of that which is unworthy in my manhood."

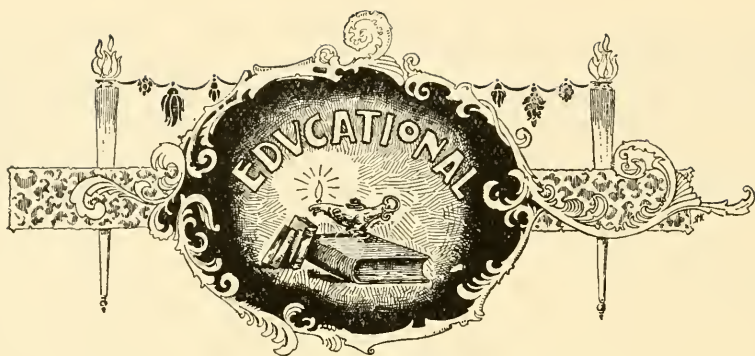
Mary stood long upon the rocks, watching John Levin's boat, which finally disappeared in the darkness.

[*To be continued.*]

A WISH.

By H. H. Hanson.

May your joys, as the heavens that circle above,
As boundless and infinite be,
And like as its stars are removed from the earth
May sorrow be distant from thee.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

SUPERVISION OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Hon. J. W. Dickinson, ex-secretary of Massachusetts State Board of Education.

A public school system in a democratic state requires for its existence a community of persons acting together in establishing, supporting, controlling, and teaching the schools, and in supplying them with living materials to be trained into a virtuous, intelligent, and homogeneous people.

Where a number or a community of persons may be engaged in accomplishing a common end, unity of action is possible only by organizing all under the executive power of a representative mind,—this is understood in the management of all business affairs, and of all private institutions.

It may be in accordance with the will of the people that public common schools should be established and supported; but they must be brought into existence, and their character and conduct determined by the direct agency of the representatives of the people. The people,

therefore, must elect public officers to represent them in organizing the schools, and in supervising the administration of their work.

In the New England States the town is the smallest political unit, and is quite independent in some phases of its existence, and yet the public schools of the towns are state institutions. The state, through its representatives, determines what shall be the general character of the schools, and then it requires the towns to conform to its will in their management.

In the colonial days of Massachusetts the welfare of the public schools was committed to the care of the selectmen of the towns, or as they were called, the chosen men for managing the prudentials. These persons were always assisted by the clergymen of the parishes, who often performed the duties of school superintendents. As the people became better judges of what constitutes good teaching,

¹ Read before the Nashua Teachers' Club, January 27, 1895.

laws were passed requiring more care and intelligence in the selection of teachers.

In 1701 the general court ordered every grammar master to secure the approval of the minister of the town, and of the ministers of the two adjacent towns, or any two of them, by a certificate under their hands. In 1789 the towns were authorized to divide their territory into districts, and then it was ordered that the ministers of the gospel, and the selectmen, or other such persons chosen for that purpose, shall use their influence in securing the regular attendance of the children upon the schools, and that once in every six months at least, and as much oftener as they should deem necessary, visit and inspect the schools, and inquire into the regulations and discipline thereof, and the proficiency of the scholars therein, giving reasonable notice of the time of their visitation.

It appears that the people were aware of the importance of intelligent supervision of their schools, for the ministers, who were the educated men of the town, were always associated with the selectmen, that competent persons might be provided for the examination of teachers and for the inspection of their schools.

In 1827 the legislature enacted a law requiring each town in the commonwealth to choose at its annual meeting, a school committee, who should have general charge and supervision of the public schools.

The act specified the duties of the committees. They were to require full and satisfactory evidence of the good moral character of all instructors employed in the town, and they were to satisfy themselves by a per-

sonal examination (or otherwise) of their scholarship and of their ability to govern.

The committees selected by the towns were generally good men, and faithful, but they knew little of the philosophy of education, or of the true method of teaching. They supposed the teacher's duty was done, if he assigned lessons from the text-books and heard recitations of the words that had been committed to memory, and at the same time kept the children in what was called good order.

But as time passed on and more intelligent notions of the true province of the public school began to prevail, thoughtful men became dissatisfied with the limited good accomplished by untrained teachers teaching imperfect courses of instruction, in school-houses unfit for use, and entirely wanting in the proper means of teaching and study, while there was no organization existing, having authority or knowledge enough to make changes for the better.

In 1854 the legislature authorized the cities by ordinance and the towns by vote to require the school committees to choose a superintendent of schools. Under this act ninety cities and large towns have since availed themselves of its provisions. But the smaller and less wealthy towns were unable to endure the expense of employing such an agency. So in 1870 a law was passed allowing the towns to unite in districts for the support and employment of school superintendents.

Under this law seventeen towns were formed into superintendent districts. Still a very large number of towns having a small amount of tax-

able property and in many cases a constantly decreasing population, were unwilling as well as unable to form into districts under the simple permissive law of 1870. To provide for such towns a law was enacted in 1888, offering state aid to all districts formed in accordance with the provisions of the law, and aid also to the schools belonging to the districts.

The law may be familiar to you all, and yet I wish to state its provisions that I may point out some of its excellences and some of its defects.

"Any two or more towns, the valuation of each of which does not exceed \$2,500,000, and the number of schools in all of which, is not more than fifty, nor less than thirty, may, by vote of the several towns unite, for the purpose of the employment of a superintendent of schools under the provisions of this act."

When such a union has been effected, the school committees of the towns uniting shall form a joint committee, and for the purposes of this act the joint committee shall be held to be the agents of each of the towns comprising the union.

Said committee shall meet annually in joint convention in the month of April, at a time and place agreed upon by the chairmen of the committees of the several towns comprising the union, and shall organize by the choice of chairman and secretary.

They shall choose by ballot a superintendent of schools, determine the relative amount of service to be performed by him in each town, fix his salary, and apportion the amount to be paid by the several towns, and certify such amount to the treasurer of each town.

In affording state aid the legisla-

ture was careful to provide against any attempt the towns might be inclined to make on account of the aid to reduce the amount they were accustomed to raise by taxation for the support of their schools.

Article 3d of the act relates to state aid, and is as follows: "Whenever the chairman and secretary of such joint committee shall certify under oath to the state auditor that a union has been effected as herein provided—that the towns, in addition to an amount equal to the average of the total sum paid by the several towns for schools, during the three years next preceding, unitedly have raised by taxation and appropriated a sum not less than seven hundred and fifty dollars for the support of a superintendent of schools, and that under the provisions of this act, a superintendent of schools has been employed for one year, a warrant shall be drawn upon the treasurer of the commonwealth for the payment of \$1,000 [now \$1,250] one half of which sum [now \$750] shall be paid for the salary of such superintendent; and the remaining one half (that is \$500) shall be apportioned and distributed on the basis of the average public school attendance of the towns forming such district for the year next preceding, which amount shall be paid for the salaries of teachers employed in the public schools within such district."

"A sum not exceeding \$35,000 shall be annually appropriated for the purposes of this act."

To remove the opposition to the act that might be made by school committees, it was provided that they should receive pay for their services as heretofore.

Under the act of 1888 one hundred and forty-six towns have formed themselves into districts, and have provided special supervision for their public schools.

Some of the results of district supervision:

1. There has been a large increase in the attendance of pupils in all grades of the public schools. The superintendents in the rural towns turned their attention at once to this matter.

2. The teaching force has been greatly improved.

3. The schools are better graded.

4. They are supplied with better courses of study.

5. They are taught by better methods.

6. They are better equipped with text-books and other means of study and teaching.

7. New school-houses are constructed more in accordance with the principles of comfort, convenience, and beauty.

8. The superintendents secure a more intelligent care of school-houses.

9. They make arrangements for a more economical expenditure of money; in many instances saving by their intelligent use of funds more than they receive in salaries.

The improvements they have caused to be made in the administration of school affairs, has excited great interest on the part of parents, and of all who pay taxes for the support of schools. There is now a general demand for trained teachers, as shown in the recent establishment of four new normal schools.

The late returns from the towns in the commonwealth show how gener-

ally the idea of school superintendence has been accepted.

There are in Massachusetts 353 towns; number of towns under special school supervision, 253; per cent., 71.7.

The population of the state is 2,500,183; population under supervision, 2,341,867; per cent., 93.6.

Number of teachers in the state, 10,409; number of teachers under supervision, 9,447; per cent., 90.7.

Number of pupils in the public schools, 412,953; number under supervision, 384,463; per cent., 93.1.

The foregoing statistics are taken from the report of Mr. Edson.

There are some defects in the Massachusetts law that have been found by experience in its application.

In some cases provision should be made for allowing a town of low valuation to unite with a town whose valuation is above the limit established by the law, as the small town may be so situated that there is no other small town in the vicinity with which it can unite.

A district having less than thirty schools should be allowed aid from the state, if the state superintendent approves.

After a district has been formed in accordance with the provisions of the law, let it not be dissolved, even if the valuation of some of the towns rises above the limit, nor if the number of schools in the district is, after a time, more than fifty or less than thirty.

When a union of towns has been effected, it should not be allowed to break up until after a trial of three years, unless it obtains the consent of the state superintendent of schools, or of the state board of education.

An experience of three years will generally make district superintendence a permanent institution.

The laws of Massachusetts do not grant any independent authority to school superintendents. All authority in the management of schools is vested in the town school committee. The authority of the superintendent is delegated authority, and this is to be exercised always with the approval of the committee.

It is now generally understood that the superintendent should be permitted, with the approval of the committees, to determine the number of schools a town shall maintain, to nominate the teachers to be employed, to make out courses of studies for the schools, to direct the teachers in their methods of teaching, to select the text-books to be used, to have charge of the janitors, and to see that the school-houses are in order.

The superintendent should hold frequent and regular meetings of the teachers of his town or district, to communicate to them the results of his observations on their work, and to illustrate before them ways of improvement. At the same time he should not neglect to approve generously whatever he has found to be worthy.

There should be a state superintendent of schools in every state. He should consider it his duty to suggest to the board of education, or directly to the legislature of the state, the legislation necessary for the best administration of public school affairs, visit all parts of the state for the purpose of creating and guiding public sentiment in regard to the interests of popular education, attend meetings of teachers and school officers of the

state, have the special supervision of the normal schools, organize and conduct teachers' institutes, collect in his office specimens of the best means of teaching, receive and arrange in his office the reports and returns of town school committees, distribute state documents relating to the system of public schools, and lastly he should see to it that the school laws of the commonwealth are obeyed, and that all the children of school age are in school.

That the state superintendent of schools may do his work well, and cause all the educational progress to be made that the present age demands; he should have the coöperation of the state government,—the sympathy of all the different orders of school men in the state,—the cordial support of the people; and, in New Hampshire, he should be assisted in his general work by two state agents acting under his special direction.

The agents should be employed in visiting the schools, that the condition of school buildings may be thoroughly and intelligently examined; that any neglect on the part of the towns to supply their schools with the means of teaching may be discovered, and that accurate information may be obtained concerning courses of studies in use and methods of teaching.

From such observations the visitors will be able to infer something of the preparation of the teacher to perform in a skilful manner the responsible duties of his office. In this way the agents may render important assistance to the state superintendent, to the town school committees, and to school teachers who may be aided

and encouraged by their suggestions. At the end of the year a report should be made to the state superintendent, and through him to the state, of their doings and observations, to be made the basis of school legislation.

The agents should be educational philosophers, such as will command the respect of teachers, superintendents, and all local school authorities, and they should be willing to work each in his own field, satisfied with being the humble instruments of promoting in the best way and in the

highest degree possible the interests of popular education. The results of such work will at length impress the people with the importance of providing special supervision over all their schools.

To produce these important changes in the general management of the public schools of a commonwealth, will require patience, perseverance, tact, skill, faith, courage, patriotism, and finally, the exercise of all the virtues that have for their object the well being of the individual and the ornament of human society.



C. S. GEORGE.

Charles Smith George was born in Barnstead, September 15, 1816, and was educated at Henniker academy. He taught school in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New Jersey, and in 1845 was admitted to the bar, having studied with Hon. W. H. Hackett at Portsmouth. He practised his profession for ten years, and then devoted the remainder of his life to agricultural pursuits. He was a Whig, and later a Democrat, serving as representative in 1860 and 1861, member of the constitutional convention in 1876, and state senator in 1887. He was president of the first labor reform state convention in 1870, and of the first Greenback state convention in 1878. He died at Barnstead, January 22.

MRS. EZEKIEL WEBSTER.

Achsah Pollard, widow of Ezekiel Webster, brother of Daniel Webster, died in Concord, January 31. She was born at Dunstable, now Nashua, July 9, 1801, and was educated at Salem, Mass. From the house in Concord, now known as the Rolfe and Rumford asylum, she was married, August 5, 1825, to Mr. Webster. After his death in court, at Concord, in 1829, she lived at Boscawen until 1838, and then made her home for thirty years with her daughter, the wife of Prof. E. D. Sanborn of Dartmouth college. Since 1875 she had resided with her niece, Mrs. Charles C. Lund, at Concord.

MITCHELL GILMORE.

Mitchell Gilmore was born in Warner, March 31, 1805, and died at Concord February 4. He served his native town as selectman, town clerk, and

representative; and Merrimack county as register of deeds and county treasurer. In 1847, upon the organization of the Equitable Mutual Fire Insurance company at Concord, he was chosen secretary, and retained the position for twenty-five years. He was also for a long time grand secretary of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of New Hampshire.

AMOS PAUL.

Amos Paul, a native of Newmarket, died at Newfields, January 30, at the age of 85 years. He learned the trade of a machinist, and in 1834, when the South Newmarket Iron Foundry was incorporated, became its president. In 1849 the Swampscott Machine works was united with the foundry, and Mr. Paul became agent. In this position he continued until within three years. He was a director of the Boston & Maine railroad for twenty-five years, and as a Republican, served his town in the legislature, and was chosen presidential elector in 1868.

J. C. CAMPBELL.

John C. Campbell died at Hillsborough Bridge February 16, at the age of 79 years. He had been cashier of the National bank, and its predecessor, the Valley state bank, since 1861. He was town treasurer for twenty-five years, state representative in 1871 and 1872, director of the Peterborough & Hillsborough railroad since 1878, president of the Hillsborough Water Works, and was well known throughout the state.

MRS. S. M. NUTTER.

Sylvania M., wife of Colonel E. S. Nutter of Concord, died January 31, at the age of 72 years, 3 months and 23 days. She was a native of Methuen, Mass., and was educated at the Andover, Mass., girls' academy, graduating with honors. She was united in marriage with Colonel Nutter at Lowell, Mass., in February, 1845. She was a lady of rare mental attainments, interested in all charitable work, and a devoted member of the Baptist church.

REV. CHARLES PEABODY.

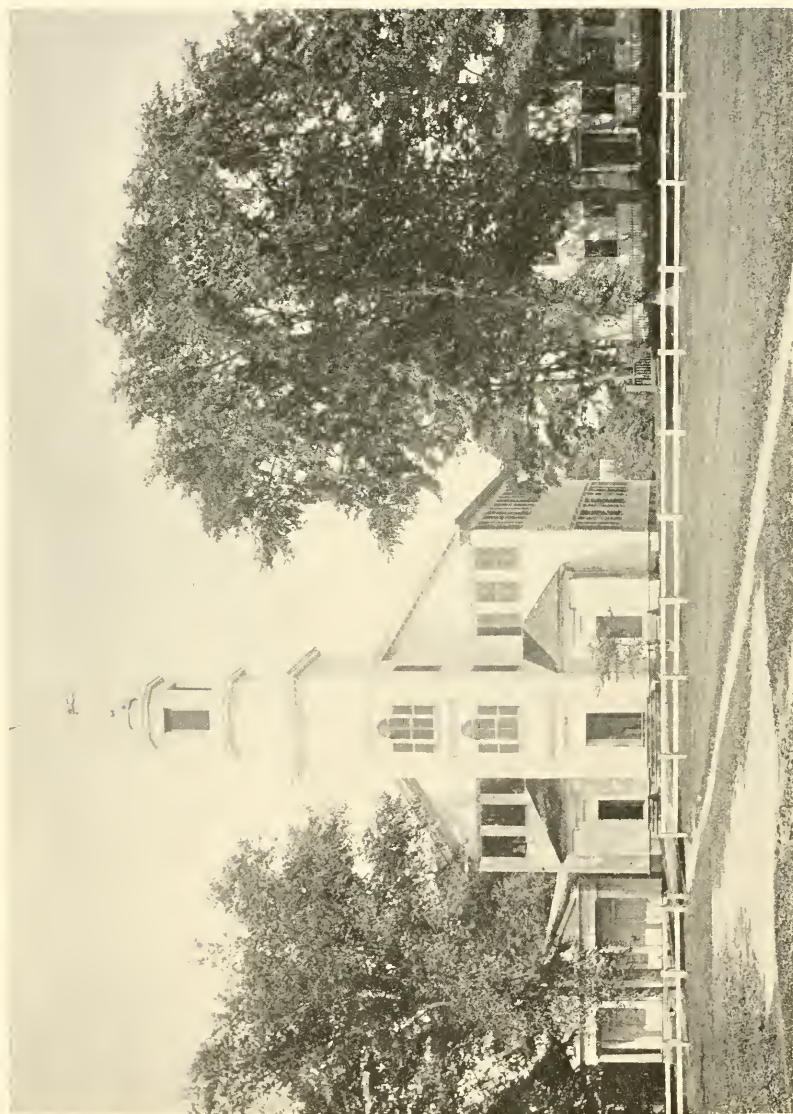
Rev. Charles Peabody was born at Peterborough, July 1, 1810, and died at Longmeadow, Mass., February 9. He was educated at Williams college and Andover Theological seminary, and preached at Biddeford and Eliot, Me., Epsom, Pownal, Vt., Windsor and Ashburnham, Mass., Barrington, R. I., and Ashford, Conn.

M. P. HALL.

Marshall P. Hall was born in Meredith, August 11, 1838, was educated at Gifford academy, and engaged in the printing business at Manchester until 1862, with the exception of three years, when he taught school in Ohio. He was city librarian of Manchester for three years, and from 1865 to the time of his death, was employed by the Amoskeag company as an accountant. Mr. Hall was a member of the school board of Manchester for twenty-four years, serving as its clerk and vice-chairman, and was a member of two state constitutional conventions. He was a Republican in politics, an active member of the Franklin-street church, and its representative upon the board of trustees of Eliot hospital. He died in Manchester, February 12.

MOSES FAIRBANKS.

Hon. Moses Fairbanks, a native of Dublin, died at Boston, February 4. He came to the city when about twenty years of age and entered into business. He was a leading bottler, and later was prominent in real estate. In politics he was a Republican.



THE COLLEGE CHURCH AT HANOVER.

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THE COLLEGE CHURCH AT HANOVER.¹

FROM A DISCOURSE IN DECEMBER, LAST, ENTITLED "THE CENTENARY OF OUR CHURCH-BUILDING," PREACHED BY THE PASTOR, REV. S. P. LEEDS.



HIS church building was dedicated one hundred years ago, on the thirteenth day of December, which, if I reckon rightly, fell that year on Sunday. The village was then about twenty-five years old, and the church was of nearly the same age. During this period of twenty-five years the church worshipped in a college building that stood on the south-east corner of the Green. Three or four years later, when the village had grown to eleven comfortable dwellings (I quote from our dear Judge Chase, the best of authorities,) "the citizens, thirteen in number, subscribed one hundred dollars to enlarge the College chapel," and there the services of the church were held for fifteen years. At the end of that time, a new chapel was erected with the aid of a larger

number of gentlemen and a much larger sum of money than before. This building "stood in the College yard, at a short distance from the south-west corner of Dartmouth Hall." It served its purpose until 1828, when it was drawn away.

But the wonderful growth of college and village in the last decade of the century made better accommodations for public occasions indispensable, and a conference of citizens formulated plans for the present house. Five thousand dollars were raised without difficulty. It has been said that the erection of so large a building was mainly due to the urgency of the second President Wheelock, and was un-acceptable to many of the villagers because of its necessary cost. But, however this may be, the preacher of the dedicatory sermon tells us (I quote his words), "although we are not a large society, yet the consideration of public occa-

¹ Some passages are omitted, a few verbal changes have been made, and, for the sake especially of very many who once worshipped in Hanover, but are no longer residents of it, a few sentences have been added. For the facts concerning the various buildings used for public worship, I am very greatly indebted to the late Frederic Chase, Esq.—S. P. L.



Eleazar Wheelock, First Pastor.

sions frequently occurring early led the minds of the settlers to view the expediency of a spacious and convenient house. It was this consideration that occasioned the long delay in building." And the preacher speaks of "few as associated in the design," and of the house as dedicated "at their request and in their behalf."

One half of the sum subscribed was paid in cash as needed, and the remainder in beef, pork, grain, lumber, and labor at fixed prices. Labor was estimated at fifty-eight cents a day. The means were wholly furnished by individuals, but with the understanding that the College should share in the use of the building under arrangements that still exist. A few words more on the meeting-house, as it was then, projected early in the year 1794 but not completed or at least not dedicated till near the end of 1795.

It was sixty-six feet long by sixty wide, of liberal dimensions therefore,

considering immediate needs, although we should not forget that Lyme, immediately north of us, erected a still larger building a few years later. Our edifice was enlarged at the south end by a "belcony" fifteen feet square, and this, fifty feet high, was surmounted by a steeple of



Prof. R. Shurtleff, Pastor, 1805-'27.

fifty feet more. This latter unfortunately, especially so since the later strengthenings of the structure, was taken down from unnecessary timidity about twenty years later; ten years afterwards, the present steeple was erected.

The house contained sixty-six pews nearly square, *i. e.*, seven and a half feet by five and a quarter. One such, certainly, remained when I came, but with both seats facing pulpit-ward. Of course many of their occupants were obliged to sit with the back to the preacher, but perhaps found compensation in having their faces towards the choir. In prayer-time,

when, according to custom, all stood, the seats were raised on hinges, and great was the clatter when the devotions were ended and the seats resumed. The pews were raised from the aisles one step in the middle blocks and two steps on the wall, a fact of which we have reminders still. For forty years they were numbered with chalk. Like the galleries, the pulpit was very high; a sounding-board was suspended over it; and attached to the front of the pulpit platform were the deacons' official seats, two in number, raised one above the other and facing the congregation.

At first, although there were fifty-

in, and placed, seemingly, in the centre of the house. But improvements were to come. In 1838 two chimneys were built at the north end, stoves were placed near the doors, and the "long pipes," as Judge Chase expresses it, and as I, arriving here in December, 1860, can verify, "suspended over the side aisles, dripped creosote diligently on the floor and frescoed the chimneys."

But let us now turn for a while to the preacher of the dedication sermon that December day in 1795. It was, most naturally, the pastor of the Church. But he was not its first pastor, who was the founder of the College, Eleazar Wheelock. Nor was he its second, Silvanus Ripley. Of him, a son-in-law of President Wheelock, Ripley, the gifted preacher, whom the royal governor, Wentworth, would have persuaded to enter the English church, and the faithful professor in the College, there is not time to speak; I only allude to his



John Richards, Pastor, 1841-'59.

seven windows, the house had no appliance for heating. Some ladies brought with them foot-stoves. Judge Nesmith has related that, when a Freshman, his "best foot" was frozen during service. Not till 1822, when similar improvements (it appears) were made in the College building, was a large stove brought



Rev. S. P. Leeds, Present Pastor.

tragic death. Returning on a Sunday afternoon in February, 1787, from the church at the Centre where he had been preaching, and riding backward in the storm because of his delicate health, he fell from his seat and broke his neck. He was only thirty-seven years old. The pastor and preacher of that day was the Rev. John Smith, professor of languages in the College. He graduated here in 1773, two years after Ripley, like him studied divinity with Dr. Wheelock, and taught here for 35 years till his death in 1809. He was professor of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Oriental languages, and he published grammars in three of these with other works. He was most assiduous in labor, and his associates agreed that they had known no man with the same natural endowments who had been more useful. He had been associated as pastor with Mr. Ripley for five years, and after that gentleman's death was sole pastor for nearly twenty years, when the Church in its present congregational form was organized. After that time, although residing here, he continued to preach to the Vermont branch of the original Church until he died. The President of the College at this time, it may be remarked, was John Wheelock, a son of the founder, and not a clergyman.

Dr. Smith's sermon was from the text, "The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion," and its subject, as given in the title page, was "The Duty Advantages and Pleasures of Public Worship." It is quite unlike the typical sermon of those days. Its text is but a motto or little more; a few minutes are devoted at the beginning to the general

subject of worship, and a reverent behavior in it is enjoined; about as many minutes more are given to the benefits and pleasure of it; and a brief conclusion refers to the past, dedicates the house (as has been said) at the request and in the behalf of the donors, and ends with devout expressions. It is a fitting and rather graceful discourse on a somewhat difficult occasion. In a note prefixed to it as published, he expresses his joy in the prospect of his people's "increasing respectability."

'A most interesting occasion, that day, could we reproduce it. President Wheelock and that excellent man, Professor Woodward, sat near the front, and around them were their associates in the enterprise. We should be glad to know the hymns sung, the scriptures read; we should be glad to know more definitely the aspect of those who gathered on the uncarpeted floors and within the bare walls of the unwarmed structure on that December day. But no survivor can tell us, and so far as I know no record is preserved.

Since that time the building has been occupied almost uninterruptedly for religious services. There have been rare occasions when the making of changes or repairs prevented this. The communion was administered here to the Presbyterian church once a quarter until, I think, 1815, in addition commonly (I suppose) to the regular services of the same nature.

"By 1838, after a generation of use, the whole structure had fallen out of repair. A radical renovation was made. The old square pews were taken out and the present slips

of half the width were substituted. One half of the windows were boarded up, and all, for the first time, were provided with blinds. The entire floor was raised to the height of the wall pews, and the pulpit platform rearranged. The present steeple was erected." Thirty years later another important improvement was made. The foundations were wholly renewed, vestibules were built at the side doors, and a furnace for wood took the place of the stoves. The old chimneys were taken away from the north end, and a new one was built near the tower. The house was repainted, and carpeted anew, and the students' seats were cushioned and widened. In 1877 the building was lengthened ten feet at its northern end; the galleries were lowered two feet, and the pulpit accordingly, the south gallery narrowed three feet—the organ being transferred from it to the present location; and, for the first time, the floor of the house and the pews were carpeted all alike. The organ had been erected in 1852, through the efforts of Professor Brown.

But at last, in 1889, a much greater change was to be made in the house, the first radical one for half a century. A lady from Philadelphia, watching here over a dying husband, gave fifty dollars towards improvements, as an expression of gratitude for kindnesses she had received. A friend of the pastor visiting him added an equal amount. This was considerably increased by gifts from one and another residing here. Our fellow townsman and church member, Mr. Hiram Hitchcock, being acquainted with the efforts making among us, gave generous encouragement. I received

from him a succession of almost or quite daily notes in each of which he increased his subscription by two hundred and fifty or five hundred dollars. At length, by his wish, photographs were taken and sent to him. These were submitted to Mr. Stanford White of New York, who had recently designed the beautiful centenary arch in that city, now standing in marble. "You are in danger," said he, "of spoiling a fine old colonial church." He made designs, which he afterwards presented to us, no doubt for Mr. Hitchcock's sake. His object was to beautify and modernize, yet to preserve the original characteristics of an old-fashioned New England church. And his designs included everything, the tinting of the walls and ceiling, for instance, down to the carpets and cushions. Except in the lowering of the upper tier of windows formerly close under the eaves, and the omission of the blind windows, the external appearance remains unchanged, the extension of twelve feet not affecting sensibly the general proportions. But within it would be much easier to tell what was not done than what was, the only thing, perhaps, left undone (and necessarily so), being the removal of the stairs at the entrances of the several aisles. At the time I counted a dozen or more groups of changes that were made. The heads of yonder pilasters, for example, were "treated," as the architects express it, and brought into their present graceful form. The striking feature of the change, however, was the extension of the north or pulpit end, and the erection of a permanent platform adapted to the uses of commencement. The new organ should

also be mentioned, another gift from the same generous donor.¹

For the sake of many former worshippers no longer resident in Hanover, the following description by Prof. Arthur S. Hardy is appended: "The vestibule is greatly improved by the removal of the old stairways, access to the galleries being so provided for as to leave a spacious and well-lighted entrance. The seats on

circular window of the same fills the rear wall-space behind the pulpit. The choir platform in front of the organ is screened by a heavy railing of brass, hung with silk curtains, and the gas chandeliers, five in number, are also of brass, with candle-burners of old colonial pattern. The pulpit was designed by Mr. White, and is richly decorated with carvings to correspond with those of the entablature



Present Interior of the College Church.

the floor of the house have been widened and lowered, and the rearrangement of the pews in the rear gallery secures freer access to those on the east and west sides. The extension at the north end of the church is twelve feet in depth, and contains the pulpit recess, organ, and pastor's room. The union between the body of the house and this addition is effected by three arches and a façade of fluted Ionic columns and pilasters. The side arches are filled above the door-ways with crackled glass, and a

and capitals of the façade. The walls and ceilings have been treated in flat tints of a warm buff and a pale blue, and the wood-work is uniformly painted in colonial white. The result is one of great harmony and beauty, and the interior can safely challenge comparison with more pretentious structures for cheerfulness and richness of effect, while the whole is one of the finest specimens of old colonial architecture in the country."

It would require the knowledge of Judge Chase to depict another than

¹Most fitly might Judge Chase close his very felicitous address on the reopening of the church with these words: "With what feelings of gratitude and wonder would the generous and far-seeing men who built it behold it now, by modern taste and generosity faultlessly complete, in the style of their own period, to a degree of beauty and comfort beyond their most fanciful dreams. Long may it survive, a blessing to all who dwell under its shadow!"

the religious side of the history of this building. He himself said,—“it will not be forgotten that, as the place for all general gatherings religious and secular for many years, there is another side to its history which both time and ability would fail me to describe.” Very many have been the scenes within these old walls, sacred, secular, solemn, mirthful—irreverent sometimes, momentous. I shall not attempt to tell the story of the great conflict, in the first quarter of the century, when this edifice was the coveted prize for commencement day of the college and the new university then existing here,—how the students of the college took possession of it the night before, barricaded its doors, and prepared by stones and otherwise at its windows to defend it from their rivals.

I can only suggest the long list of men eminent in letters, philosophy, statesmanship, and even arms, who have spoken from this platform, especially in commencement-week. The prose poet Emerson, and the scholarly Hillard and the eloquent Edward Everett are representatives of many.¹ Here Rufus Choate paid his reverential tribute to Webster, and William M. Evarts commemorated Chief Justice Chase, and that illustrious graduate of Dartmouth, George Perkins Marsh, received due honor from President Brown. None who saw can forget the scene when General Sherman, the year after the ending of the great war, rose in response to the graceful words of Pres-

ident Smith by whom he had just been announced as Doctor of Laws; the enthusiasm and delight were wonderful to see. It would be easy to multiply pictures of a most interesting character. How large the crowds of young men going out from the college into the world, that have come down this middle aisle,—in all about five thousand. Among them, within the first twenty years after the erection of the church, were such as Bishop Chase and Dr. Mussey, Judge Fletcher, the historian Ticknor, and General Thayer, William Goodell the missionary and that saintly mystic, Professor Upham,—but I forbear; perhaps I ought not to have begun, yet these represent different classes of illustrious men.

How many good men and good women have paused here on their way to their last resting-place. Not a few of us will recall, in this month of December, that our prized Professor Noyes was borne hither on the twenty-sixth of the month ten years ago, and will remember the deep and sacred peace that rested on his face. He had been preceded by his early associate, Professor and President Brown, in November. He was followed in five days by Professor Sanborn; on the last day of the year we laid his dust away, that long-to-be remembered man, like some strong elder brother waiting till the last to close the door upon the history of that faithful generation.

“With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity!”

¹ Others who have officiated as orators and poets at the anniversaries of the Phi Beta Kappa society, are President Jesse Appleton, Daniel Webster, Richard Fletcher, Daniel Oliver, Rufus Choate, Charles B. Haddock, Ichabod Bartlett, Ira Perley (twice), Charles D. Cleveland, George Bush, Calvin E. Stowe, Oliver W. Holmes (twice), Caleb S. Henry, Tayler Lewis, Leonard Woods, Jr., Levi Woodbury, George P. Marsh, Leonard Bacon, Samuel G. Brown, George W. Bethune, John G. Saxe, Ogden Hoffman, William G. T. Shedd, James T. Fields, Edwin D. Sanborn, George L. Prentiss, Alpheus Crosby, Charles A. Aiken, James W. Patterson, Charles H. Bell, Charles D. Warner, not to mention fifty more. I am unable to give the names of many others still who have come at the call of the literary societies or of the Alumni association.

But, of course, it has been through the worship of God's people and the preaching of His gospel that this church edifice has best served the three generations that have passed since its erection. It is a very pleasant thing to remember that this house is never closed on the Lord's day, and a quite note-worthy thing. In summer and winter, on days of tempest as on other days, it is open ; but

once, at most, has there failed (I think) to be service here for a generation at least, except at such times of renovation as have been spoken of, and then service has been held elsewhere among us. There have been the steady ministrations of pastors and teachers, and earnest and eminent evangelists have labored here.

* * * * *

EASTER.

By Ella A. Wentworth.

Out from the silent night dawns fair the Easter morning,
 In shimmering tints of opal, gold, and pearl ;
 The sun-kissed clouds low in the orient lying,
 Their banners bright with radiant light unfurl.

As dawns the day from out the night of darkness,
 All sweet and fair, with glad and cheering ray ;
 So, from the tomb, its silence and its sadness,
 Did Christ arise to Heaven's eternal day.

Oh, lilies fair, unfold your snowy petals !
 Breathe incense sweet from out your hearts of gold !
 Fit emblems of our glorious risen Saviour,
 Whose tender love doth all the earth enfold.

Sing to His praise ye ransomed hosts of heaven !
 Thou sons of earth, kneel at His sacred feet !
 Call on His name with holy reverence tender !
 And o'er thy life shall fall a blessing sweet.

The crimson flowers of sin, and pride, and passion,
 Shall fade away before His glorious face :
 And lilies pure, of peace, and love, and gladness,
 Shall bloom in beauty, perfectness, and grace.

High unto heaven let music glad, triumphant,
 Of voices sweet in anthems grand arise :
 All praise to Him, our blessed Lord and Saviour,
 Who lives fore'er, enthroned above the skies.

A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By John C. Thorne.

"Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings."—*Goldsmith.*



It was not very long ago that I had the great pleasure of visiting this ancient and world-renowned abbey. On several successive days, as

we would step out from our temporary home (Westminster Palace hotel), which was situated directly in front and almost within the moving shadows of the two mighty towers that adorn the great western entrance, we would wander in and through the aisles of this famous cathedral.

The site of Westminster is an island in the Thames, formerly called "Thorney," and

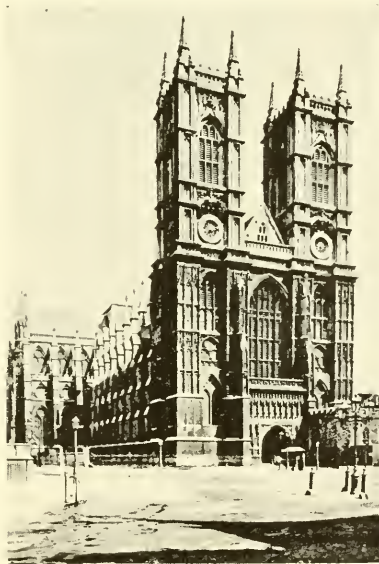
was of earlier importance than London. Here Edward the Confessor lived and laid the foundations of the Abbey about the year 1065. On this spot, according to some writers, an ancient pagan temple had stood. The edifice has been added to and beautified by many monarchs, espe-

cially by Henry III, Richard III, and Henry the VII. The form is that of a Latin cross, 511 feet long and 203 feet wide across the transepts, while the roof attains an elevation of over 100 feet. The façade

is toward the west and the altar and choir at the east end, in the direction of Christ's birth-place, an arrangement of entrance and altar in cathedrals which I believe is always maintained. It was called Westminster to distinguish it from St. Paul's, originally named East-minster.

It is the shrine of travelers from every land. Streams of visitors have flowed through it, in ever

increasing volume, since the days of Queen Elizabeth. Here the Anglo-Saxons of America find the founders of their race. What beauties of architecture meet our view! It is the chief burial place of the nation's great men. It is the Pantheon of England's glory.



Westminster Abbey—Front View.

A feeling of mystery and awe comes upon one as he enters the dim cathedral light and gradually comprehends the vastness and the grandeur of this noble abbey. One notes, almost the first, the monument to the poet Congreve and reads the inscription thereon, written by himself, as one of the best of descriptions of the impressions of this magnificent cathedral, so hoary with age and so filled with buried greatness :

tors and philosophers, her poets and her divines. For eight hundred years the abbey has been gathering within her arms, as their last resting-place, the mortal remains of "famous Englishmen from every rank and creed and every form of mind and service."

It has been the home of schools, a monastery, a sanctuary, the seat of coronations and the sepulchre of kings. It has been so intimately connected with Britain's growth for



Westminster Abbey—North Front.

"All is hush'd and still as death. 'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquility! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart."

Here, are many of the pillars of state, now lying prostrate, that once supported the dignity and power of England. Here lie entombed, on every side, her warriors and statesmen, her kings and princes, her inven-

these centuries that its wealth of historic associations is probably unequaled by that of any church on earth. Dean Stanley says: "It stands alone amongst the buildings of the world. There are, it may be, some which surpass it in beauty or grandeur; there are others, certainly, which surpass it in depth and sublimity of association; but there is none which has been entwined by so many continuous threads with the history of a whole nation."

As we tread the broad and lofty aisles of this beautiful and magnificent Gothic pile, crowded with the sculptured forms of the nation's heroes; or stand in the shadow of some grand monument, towering high amid the cathedral's clustered columns, raised to the memory and inscribed with the noble deeds of the great man whose handful of bones lie beneath, one cannot but be impressed with a feeling of grandeur and solemnity. One may also, in looking further and contemplating this monumental display of wealth and parade of worldly greatness, be led to exclaim "vanity of vanities," and to agree with Motley when he says,—“Monuments! What are they? The very pyramids have forgotten their builders or to whom they were dedicated. Deeds, not stones, are true monuments of the great.”

Royalty, too, is here in all the possible pomp and splendor of its gorgeous sepulchres. Kings and queens from the First Edward to George the Third.

“Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of
stones!
Here they lie—had realms and
lands,
Who now want strength to lift
their hands,
Where from their pulpit, sealed
with dust,
They preach, ‘In greatness is no
trust.’”

There are graves, however, by the side of which



View from the North.



Poet's Corner



Altar and Choir.

we stand with reverence, as we think of their great work for humanity. One there is, near the center of the nave, upon which you almost step in passing, covered with a flat slab of marble, which is also a part of the pavement, inscribed, "David Livingstone, April 18, 1874." On it still lies the large wreath of white flowers, gathered where he died in Africa and placed there by Henry M. Stanley on his

actors in almost every scene of English history, from every department of life and kind of duty, are around us; hours of research and study are suggested by the reading of a name or an epitaph.

"Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthier form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excelled;
Chiefs grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught, and led, the way to
heaven."



Fox Monument.

wedding day. Here reposes the body of the great missionary and explorer, the revered Dr. Livingstone, while his heart, as it was in his life, is in the wilds of Africa, at the foot of an immense tree which dominates the landscape, where it was buried by his faithful followers. Consider it all and how much it tells of heroic living and dying that a dark continent might be opened to the light of a Christian civilization.

Three thousand of the principal

Here is the often noted "Poet's Corner," in the southern transept; the monuments are not as splendid as those erected in other sections but here we love to linger, for we recognize the names of old friends,—Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Addison, Milton, with scores of others. Shakespeare's monument is here—"beneath the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, and the solemn temples" of Westminster—while his dust lies in the chancel of the little

church at Stratford-on-Avon. By the side of Milton is Gray's marble remembrance, while his body is in the "country churchyard" at Stoke Pogis, made immortal by his beautiful elegy.

Near at hand the name of Isaac Watts greets us; although dead these one hundred and fifty years his "Psalms and Hymns" are preaching sermons yet. Here lies the brilliant Lord Macaulay, here is the bust of Thackeray, and the grave of

England's statesmen. It is here the powerful William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, is buried, of whom Macaulay said,—“no man has left a more splendid name.” The younger Pitt is laid in the same vault, while his statue stands over the western door of the abbey in the commanding attitude of a mighty orator. How like reading the pages of history are the names upon the graves, Fox, Grattan, Wilberforce, Canning, Warren Hastings, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Palmerston.



Chapel of Henry VII.

Dickens; Handel, also, the great musician, composer of "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," above whose grave is this inscription,—“I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

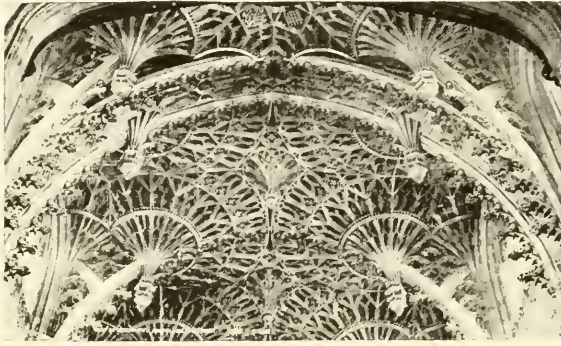
So music and poetry, the twin arts, lie side by side in the old abbey.

The dust of Sir Isaac Newton occupies, as it should, a prominent place in the very front of the choir, for his was one of the greatest minds of any age, or people—a discoverer of the immutable laws of God.

In the north transept is the final home of all that is earthly of many of

Westminster Assembly met in the choir of this edifice July 1, 1643, consisting of 121 divines and 30 laymen. The houses of Parliament assisted in the opening of this great assembly. The meetings were held in the chapel of Henry VII and in the Jerusalem Chamber. For five and one half years, for 1,163 sessions, they continued their laborious work, and from it came the Directory, the Longer and Shorter Catechism, and the Confession of Faith.

A great many chapels are connected with this great cathedral, the



Roof of Henry VII Chapel.

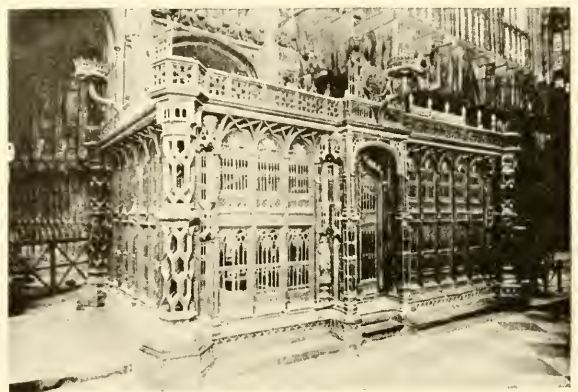
most important that of Henry VII. "On entering this, the most gorgeous of sepulchres," says Irving, "the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrustated with tracery and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs.

"Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." A more ancient writer says,—*"This chapel looks so far exceeding human excellence that a man would think it was knit together by the fingers of angels, pursuant to the directions of omnipotence."* In the centre of this grand mausoleum, stands the tomb of its founder and of his queen, Elizabeth of York. By their marriage the houses of York and Lancaster were united, the "Wars of the Roses" were ended, and Henry became the first Tudor king.

By their side, in the vault underneath this beautiful tomb, was discovered quite recently, and very unexpectedly too, the body of James I, who united in himself the thrones of England and Scotland and was the first of the line of Stuart kings. Separated from his family he had in some mysterious way joined in death the lines of Tudor and

Stuart kings, and affirmed the reconciliation of their kingdoms.

We regret to bid adieu to this beautiful and interesting place, for art brings at our bidding the charms of sculpture and architecture; and history, the records and memories of great men and noble deeds. We pass out beneath the portals of the abbey, and as we turn for a farewell look the afternoon sun is playing in gleams of radiant light upon tower and pinnacle of the glorious old cathedral, reflecting back into our hearts a glow of warmth, and life, and hope; telling us that the world is not all dead and buried, but that days of opportunity for high achievement are still upon the earth.



Tomb of Henry VII, Queen Elizabeth of York, and James I.

HIEMS.

By J. F. Libby.

How the wind blows !
Across white fields of silent snows,
Over the neighboring hill it goes,
While the forests bow their heads and moan,
And storm-fiends shriek and shout and groan
Like cries of defiance of fighting foes.
How the wind blows !

See the snows fly !
Now creeping along, now mounting high,
Over the hills,
In eddying rills,
Each sparkling beam of sunlight thrills
With the crystal wings of merry wights
That away from Frost-land steal o' nights.
See them writhe themselves about,
Gracefully curving in and out,
Held in the arms of the piping winds,
Rushing along like hunted hinds,
Embracing, entwining, their flowing hair,
In love with the elfs of the wintry air !
Hear them sigh,
Mounting high,
Kissing the brow of the blue-eyed sky,
Turning and twisting and dancing by,
See the snows fly !

How the snows fall
O'er summer's hopes and bury them all !
How silent they lie 'neath their pitying pall !
Ye imp of winter so white and fair,
So purely robed ! Yet thy snowy hair
And long, white beard proclaim that Death
Steals forth o'er the world in thy frozen breath.
But the warm heart of the earth throbs on,
And for many a waiting bud shall dawn
The smile of a gentler being ; and so
The hoping heart rejoices to know
That winter's a part of life—not all,
Though the snows fall.

GORHAM.

By George H. Moses.

“



HROWN in”

by a colonial governor whose generosity with another's lands has known no parallel, the site

of the lovely village of Gorham was cheaply held a century and a quarter ago when its crowning scenic charms of mountain panoply and narrowing river gorge through which the Androscoggin runs brawling to the sea were ill appreciated. The narrow Indian trail along the river's brink swept disdainfully by and while above and below the hardy pioneer sought foothold for himself and his family for more than thirty years this spot was left neglected and its primal solitude was first permanently invaded by a ne'er-do-weel from Pigwacket whose hunter's camp was thrown up in the shadow of the mighty hills close to a rippling stream which the mountain sides had crowded into a narrow course. Bezaleel Bennett was a wanderer in the land, and though he brought his mother and his sister from their Pigwacket home to share his rude abode he nevertheless departed in a few years and left only the blackened stones of his fireplace to mark the fact of his having been here.

He was followed by another and a far different sort of man who had come from Andover, Mass., before

the century was born and had taken a homestead in Shelburne from which he had come over into the despised “Addition” in 1805 bringing a large family for whom he soon made a home and established himself for life. Stephen Messer, as his name was, was unique among his fellows as being for many years “the only praying man in town” and his wife as physician and nurse for the entire community left a reputation which yet endures. The sons, too, have laid hold upon fame and still retain in history the championship belt for making snow-shoes and baskets, while the daughters by a numerous progeny have kept alive the family reputation.

The newcomers were not long without neighbors and soon the once despised “Addition” wore a populous aspect, while in enterprise it far outstripped the parent grant of Shelburne, for in 1812 when the Shelburne recruits marched away to fight in the second war with England a man from the “Addition” commanded the company. Despite the increased population land values still ruled low and in 1807 one Joseph Jackson purchased the lot where now the thickly settled village stands for twenty-five dollars. Jackson was a man of enterprise and the first orchard in the town was set out by him, having brought the small trees from Canterbury in a sack upon his back. He was enterprising, too enterprising,



Birdseye View of Gorham.



J. F. Libby.

alas! for, being concerned in the passing of counterfeit money, he was arrested and sentenced to the state prison from which he escaped, making his way to the West Indies where he died. Jackson's chief offense in the counterfeiting matter seems to have been that he was caught, for it was quite common in those days to secure a supply of spu-

rious bills in Canada and to dispose of it in the lower settlements. But, despite the supply of counterfeit notes, money of all kinds was very scarce and, a veracious historian informs us, tobacco which was even



Gen. Albert S. Twitchell.

less plenty was a far better circulating medium.

The infant settlement under the shadow of the Carter range fared badly in its early years. It had scarcely begun to grow before the War of 1812 broke out and the years succeeding the establishment of peace were hard ones. The country's commerce was crippled and finances were exhausted. Far from a market and with little or nothing to sell the new settlement was fortunate in even maintaining itself alive.



Twitchell's Block.

Added to this was a succession of inclement seasons in which few and scanty crops were matured so that every device was resorted to in order to eke out the meagre supplies, while had it not been for the game of the forests and the fish of the streams many a larder would have gone entirely bare. As it was there was none to spare and though nobody starved the make-shifts to which the culinary department was forced in every household are evidences of the stringency of the times.

But better times came at last. The



Noyes Block.

lar a week and board. Before coming to the "Addition" this teacher had kept school in Shelburne where it is said one of her scholars on being asked if she had been through addition answered, "Not clear through, but I have been to Grandpa Messer's." Grandpa Messer, it will be recalled, was the first permanent settler in the "Addition." But in spite



V. V. Twitchell.

narrow Indian trail broadened to a highway which brought newcomers to the "Addition" and in 1823 the settlement felt itself prosperous enough to establish a school for which a teacher was secured at a dol-



G. W. Noyes.



The High School.

of the enlarged arable area and the establishment of the school the village grew slowly and in 1829 there were but three framed houses in the town. The rudimentary stages of the town's development lasted five years longer, and in 1834 with the establishment of a tavern and the building of a mill the "Addition" began to think of independence.

Accordingly, in 1836, the legisla-

ture was importuned for a charter and the town of Gorham was created, the name being suggested by Lot Davis, who had come to the "Addition" from Chatham, his mother having been a daughter of William Gorham of Gorham, Maine, for whom that town was named. The first town meeting was held at the tavern and was marked by great unanimity, a feature which disappeared in the ensuing year when the balloting was more spirited and partisan feeling more acute.

The new town enjoyed a natural and a healthy growth from the granting of its charter. Trade increased and enterprise abounded. The van-



W. F. Andrus.



John R. Hitchcock.

guard of that vast army of tourists who now take possession of the mountain regions each summer began to make its way into the little village and the lumber which stood so thick in the forest began to make its way out. Under careful management the

farms grew more productive and the hamlet thrived.

But presently the narrow Indian trail along the Androscoggin re-sounded with the advance of a new agent of civilization and the railroad came following the very tracks of the



Dr. Henry Marble.

red men who had threaded their way up the forest-clad valley a century before. The first train was run into Gorham in 1850, and three years later when the line had been completed from Portland to Chicago the village was chosen as the site for the company's repair shops which have been maintained here ever since, despite destruction by fire and frequent temptation to remove elsewhere. The shops, indeed, furnish the substantial basis for the town's prosperity. The pay-roll numbers several hundred hands and the annual disbursements for wages are more than \$100,000. Captain Warren Noyes, the superintendent, has been connected with the



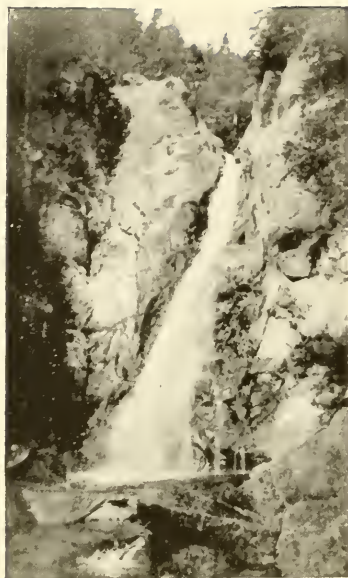
Hon. Pearson G. Evans.

company from the first and was the engineer of the first train that crossed the Canadian border.

The railroad shops were the magnet about which the village clustered and the extension of the road made Gorham the center of travel to the east side of the mountains and gave to the village a supremacy in summer resort matters that remained unbroken until the completion of that monumental engineering work, the



Opera House Block.



Glen Ellis Falls.

Portland and Ogdensburg railroad, and the opening of the railroad to the summit of Mount Washington. Not only as a distributing point but as a summer resort itself did Gorham win renown. The tavern built by An-

drew G. Lary on the Lancaster road two years before the town was chartered had sheltered its quota of guests each summer and the railroad company, with marked foresight, were at work upon a summer hotel in the village even before railroad communication was established. This house, the Alpine, was open by the time the railroad was, and for nearly twenty years was a famous resort under the management of John R. Hitchcock.



Electric Light Station.



The Cascade.

It was burned in 1872 and was immediately replaced by the present structure.

The opening of the railroad signaled also the beginnings of what was destined to be one of the most famous mountain resorts on the continent—the Glen House, the site of which is about eight miles east from Gorham at the head of the Peabody river valley where the Carter and Presidential ranges close in upon the Pinkham Notch. From a small and cramped



Grand Trunk Depot.

cottage the Glen House grew to a huge caravansary, enlarged, improved, and enlarged again, which succumbing to fire, gave way to a handsome modern house, one of the finest in the mountains, which was also leveled by fire three years ago and has not yet been rebuilt. For years, or until the building of the railroad through the White Mountain Notch, the main thoroughfare to this princely resort was via Gorham and the volume of travel to the summit of Mount Washington surged through this village and out and up the valley of the Peabody river to the Glen House and to the carriage road which led to the lofty

crest. At the summit itself Gorham was represented by John R. Hitchcock who for years was the manager of the hotels there in the days when shelter in a rude stone hut, a narrow bed, and coarse but appetizing fare were the best that elevation could boast, and before the puffing locomotive had driven from their haunts

the spirits with whom the Indians had peopled the cloud-capped cone.

Yet I must not dwell so constantly on the past tense. What if the open-



Grand Trunk Shops.

ing of the Ogdensburg road has diverted mountain travel and the burning of the Glen House has put an end to profit from that source? Gorham

has proved itself independent of those things and with its railroad shops and its native lumber business the village thrives and increases. Its noisy and more cosmopolitan neighbor up the river is bigger, but it has no more of the graces of life, its humanities are no more finely developed.

Gorham to-day is a fine and healthy type of a New Eng-



Boston & Maine Depot.

land village. It numbers something like two thousand souls who are comfortably housed and regularly employed.

Churches and schools supply spiritual and intellectual needs and crea-



Congregational Church.



Methodist Church.



Universalist Church.

ham is the publication of *The Mountaineer* which is one of the best of country weeklies in New England, and has been held strictly up to the high standard set by its founder and first editor, the late V. V. Twitchell, whose quiet and

ture comforts and conveniences are attended to by the modern improvements which once were the sole possession of urban communities but which now are become the enjoyment of the enterprising no matter where their lot is cast.

Among the features of life in Gor-

penetrating humor made *The Mountaineer* known and quoted in every column of paragraphs in the East, to keep within bounds, and whose sterling honesty of opinion and clear force of expression made its editorial utterances felt and respected among all his readers.

Mr. Twitchell is a fair example of Gorham's professional men and in the other walks of life this ornament to journalism found his counterpart. In the law he found his brother, Gen. Albert S. Twitchell, a brave scholar and a true poet, a sound lawyer and a faithful public servant who as legislator and consul has served his state and nation well. In the law



Alpine House

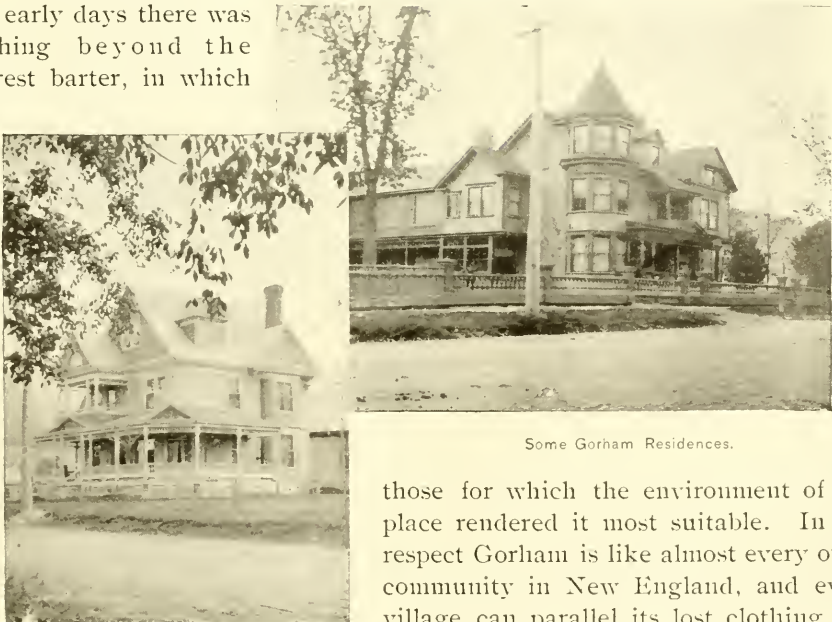
also are Hon. Alfred R. Evans, now judge of probate for Coös county, who has given his "jealous mistress" no cause for complaint: and Jesse F. Libby, recently solicitor for Coös county, a young attorney of much promise. In medicine is Dr. Henry Marble whose practice covers all the country-side and who has been an active and liberal factor in the developing of the town's material interest and who is not unknown in politics. The clergy of the town have always been a devoted, cultured band of Christians, and among the wielders of the birch in Gorham Dr. N. T. True may be placed at the head both by virtue of his long service in the intellectual arena as well as by his varied capabilities as linguist, journalist, and historian.

Commerce in Gorham has always had a narrow field. In the early days there was nothing beyond the merest barter, in which



The Lary Tavern.

"lady's twist" tobacco and counterfeit money—smuggled at that—played the chief parts, and in the development of the resources of the place it was found that Nature restricted enterprise to but one source of material, the forest. This discovery did not come, however, until after considerable time, money, and effort had been expended in the attempt to develop other lines of industry than



Some Gorham Residences.

those for which the environment of the place rendered it most suitable. In this respect Gorham is like almost every other community in New England, and every village can parallel its lost clothing and



Alna B. Libby.

Elihu Libby.

Walter C. Libby.

Charles C. Libby.

Eugene W. Libby.

fulling-mills, and more than one community can equal its experience in search of precious metals.

The mining craze ran a swift race in Gorham, and the attempt to make a silver mine pay in the bowels of

Mount Hayes was a short and spirited contest against overwhelming odds which was undertaken some fifteen years ago when the shaft of the Mascot mine was sunk into a vein of silver-bearing galena and ex-

pensive machinery was installed to reduce the ore. The plant is long since abandoned, the machinery has been taken away, the buildings are falling in decay, and only a scar high up on the steep mountain side behind

The forests which clothe the hills surrounding Gorham have been made a source of great profit, and the only industry the town now sustains, aside from the shops of the railroad, is found in the saw-mills which have now all passed into the possession of a single firm made up of a single family, whose mills are at the extreme ends of the town and whose forests encircle the village and stretch up on the slopes of the Presidential range.



Libby's Mills.

the village remains to tell the story of the attempt to pervert nature.

But the riches which the bowels of the mountain did not yield have been found in abundance on the sun-lit slopes, and, growing straight into the air, men have secured what delving into the earth did not produce.

business has been developed from small beginnings by the close and careful and unremitting toil of each member of the firm, and their success is in no small measure due to the scrupulous honesty which has characterized their every action.

Thus the "Addition" has out-



A. R. Evans.

stripped the original grant. Tremendous obstacles have been met and overcome at almost every stage of the town's development. The harsh and forbidding character of the place when the first settler made his way up the valley has been but little changed so far as the natural aspect of things is concerned, and the rugged and bony ridges still hem in the constricted village plain. Yet within those narrow limits has been built up one of the most thriving villages of New England. Nothing less than the sturdiest manhood was necessary to subdue such a well-nigh hopeless wilderness, and this the towns-people have always been able to supply from the first.

Doubtless the place and its inhabitants have always been impressed by their environment, and the inspiration of the eternal hills about them could not fail to teach the lesson of per-

manency. I am sure it is not fancy alone that leads me to trace this parallel in studying the growth of this village whose few industries are permanent and whose improvements have been made conservatively with a larger eye to the future than to the present. For this reason Gorham may enjoy the satisfaction of a proper pride. Its mills and shops and stores, its bank, its churches, its schools, its enterprises, rest on a firm foundation. Public morals are secure, and the future may be read in the lessons of the past.

It will thus be seen that the basis of Gorham's prosperity is exceptionally secure, as solid, in fact, as the granite hills which surround the town, those hills which first attracted attention to the town and whose influence endureth forever.

To those hills Gorham owes its greatest renown, and in connection with them the greatest names in the community's annals are associated. Here Starr King spent several seasons, and here that charming book, "The White Hills," was mainly written. That lamented scholar and preacher knew his Gorham well.



Prospect Terrace.



Odd Fellows' Hall.

Every one of its rugged ridges was a familiar haunt to him, and he earned the everlasting gratitude of the village when he handed it down to fame :

"As a general thing Gorham is the place to see the more rugged sculpturing and the Titanic brawn of the hills. Turning from North Conway to the Androscoggin valley is somewhat like turning from a volume of Tennyson to the pages of Carlyle ; from the melodies of Don Giovanni to the surges of the Ninth Symphony ; from the art of Raffaello to that of Michael Angelo. But nothing can be more graceful and seductive than the flow of the lines of Mount Moriah. . . . They do not suggest any violent internal forces.

It should seem that they rose to melody, as when Amphion played his lyre and saw the stones move by rhythmic masonry to the place where they were wanted. And the beauty is the more effective by contrast with the sternness and vigor of the lines of Adams and Madison that can be seen from the same point near the Androscoggin, where we suppose ourselves to look at Mount Moriah. They are Ebal, representing the terrors of the law ; this is Gerizim, the hill of blessing. Or shall we not rather contrast Mount Adams and Mount Moriah by the aid of a charming sonnet of Percival, which one might think had been written at evening in full view of these rivals in the landscape, where the Androscoggin bends around Mount Hayes.

"Behold yon hills. The one is fresh and fair ;
The other rudely great. New-springing green
Mantles the one ; and on its top the star
Of love, in all its tenderest light, is seen.
Island of joys ! how sweet thy gentle rays
Issue from heaven's blue depths in evening's prime,
But round yon bolder height no softness plays,
No flower nor bud adorns its front sublime.
Rude, but in majesty, it mounts in air,
And on its summit Jove in glory burns ;
'Mid all the stars that pour their radiant urns,
None with that lordly planet may compare.
But see, they move ; and tinged with love's
own hue,
Beauty and Power embrace in heaven's serene-
rest blue."

APRIL DAYS.

By Mary M. Currier.

Can trouble live with April days?—*In Memoriam.*

What songs is April bringing !
Bird-songs, brook-songs, breeze-songs, doth she bring.
I've little heart for singing,
But these are April days, and I must sing.

Up sorrow-steeps I'm groping,
As up the hill the cautious green doth grope ;
And I mock myself for hoping ;
But these are April days, and I must hope.

ROENTGEN'S "X RAY" PHOTOGRAPHY.

By Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N.



PROBABLY no discovery of the age has more fully aroused public interest than that recently made by Roentgen, and this interest on the part of the non-scientific world probably arises from three causes: First, from the fact that so far as we now know an entirely new force in nature has been brought to light; second, that the possibilities of the discovery are apparently unlimited; and third, that the results obtained are peculiarly uncanny and unnatural, according to the hitherto

understood meaning of the latter word.

If a hollow glass tube or bulb have two electrodes or wires running into it for a short distance and then ending at different points, the interior of the tube being in a high state of vacuum, and if a high potential current be sent through the wire, a peculiar light seems to flow along the inside of the glass from the end of one electrode to the end of the other, and if a photographic plate enclosed securely in the plate holder be held near the tube for a short time, the plate will be affected as though it had been exposed to ordinary light. This effect cannot be due to the peculiar light in the tube already referred to, for this light is completely shut off by a cover of the plate holder, so it is evident that some agent or force emanates from the tube which gives the results already observed without becoming visible to the naked eye. Although not visible to the eye these rays will cause certain fluorescent substances to light up as when exposed to ordinary light, and such substances will be so affected if enclosed in a light-tight



Hand of Workingman, Showing Bullet Imbedded in Flesh.

wooden box and held near the excited tube, thus showing that the X rays are not stopped by wood.

For lack of a better name Roentgen spoke of this power as proceeding from "X rays." The photographs accompanying this article were taken by Prof. N. M. Terry, A. M., Ph. D., Head of Department of Physics, U. S. Naval Academy, in the physical laboratory at that place, the current used being supplied by a storage battery and raised to a high voltage by the use of an ordinary induction coil. A rapid "make and break" was used in the primary circuit.

The X rays are found to pass through various substances with more or less ease according to



Male Hand—Exposure 1 1/2 Hours.



Female Hand—Exposure 3 4 Hour.

the nature of the substance, although the laws governing this have not yet been discovered, except that organic material is generally more easily penetrated than inorganic, aluminum being an exception to this rule. One of our pictures shows the result of an experiment to find the relative permeability of various objects. The bodies shown were simply laid on top of a plate holder containing a common plate, the whole placed on a table, a tube suspended a few inches above the centre, and the current turned on. After sufficient exposure, about two hours, the plate was developed by the usual means, with the results shown. The darkest ob-

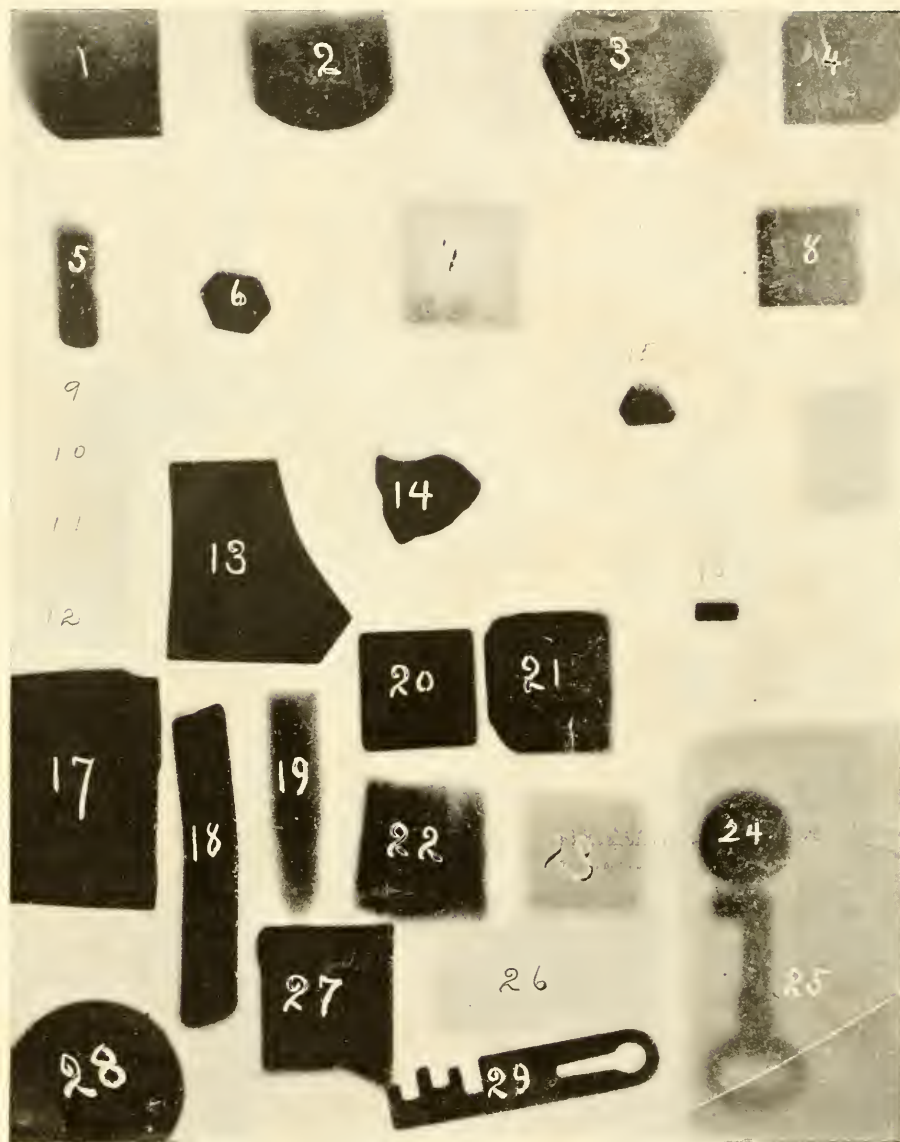


Plate Showing Permeability of Various Objects by X Rays.

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Rock salt—.6 inch thick. | 11. Three thicknesses aluminum foil. | 21. Alum—.4 inch. |
| 2. Quartz—.45 inch. | 12. Four thicknesses aluminum foil. | 22. Coal—.42 inch. |
| 3. Verre trempe—.4 inch. | 13. One thickness platinum foil. | 23. Beeswax—.4 inch. |
| 4. Glass—18 millimetres. | 14. Tourmaline (perpendicular). | 24. One cent in leather purse. |
| 5. Chalk, blackboard crayon. | 15. Aragonite. | 25. Key in same. |
| 6. Spath. | 16. Tourmaline. | 26. Wood—.2 inch. |
| 7. Mica. | 17. Tin foil, 1, 2, 3 sheets thick. | 27. Ebonite—.25 inch. |
| 8. Glass. | 18. Insulated wire. | 28. Oil in ebonite jar. |
| 9. One thickness aluminum foil. | 19. Electric light carbon. | 29. Flat metal key. |
| 10. Two thicknesses aluminum foil. | 20. Glass—.32 inch. | |

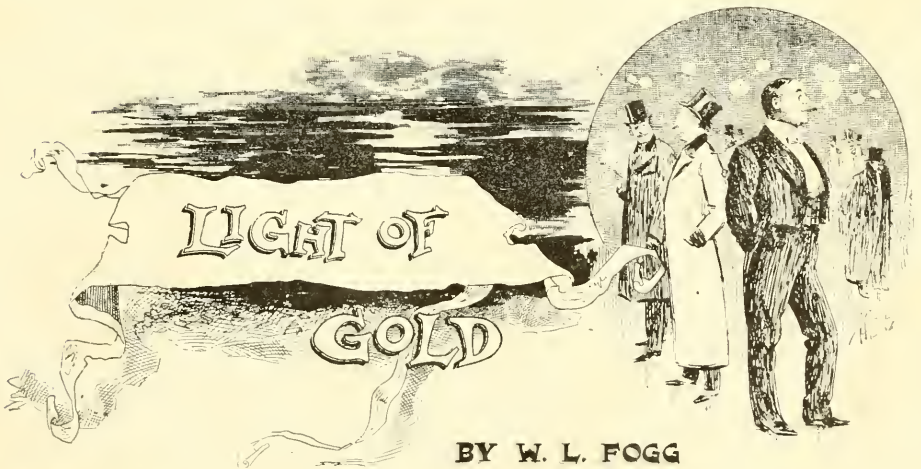
2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 14, 15, 16 are all surrounded by cork discs, the faint shadow of which shows in each case.

jects are the ones through which the rays penetrated the least and *vice versa*. The key and cent in the corner were inside a leather pocket-book, the rays penetrating the leather but not the objects within. Such pictures are of course nothing but shadows, and as yet no way has been discovered of focussing or reflecting the rays so as to obtain a finished photograph in the common acceptation of the term, the results obtained having been frequently spoken of as "shadowgraphs." As the X rays penetrate the slide of the plate holder while ordinary light rays do not, the operation may of course be conducted in open daylight.

The fact that has most greatly

aroused public curiosity in the process is that the rays penetrate flesh easily but are stopped by bone, thus rendering it possible to photograph parts of the skeleton in the living body. Three such plates are shown; a male hand in which the rays have even penetrated between the ends of the bones at the joints; a female hand in which the exposure was short enough to leave the outline of the flesh showing; and a workman's hand showing the position of a bullet embedded in the flesh.

Ordinary photography was not perfected in a day, and if future developments with the X rays keep pace with those of the past two months who can say what the results may be?



BY W. L. FOGG

THE FIRST curtain had fallen. The fiddles were scraping away on the interlude, and the crowd was breaking up into chattering groups or seeking a sniff of outer air and a cocktail.

A short young man stood smoking in the lobby. That merry face could belong only to Peverly, of 36 Exchange, the cleverest broker that ever dabbled in stocks. A smile always shone in his blue eyes, and his lips never opened save for a cheery word.

"Hello, old man!" exclaimed a voice behind him, and somebody slapped him chummily on the shoulder.

"Ah, Morris, on hand as usual! Never skipped a first-night in your life, did you?"

Morris laughed. "No, but I wish I had escaped some. 'This is pretty fair, though, don't you think?'" and he took a cigar from the case Peverly held out to him.

"Yes," said Peverly. "La Rita has quite turned my head with those bewitching poses of hers. She's daring though! And she looks sweeter than ever, to-night."

"I say, Pev," remarked Morris, touching a match to the long-five between his teeth, "you're going to join us at the Colonial Christmas night? Half a dozen of us—Ritchie, Wells, Bradford, Torrey—our crowd, you know. Back dining-room—door sealed—unlimited hours, and all the rest. There'll be fun enough to go around," and Morris laughed gaily, and gave Peverly another slap on the back.

"You'll find me there, sure," said Peverly, sending a curl of smoke outward. "Do n't run scant on cognac, and tell Brant to have the turkey-breasts well browned."

"He knows his bis.," affirmed Morris. "By the way, did you notice the girl with the Williamses? No? Well, throw your glass that way when you go in—upper-right box. So long," and he turned away.

A tall fellow with a fierce black moustache sauntered up. "Make the most of that cigar, Peverly. I suppose you'll swear off all your bad habits at New Year's. It's com-

ing fast, my boy,—only a week to Christmas."

"Wish I could break away from the weed, Ritchie. It costs me a mint of money for cigars and pipes. We don't live but once, though," he added jocularly, as he threw down his Havana before following the other into the parquet.

When the last act had been rung out and the hacks were filling, Peverly and Ritchie walked home together. Before they parted at the door of the up-town flats where the tall chap had his bachelor quarters, he said, "Be ready for a jolly time at the Colonial, old man."

Only a week to Christmas, thought Peverly, as he passed up the mall under the glistening elms. Then glad chimes would turn the frosty air to silver. Only a week, and he would be in bliss, if brimming champagne cups could effect it.

The two ideas were strangely contrasted. Spire bells and midnight revels do not often abide together. But at one time the former had occupied generous room in Peverly's heart. Even now, they would throb out once in a while in the old way and set his soul to echoing with a forgotten melody.

After all, what if he did enjoy himself one night? He had been a Puritan for a whole week,—had forsworn suppers entirely, tripped but a single dance, and been in bed by midnight. What, then, if he should choose to look into the sparkling depths of ruby glasses instead of listening to a stereotyped sermon on the Nativity and watching the candles of the processional wind slowly around the ivied altar? There was but one life for the living, and he was not the

fool to throttle the pleasures that came running up to him. There would be plenty of penance to pay by and by, he told himself.

II.

A gay knot was that in the cosy smoking-room at the club. Pool and poker had been discarded, and now, close to midnight, a few convivial chaps had withdrawn to the comfortable chairs for a chat before sleep.

Rose, the dapper bank clerk, was airing himself on the play of the night before. "It might have been good," he was saying, "but, you see, I don't know. Right behind me, two of the tender persuasion were busy swapping receipts for mince-pie, egg-cakes, apple-dowdy, and everything else eatable. Let's see, for parsnip-fritters, you want to boil the parsnips till you can stick your finger through 'em, mash 'em, put in some butter and pepper, an egg or two, and a couple of spoonfuls of flour for every—"

"Oh, cut it off," exclaimed Peverly.

"Well," resumed Rose, "anyhow, when Clarisse had been assassinated in the back and was offering her dying prayer to the stars, these two females were trying hard to keep moths out of Turkish rugs and grand-mothers' shawls. I've no doubt Clarisse was stabbed properly, and gave up the ghost according to Hoyle, but I can't swear to it. Why don't they have a first-night for us fellows alone?" And Rose sighed sadly.

"It was a tip-top thing," put in Pettee, shifting his cigar. "I enjoyed it immensely, except where the wife tells George to depart from her

sight and mail her a divorce, and then they both stand dumb a minute or two, to make it impressive and leave an opening for paper bouquets. You know how still it was? Well, just at that point an ambitious young wasp, or something, started to climb up my leg—no, not outside my trousers. I let him climb till he got where I could reach him, and then I smote him like Samson did the Philistines. But I tell you I was nervous while he was making the trip."

"I guess Nasby got the most sport out of it," observed Peverly. "They tell me he was in the wings all through, and took La Rita to dine afterwards."

Somebody else started to speak, when in came Nasby. He was the easy-tongued young man whose dash and frankness captivated even his creditors. But to-night he did not sing out merrily.

"Been to your own funeral, Nasby?" called out Ritchie. "Or did La Rita give you the shake?"

Nasby was warming his hands on the radiator. His eyes were down. "Fellows, I never was so broken up in my life," he declared, as he drew a chair into the circle.

"Break it to us easy, old man," advised Peverly, and there was a humorous sarcasm in his tone. "Don't make the shock too severe, after all the levity that has just been let loose. If it's likely to bring tears, you'd better put it off till some Sunday."

Nasby's face took on extra shadow. "To begin with," he said slowly, "an old woman fell down stairs in the 'Hive,' over on Spruce street, about an hour ago. I was just com-

ing by, and a cop called me in to help him get her up. She was pretty solid, and had fallen clear from the top, and she didn't know anything when we laid her on a bed in the next room. She came to after the

thought I ought not to hang 'round any longer, and I started to go, but some way I came back. And, do you know, fellows, the cop, the doctor, and—all three of us took off our hats."



doctor got there, but he said her head and back were hurt so that she could n't live. She moaned a good deal, as though she was in great pain.

"Just then a young fellow—about your size, Peverly—came running in, and threw himself down beside the bed. The old woman reached out and felt for his hand. I rather

Here Nasby had to cough a sudden hoarseness out of his throat. He began again. "She got hold of the lad's fingers. 'Tim,' she whispered, 'I'm going. I hate to leave yer alone, but I've got to go. 'Tim, my boy, won't you promise your poor old mother that yer'll stop your carousin'? O Tim, Tim, you don't know you've made my poor heart

bleed! Won't you please me this once? Say yes, Tim, say yes!"

"Of course I can't get the brogue, but you can think I do. His head was in the pillow. He sobbed, 'Yes, mother, I swear it.' 'Bless ye, my boy,' she said, 'you always had an honest heart.' She groped in the air. 'I'm goin', Tim, and it's so dark!' Then she rose a little. 'No, no! The glory—so bright, so bright! Look, Tim, look!' and she pointed before her. 'I can see it—the light o' gold!' She fell back, and was gone."

Nasby stopped. Everybody was silent. Rose looked absently at the filigree on the mantel. Pattee nervously chewed his cigar, which had lost its red. Ritchie was eyeing the tiles of the floor very intently.

"Funny how little things like that will affect a fellow," added Nasby. "When I left the place I was all of a tremble, and had to gulp down a couple of cocktails to straighten myself out. Now don't laugh at me,



Peverly." But the chair beside him was empty, Peverly had stolen away from the group, and was settled out of sight in a deep chair within a far corner of the billiard hall.

They did not feel like disturbing him. Rose and Ritchie toyed a few minutes with the balls on the green cloth, and then went home with the others.

But Peverly, of 36 Exchange, sat looking out over the square through eyes that were hazy. A few flakes fluttered down in the bright circles of the arc lights. He saw them, and yet he was not sure they were snow. Peverly was talking with his heart.

"'Light o' gold! Light o' gold!'" He said it many times. He had heard it before. It was years ago,—ten, he thought,—and on just such a night as this. The old farmhouse was in a hush, but the measured swing of the tall clock came in from the kitchen with solemn distinctness and broke the weird stillness in the bedroom. He could see her as she lay in the stupor that foretold death. Then she had roused and held out her arms for him. And the lad of eighteen had tiptoed to the bedside and kneeled to feel her hand straying wistfully over his curly head, and hear her say faintly, "Good by, Ned. I am going to leave you. You have always been good to me, my son, and I want you to promise me that, after I am gone, you will stay true to me and to yourself." And he had promised, with the tremor of grief in his heart and throat. "I must go, Ned, but I shall still think of you."

She had kissed his forehead, and he had noticed that her lips were growing cold. Then she had stirred

as though to rise, and her eyes were happy as she murmured, "Oh, how bright,—bright! Light of gold! Light of gold!" And her heart had stopped, and he was sobbing over his first great loss.

She would think of him! He knew this night's snow was heaping upon the hillside miles away where he had left her sleeping. Yet he seemed to see two tender eyes, blue and pure, looking in at him with longing from the flakes that were eddying past the pane.

Tim had made a vow. Would he cling to it? And then it flashed through his mind—had he, Peverly, of 36 Exchange, been faithful? Only five days, and the ring of sweet chimes and the chant of clear young voices would find him—not under the tapers clustered about the carven pillars and glittering in the evergreen of the high arches, but rather where glasses tinkled to hilarious song. And that kindly face would be watching him—that mother heart would be mindful of him!

When Peverly shut the door of the club behind him and set off across the powdery square the mist in his eyes was deeper.

III.

The noon express was rushing north, and Peverly sat gazing out on the drifted fields, gleaming with a fitful sun.

He had told Morris that he could not be at the Colonial, and here he was, on Christmas day, speeding away from the city toward a hamlet far up in the New Hampshire hills.

In mid afternoon he was put down on the platform of a small station a hundred miles from the club. He

did not tarry to notice the surroundings, but drawing his hat over his eyes and turning up the collar of his ulster, he struck off along the one road. As the snow crunched beneath his feet and he felt the fresh air tingling his cheeks with ruddy color, all thought of town vanished.

There, over the low wall, he could spy the pond where he used to wade for lilies in the summer, and fasten on his rockers winter days after school. It was covered with snow now, but somebody had commenced to clear a space in the middle, just as he and his chums had often done. A little further was the clump of aged willows where he had cut so many whistles. The single dwelling on the road looked as of old, only the shed between house and barn had not been when he was a boy. He wondered if Squire Parks lived there now.

A few rods beyond he came to the stile. The steps were the same, four of them, and the lowest wider than the rest. At the top of the rise he could see the white stones glistening in the slant of western light.

He went up the lane, and his patent leathers were covered by the untrodden snow. But he did not notice. In through the iron gate he passed, and down in the corner, between the rail fence and the straggling wall, he found it.

The hemlock in the angle was still singing its old-time song of sadness. On the lower bough swung a nest. It might be the one that had hung there so many seasons ago. Blithe voices floated up from the valley, and he saw sleds darting down the back road. All was painfully familiar.

He stood silent, hat in hand, and

looked down at the grave. It was only a heap of snow, but it was very dear to him now. She was so lonely here, and he had been so far away from her all these years. For a while he was calm. Then the tears came. He sunk on the edge of the mound, and his face found support in his hands. "Mother, dear mother," he said huskily, and gave way to his grief. How long he sat with the drops trickling between his fingers, he knew not. A snow bird hopped up by his side and peered curiously at the still figure.

When at last he unlocked his hands and looked up, the sun was rolling over the horizon. A bank of thick cloud had hidden its face, but it lifted now, and as the great sphere paused a bit on the verge of night, it gleamed out on heaven and earth in open glory.

Peverly started to his feet, and stretched out his arms. "The light of gold!" he cried, and hope shone through the moisture in his eyes.

He stooped, and dug away the snow with his bare fingers till he came to a vine curled snugly over the hard sod. He broke off a piece.

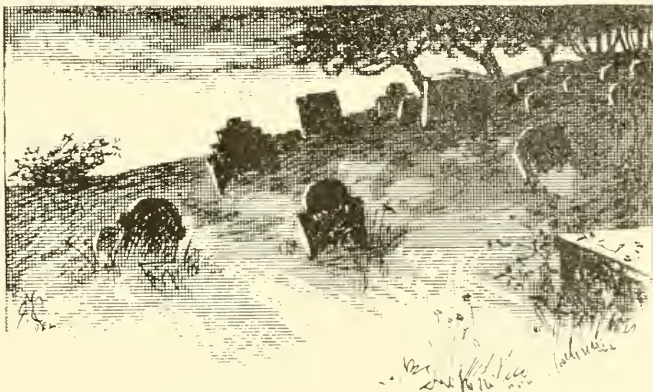
Then he arose and moved away. At the top of the slope he lingered for a last glance. The light had faded into sad gray. A hopeless wind crept up and pulled at his sleeve for him to go with it for company's sake. Everything was so drear and lonely, and there might not be any stars. He rushed back, and bowed down in another outburst of sorrow.

* * * * *

The back dining-room of the Colonial was gay with glittering lights and fragrant flowers, as Morris rose at the head of the table, and cried, "All up for a health to Ned Peverly, the right good fellow whom the fates kept away from us to-night!" And the glasses flashed.

At that moment, Peverly, of 36 Exchange, alighted in the city station with peace in his eyes and a sprig of ivy vine over his heart. As he stepped out upon the street, mellow bells were bursting all around beneath a sky that twinkled, and they were sweet in his ears.

He looked up to a great gold star, and smiled. His heart knew what he was thinking.



THE LEGEND OF JOHN LEVIN AND MARY GLASSE.

[CONTINUED.]

By E. P. Tenney.

CHAPTER XIX.

WITH wakeful conscience, next morning, John Levin went to the jail to call on Raymond Foote, for the first time since he had caused his incarceration, for private reasons although ostensibly upon public grounds.

The sun ran high before he reached his destination, and the still air upon the marshes was sharp-toothed with gnats. After spending an hour with Captain Sparrow, and two hours in watching the oarsmen warp the *Hawley* into the middle of the channel, where she could take advantage of the earliest puff of wind, it was high noon before Lawyer Levin bade his great mastiff, Togue, lie down under the lilac shade at the easterly side of the jail door. Whatever moral sensibility he took with him in the morning had suffered not a little by the twisting of his thoughts this way and that, like a privateer wriggling for wind.

With a dim consciousness of certain peccadillos, when he contrasted himself with Mary Glasse, the most part of his daily business was at such a remove from the life of an inexperienced girl that he imagined himself to have little occasion to ask what she would think of his hourly transactions, in which he was as unconscious of wrong doing as that cloud of animated fuzz upon the wing

which he encountered upon the marshes.

Since the day upon which he had conjured up a rheumatic elbow, and consulted officially that man-gossip, Doctor Jay, just long enough to worm out of him all that he knew about Raymond Foote's former acquaintance with Mary, and the great expectations the old women had of a match between them, John Levin had been haunted by a spirit of jealousy. Knowing therefore within himself, upon this second day of August, that he had been unkind to Raymond who had been his child-chum in college, whom he tutored as a little fellow, and unjust to him who had been so recently his leader in a mercantile adventure of great profit,—how could he do otherwise than hate him whom he had wronged, for the mere reason that he had already wronged him?

"Still," thought John Levin, "I will lay aside all feeling, like a Christian, and go and visit him while he is in prison. The visiting of prisoners is always meritorious. It will be pleasing, doubtless, to Mary."

Mary, to be sure, had never said a word to John about Raymond; not being certain that it would really befriend the prisoner to speak of him, and she was also silent because she

had no hope to handle John Levin by quarreling with him. Nor had John ever yet mentioned him to Mary. Why should he? "It will, therefore, be a pleasant surprise to Mary," reasoned Levin, "if, of my own free notion, I befriend the imprisoned minister. It will, indeed."

"It is fortunate," thought Levin, "that I am the older. And I will receive him into my charge, as I did when he was six years old. He needs looking after. He a plain man, too lenient for life's battle. He believes that the sinfulness of society is overestimated, that men—outside himself—are little capable of wrong. This unsuspicious youth is liable to be imposed upon, unless I take him in hand in a disinterested way."

Doubtless this guardianship ought to extend to possible relations of the prisoner to Mary Glasse, else Mary might be led away from the great destiny in store for her. It behooved the guardian, therefore, to find out their exact relations,—as he undoubtedly could with his usual suavity. Never rude in his manner, with a face upon which he could easily stamp sincerity, never failing to use the language of a gentleman, with that well-bred courtesy which is magnetic, that self-restraint which is always a power,—who could withstand John Levin if he set out to obtain information or win a point?

He found his old chum in a jolly mood,—“How are you to-day?”

“Patient as an anvil,—answering blows by music.”

“I would that I could have been here to share your merriment. I just heard, upon my return from England, that your gallant love of

liberty had incensed the governor; and I hardly went to my office, in my haste to see you. His majesty I am sure has no idea of it. What right, I would like to know, had the chief justice to deny you the privilege of habeas corpus. If you are so minded, I will straightway sue him for damages in your behalf. You can make him pay roundly for it. Shall I do it?”

“‘Sue him?’ Certainly. ‘England?’ Certainly not. I’ve known you, John, too long, not to know with how many grains of salt to take your words. ‘England’ needs salting. But you are just as welcome to the jail as if you’d always been here for telling the truth.”

“Just so. Just so. But what are you doing with this manuscript?”

“I am defending our democratic church government; and the reasoning applies just as well to the state.”

“To tell the truth, Raymond,—and you know me well enough to discern that I am now speaking upon my honor,—I could not venture to see you, lest I seem to my client, the governor, to be disloyal. For you know that you have displeased the king.”

“Not the king, my craven friend. We have the royal charter that a tax is not legal unless the general assembly concurs with the governor and council. The governor’s penny on a pound is arbitrary. It is in violation of our rights as Englishmen.”

“But obedience makes government, you must obey the king’s representative.”

“Nay, let him obey the mind of the king in the charter.”

“You are a brave man, Raymond, I would that I were less a coward as

to our vested rights, but you know that I have not been long in the colony since I was a boy. I must learn from you to become a patriot, and a martyr if needs be. For I notice that the noise of the wide ocean beating upon the American continent makes you deaf to an insular king."

"Bravely said, chum. If, as some say, royalty be venerable, is not freedom the older?"

"But remember, chum, that the king is very strong, and that you have offended him. I know not what the end will be, but I swear, by the ten thousand leagues of ocean you and I have sailed together, that I will always stand by you, even if your course does not accord with my judgment. All you need to do is to leave yourself in the hands of your friends. How well I remember, when, half alive, you and I crawled up the ragged rocks together to escape the clutch of the surf. I then swore eternal friendship to you, if we should ever be saved. And you shall see how I will befriend you."

Nor did John Levin cease to gush until after they had finished the ale and pot-pie, which he had ordered Hodgman to make ready for them. As the time drew near for him to go, Levin saw that Foote had somewhat to say.

"What is it, brother? Speak on."

"One thing I've been wanting to say to you, John, since I've been here and had time to reflect. I do not know whether your conscience is so accusing as mine, but I fear that I led you into divers temptations when we were at sea together, and I much regret it."

"I do not recollect it," replied the old sinner, who did, however, remem-

ber that he had often pretended to Raymond to be shocked at his occasional frolics when on shore in foreign ports.

The scrupulous minister of the Chebacco parish had never done anything out of the way at sea, unless mild profanities and a morbid fondness for rows be reckoned irregular in a seaman who was of sober habit and chaste. But he failed not to make a clean breast in confessing the sins of his youth, and in setting forth the satisfaction he had taken in his amendment. He thought that he ought to tell John so much as this, as an offset to the damage he must have done him by what he called his moral recklessness in earlier years.

How could John but chuckle to himself at the fun of the thing—this relatively guileless youth confessing to the sensuous sinner. He answered with carefully studied intonation, a saddened face, and appropriate gesticulation:

"I fear, Raymond, that there comes a time in too many of our lives when a young man thinks it is not needful for him to fulfil the high ideal of his earlier years. I am not unconscious of having dropped my standard and become too contented with mean attainments." John Levin now slowly arose, as if in pain; and he clutched his dark hand about his close-cut raven hair, as if his head was turning. And he wore a look of dull agony; and he writhed a little. Then he added solemnly,—“Yes, Raymond, it is a matter of pain that an ambitious person should be pacified in spirit with a mere animal life; but self-indulgence sooner or later leads to self-abhorrence, and finally to self-improvement. It is like setting our

humors free, in order to be done with them forever."

"Alas, John, I fear that I shall never free myself. I am the vile slave of vile affections; and my spiritual powers must suffer fight till I am out of the body."

"Ah, Raymond," replied Levin, in a voice not without pathos, and with an impressive manner, "my ecclesiastical studies of former years, which I sometimes indulge in even now, have satisfied me that the early church was very corrupt, more so in some respects, I believe, than the papal, which in its turn was worse than that of England. But then the elder world,—Rome, Egypt, Babylon,—was infinitely worse than the early church. In fact mankind is a brute, and the angelic life and character is but slow in unfolding. We are in celestial lines, if we have the germs of new life; yet we are, for the most part, animals still, even brutal at times, nor can we, in this life, rise above our state." Then John Levin turned suddenly pale. And he added, slowly,—“The Infinite Mind does not look for it that we free ourselves from bestiality absolutely, unless indeed by help out of heaven.”

If John Levin was shamming in all that he said it would have been impossible to detect it. He probably intermingled more or less candor of statement with that which was deliberately said with an intent to deceive; perhaps he did it to win evidence, that he might the more surely gain the end he sought.

"But why do we talk about this, Raymond?" he asked; and quickly turned the subject to the Canada expedition, which would perhaps be set

on foot in the event of war with France.

He then hurriedly departed, but turned back,—“Oh, by the way, why did you not tell me that you had conditionally engaged yourself to marry Mary Glasse, in case I change my mind and leave her free to do as she will?"

The prisoner instantly changed color by rising tide of hot blood. John Levin saw it and took his decision. His chance question was a hit. "Excuse me, Raymond, for my inquiring so bluntly," he added, in a kind, friendly tone. "I did it for a joke. I did not know that you really loved Mary, although I had sometimes suspected it. I shall never stand in your way, you know."

Raymond, blushing, had no time to reply. Levin had gone. And the prisoner, in looking out at the pinched up window, could see that the verge of the sea was growing black with the falling night.

CHAPTER XX.

The next day, as John Levin sat in his office the widow Adipose called upon him.

He had been studying theology, with knit brow, making the most of a foggy day by trying to find daylight in Calvin's Institutes. Having spent half the night with the Greek poets, and regaled his morning with the church fathers, his present attack on the huge folios of Calvin was almost as restful to him as one of Dr. Hammersmith's sermons.

John Levin, who looked upon himself as no unimportant expression of the creative energy of this universe, had awaked this morning with an uncommon sensation,—

fancying that he had within himself two antagonistic forces, as if torn apart by the finite and the infinite. But he received a complete set-back when he encountered John Calvin's "corruption," "propensity," "bias," and other hard words, and the general belief that a being with one foot upon this earth and the other in the realm of spirits, tends to do wrong "voluntarily,"—in which his "will" renders the man "inexcusable." John Levin whistled and shut the book.

"It is a vital mistake," he said, "to distinguish between good and evil. No one who does it can maintain sympathy with the current life of the universe, or play his part in the limitless harmony."

After whistling till he blew the taste of John Calvin's words out of his mouth, he added,—*"I must take myself for better or for worse, whether for one world or two. I know no other life than that of mechanical action, the result of good living and the exercise of faculties. Daring, devotion, patriotism, benevolence, piety, are only the exquisite flowers which spring out of well-digested beef and Indian corn."*

If a stranger had just then looked in upon John Levin, as he sat there in his office, whistling and muttering to himself, with his chair tipped back upon its hind legs, and with his right foot upon his left knee, with his hands clasped behind his head, and with John Calvin starting from his binding by his heavy fall to the floor, the stranger would have said that any virtue this cool-blooded animal was possessed of at the time was owing solely to lack of present temptation,—that he was liable to be caught by

the next whirl of passion which should drift across his mind.

After Levin had closed his eyes and dozed, he came to himself with a sticky sense of dog day discomfort and of annoyance with flies. Having yawned, he cast his weather eye toward the open door and saw the widow Angelica.

With what conquerable aversion he beheld her. As she did not look so far advanced in age as she was, his first thought was to have a little fun with the old lady.

"Is not sport," he said to himself, "the blossom of sound physical powers? I have already exhausted my intellect on theology; here is company not likely to vex me—if she does not stay long."

He looked at the female. There she stood, somewhat wilted; having mysteriously appeared out of the thin fog, like a bedraggled and perspiring Venus, rising from a misty meadow. If she was untidy, she was dressy. Her low-cut neck displayed a profusion of jewelry,—the most conspicuous shiny ornament being Madam Levin's Church-of-England gift. As Angelica came to a stand still in the open doorway, she daintily wafted back and forth a great gorgeous feather fan; and she did it with two fingers and a thumb so as to display the silver handle.

John Levin was first of all a keen business man, and he kept no client waiting: "Sit down, prithee. What brought you hither?"

"I have come," said the gaudy widow, "upon a strange errand. I want you to draw my will. I dreamed last night that I was about to die, and it frightened me."

"You do not look alarmed," an-

swered Levin, gazing steadily into Angelica's face. "It could not have been so bad as that."

"No, it was not. To tell the truth, I dreamed that you were about to marry me. That is, as a magistrate you know. And as for marrying, I should as soon die. But you know, if I marry, there will be legal points as to property, so I want to talk with a lawyer. You know that I have five thousand pounds."

"Indeed," replied Levin with evident interest. "I did not know it. It behooves you then to make your will, and to avoid matrimony as you would death."

Mr. Levin drew his pen out of its eel skin, and took down his ink horn.

"You look lonely, 'Squire. I can help you kill time happily."

"Please change your seat, Madam. Take that easy chair in the corner. You are in my light where you sit now."

By this arrangement, the widow sat behind the lawyer's back; he being seated at his table to write, facing the open door.

"But you know I do not want to talk very loud when I tell you about my money."

"Please whisper, then; I am not deaf."

John Levin at this point happened to recall that this was the same woman his mother had talked to him about.

"If my mother soberly wants me to marry this idiot, I ought to train her."

Taking a pistol out of his drawer, he discharged it as quietly as he could, in order to tone up Angelica's nerves, and to steady her mind for business.

"You know how I got my money don't you? Oh! Oh! Have you killed yourself?" And the widow rushed up and frantically seized the lawyer's pulse.

"Sit down, Madam. You must excuse me if I shoot a squirrel now and then, when one chippers on that branch by the upper sash. How much money did you say you had to devise? A thousand pounds?"

"Five, five, five, every penny of five!"

"And you wish to devise it?"

"No, I want to advise with you about it. I want to give it away if I die, and fix it so I can save it if I marry. But let me read to you dear John—Mr. Levin, I mean—a little of my poetry first. It is short. Will you? It is my will in rhyme." And the widow rushed out of her corner once more.

"Madam, if you have already made your will, you need no help from me," said Mr. Levin, rising with great dignity.

"But I want you to advise me."

"Please sit down, then."

After seating herself again, the widow wriggled her chair forward, until she was about three feet behind John Levin's elbow, as he sat at his table, wiping his dry pen.

"To whom do you wish to give the money?"

"To my lovers," answered Angelica with a sigh.

"Please name them in their proper order."

"Well, I want to give all the money to you; and then out of it I want to take some for the others,—how much, depending more or less on the prospect,—that is—that is—well, I do n't know just how to fix it.

I do n't want to lose my money, and I do n't want to give it away—unless it will do some good—if I conclude to marry."

"That is commendable. The way you suggest is a good one.—'I, Angelica Adipose, of Salem Village.' That 's where you live, is n't it?"

"But I 'am going to live in Boston when I am married."

"I 've written down all the formal part at the beginning, we will read it later. Now—I give and bequeath to my lawyer John Levin five thousand pounds for such lovers as I may die possessed of.' Is that what you mean?"

"Not exactly," replied Angelica, with a puzzled look, and rising to peer over Levin's shoulder, with her face very close to his.

"Please keep your seat, Madam, I can't write unless you do."

"Please then do n't call me Madam."

"What shall I say?"

"Call me Angelica, or Angelica my dear,—that is, if I give you the money—in trust you know. You do n't know how much I trust you, John, my dear,—Mr. Levin, I mean—in giving you all my money for such purposes as will best promote my happiness."

And the widow sat down somewhat

heavily, with a sigh. The weak-kneed chair creaked with her weight, as she ruthlessly dropped, utterly overcome by her emotions.

At this juncture Elder Perkins and the fat and jolly Farmer Ross entered the door.

"No, I will not stop," said the Elder, "I see that you are engaged."

"No, he is not engaged to me, not now, not yet," exclaimed the widow passionately, drying her red eyes with a nor' nor' west and sou' sou' east breeze from her fan. "Do sit down. It won't disturb me one bit. For you ought to know I am making my last will. Don't you know I'm afraid I may die."

"You do n't look like it, widdier," said Ross.

"Gentlemen, you have come in very opportunely," said Levin with a wink, "I wish to introduce you to my fair client and beloved friend, Mistress Angelica Adipose, who is about to be married. I do not know who the fortunate bridegroom is to be, but she has just made her will, giving to the groom five thousand pounds, and I want you to witness to her signature. Come, dearest one."

The widow signed with alacrity, and they witnessed it.

[*To be continued.*]

A QUESTION.

By Adelaide Cilley Waldron.

To be, as he, divinely blest,
And of the spirit set apart,
Would'st thou receive unto thy breast
The thorns that pierce the poet's heart?

SOME MEMORIES OF DUDLEY LEAVITT.

By Mrs. Polly A. Prescott.¹

DUDLEY LEAVITT was born May 23, 1772, at Exeter. He was the fifth in descent from Deacon John Leavitt, who settled in Hingham, Mass. He was the oldest child of Joshua Leavitt and Elisabeth James, and was named Dudley because both his parents were descendants of Gov. Thomas Dudley. His father moved to Deerfield, but I do not know in what year.

Dudley married Judith Glidden, of Gilmanton, in 1794, and took up his residence in that town. He had always spent his evenings and leisure hours in study, and at twenty was well advanced in the sciences. After his marriage he studied Latin and Greek under Rev. Isaac Smith, of Gilmanton. Later in life he studied Hebrew and some modern languages. He was an intense student until the hour of his death.

His first almanac was for 1797, and his last for 1852. The one for 1852 was in press when he died, and he left six in manuscript. He made the calculations for the "New Hampshire Register" for many years and for the "Freewill Baptist Register" after 1844. He was the author of several school

text-books, and at the time of his death had a work on astronomy nearly ready for the press.

For many years he taught at least one term during the year, and when not in school received classes at his home. He taught his last pupils in 1846 when 74 years old. A copy of the *Concord Observer*, published in 1819, contains this advertisement:

"Meredith Academick School.

"Dudley Leavitt hereby respectfully gives this information that he proposes to open his School in Meredith near Centre-Harbour, on the 23d day of August next, for instruction in the various grades usually taught in academies. The Lancasterian method will be adopted as far as practicable. No pains will be spared on the part of the instructor to render the acquisition of useful knowledge easy and pleasant to those young gentlemen and ladies who may attend the School.

"Board reasonable. Tuition \$3.00 per quarter; except for teaching Algebra, Navigation, Gunnery, or the Science of Projectiles, &c., Spherick Geometry & Trigonometry, Astronomy & Philosophy, for which the

¹ Mrs. Prescott, a lady now over 85 years of age, was a pupil of Master Leavitt's. In a private letter accompanying this sketch she says,—"In some things he was very peculiar; very polite, even to the small children, he would tip his hat and bow, and he had great reverence for aged people; but for anything, in school or out, that in any way was not strictly up to his mark, one ought to have seen his keen eyes snap to appreciate it. He raised a fine family of four boys and five girls. Two of his daughters went as missionaries to Bangkok, Siam. One son studied for the ministry, but I believe he died before he graduated. The rest of the family were all an honor to themselves and to the community, and all scholars. Wherever you saw one of Master Leavitt's children you would see a book. They lived in our school district, and consequently we had much in common. He was the teacher for several terms, but he was better fitted for adults than small children. It seemed to be his meat and drink, teaching astronomy and mathematics."—ED.

tuition will be \$3.50 a quarter & in that proportion for any length of time. Meredith, July 6, 1819."

Dudley Leavitt moved to Meredith in 1806, and settled on the farm which was ever after his home. He never came in from the field so tired but he would take up a book to work his mind while he rested his body.

He said his family thought his mind never rested except when he was asleep. He cared little for money matters, but loved knowledge and revered God. He fell dead in his home early in the morning of September 15, 1851. Thus ended a worthy man, beloved and respected by all.



A SUNSET REFLECTION.

By Caroline M. Roberts.

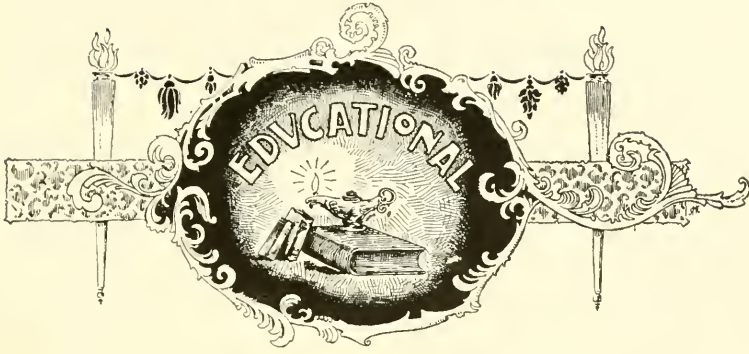
The day is fading into night,
And in its soft withdrawing light,
The coming evening calls to rest,
Ere sunlight leaves the gleaming west.

Around the wide horizon's rim,
Before the darkness makes it dim,
Are clouds, in gorgeous colors rolled,
Of crimson, purple, gray, and gold.

In them is promise from on high,
As when the rainbow spans the sky,
And signals by its blended rays
The coming of uncounted days.

And when the morning dawns and breaks
And all the life of Nature wakes,
Her pealing anthems rise and tell
Of Him who "doeth all things well."





Conducted by Fred Gowling, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE TEACHERS' ANNUITY GUILD.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

By Charles W. Morey, Master Highland School, Lowell, Mass., Secretary of Massachusetts Guild.

The severe mental strain and high nervous tension under which faithful teachers work tend to make them apprehensive of the future. The small and insufficient salaries preclude those frequent and necessary relaxations, which preserve health and elasticity of mind and body, if one attempts to make suitable provision for the "rainy day," which is so apt to come. Besides, many teachers have others dependent upon them. This burden, though cheerfully and uncomplainingly borne, can but weaken the teacher's efficiency. For to be a successful instructor of youth demands the best physical health and a mind free from anxiety and care. Work itself rarely kills, but worry often does. And in the rush of our modern American life the teacher has to bear a full share, and probably realizes better than any one else the rapid pace at which children must be driven in order to reach the standard demanded by our civilization.

It was with a desire to relieve able and deserving teachers from a part of this worry and anxiety, that, in 1892, several teachers in the vicinity of Boston considered the plan of forming the association named above. The success of other similar organizations—notably those of Boston, New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia,—showed that the idea was at least popular with teachers and the public. The reception of a provisional constitution drafted by this self-appointed committee was so cordial, and the pledges to join such an organization so numerous, that it was decided to form a permanent association to be known as The Teachers' Annuity Guild. After complying with the necessary legal forms, a charter was issued by the secretary of the Commonwealth on April 21, 1893.

The growth of the Guild has been rapid, and yet it is believed that all its members joined only after being convinced of its soundness. In many

cases teachers employed counsel to investigate the plan before sending in their applications for admission, and in other cases financial men of well-known ability and character made a searching examination of the scheme, and, as far as is known, rendered in every case a favorable report.

Briefly explained its object and methods are as follows:

OBJECT.

The object of the Guild is to provide annuities for its members.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any teacher, superintendent, or supervisor in the permanent employ of the state or of the school committee of any city or town duly admitted to the Guild is eligible to membership on the payment of an initiation fee of three dollars, and signing a certificate that he is in good health. After the lapse of one year from the date of admission of any city or town, no teacher employed therein is eligible to membership if his term of service exceeds fifteen (15) years, and by an amendment adopted last January no teacher will be admitted hereafter if his entire term of service exceeds fifteen (15) years. This amendment was adopted in order to protect those who were willing to take hold of the enterprise in its infancy, and by their united efforts place it on a firm and substantial basis. Many teachers now ineligible have expressed to the writer deep regret that their short-sightedness prevented them from joining while they could.

The total membership in January, 1896, was 1,040, and there are already in the hands of the trustees one hundred and fifty applications to be acted on at the next quarterly meeting.

MANAGEMENT.

The management is vested in a Board of Trustees, chosen by the various districts in proportion to their membership.

The following table gives an idea of the extent of the Guild:

Cities and Towns in the Guild.

District.	Cities and towns.
ARLINGTON.	Arlington.
	Belmont.
	Lexington.
BROCKTON.	Brockton.
	Bridgewater.
BROOKLINE.	Brookline.
	Milton.
CAMBRIDGE.	Cambridge.
CHELSEA.	Chelsea.
HAVERHILL.	Haverhill.
	Bradford.
LAWRENCE.	Lawrence.
	Methuen.
	No. Andover.
LOWELL.	Lowell.
LYNN.	Lynn.
	Nahant.
	Saugus.
	Swampscott.
MALDEN.	Malden.
MELROSE.	Melrose.
	Woburn.
NEWTON.	Newton.
SALEM.	Salem.
SOMERVILLE.	Somerville.
WALTHAM.	Waltham.

The Board of Trustees and its organization for 1896 is as follows:

Gordon A. Southworth, president, Somerville; James S. Barrell, vice-president, Cambridge; Eugene D. Russell, vice-president, Lynn; Charles W. Morey, recording secretary, Lowell; George M. Wadsworth, financial secretary, Somerville; William F. Bradbury, treasurer, Cambridge; Horace A. Freeman, Arlington; Harold C. Childs, Brockton; Mary McSkimmon, Brookline; Mary A. Lewis, Cambridge; Daniel A. Clifford, Chelsea; Clarence E. Kelley, Haverhill; Benjamin F. Dame, Lawrence; Calvin W. Burbank, Lowell; Thomas G.

Rees, Lynn: Arthur L. Doe, Malden; Levi F. Warren, Newton; Frank L. Smith, Salem; Charles C. Dodge, Salem; Bradford W. Drake, Waltham; Andrew R. Linscott, Woburn.

In addition to the above officers there is a financial collector for each district. The treasurer, financial secretary, and financial collectors are all under bonds for the faithful discharge of their duties.

SUPPORT.

The support of the organization is provided for by assessments, each member paying annually 1% of his salary, provided said salary does not exceed \$1,000. On salaries over \$1,000 the assessment is 1% on the first thousand, and $\frac{1}{2}\%$ on the amount over \$1,000, but no assessment is to exceed \$20. Any person contributing \$10, or more, becomes thereby an honorary member. Several hundred loyal and generous friends have contributed sums ranging from \$1 to \$100, while by sales, lectures, concerts, publications, and personal contributions the members themselves have raised several thousand dollars.

FUNDS OF THE GUILD.

There are two funds—the Permanent and the Annuity.

Until April, 1896—three years after date of incorporation—all receipts less the current expenses are placed to the credit of the permanent fund. All contributions, donations, and bequests are also to be added to this fund, unless otherwise ordered by the donors.

The income from this fund is the only part of it that can ever be used. After April, 1896, 50% of initiation fees and dues are added to the permanent fund each year till the said fund amounts to \$30,000, and thereafter 20% of the initiation fees and assessments are annually added till the permanent

fund becomes \$60,000, after which 5% of all initiation fees and assessments are to be credited to the permanent fund.

This permanent fund is invested by the committee on finance, with the approval of the board of the trustees and an advisory board of three business men, selected by the trustees, in securities authorized by the laws of the commonwealth.

The present advisory board is as follows: Hon. J. M. W. Hall, ex-mayor of Cambridge, Hon. William H. Hodgkins, mayor of Somerville, Hon. James F. C. Hyde, ex-mayor of Newton.

The annuity fund will consist of 50% of the annual receipts from initiation fees and dues less the current expenses, together with the income from the permanent fund, until the permanent fund amounts to \$30,000. Thereafter 80% of the initiation fees and assessments less the current expenses, and plus the income from the permanent fund, will be available for annuities till the permanent fund becomes \$60,000, and thereafter 95% of all initiation fees and dues, less the current expenses, together with the income from the permanent fund, will be available for annuities.

The following is the financial report filed with the insurance commissioner for the year ending December 31, 1895:

Report of the Treasurer.

Balance on hand, Dec. 31, 1894, \$13,087.05

INCOME.

From initiation fees .	\$114.00
“ annual dues .	7,542.46
“ honorary members and donations .	6,980.94
From investments .	1,085.16
	<hr/>
	15,722.56
Total	<hr/>
	\$28,809.61

DISBURSEMENTS.

Expense of management .

 620.52

Balance on hand, Dec. 31, 1895, \$28,189.09

The balance on hand, December 31, 1895, is invested as follows:

Mortgage at 5½%	.	.	\$6,500.00
Mortgage at 6%	.	.	3,500.00
Mortgage at 6%	.	.	2,700.00
Mortgage at 5%	.	.	2,800.00
Mortgage at 5%	.	.	3,200.00
Mortgage at 5%	.	.	1,300.00
Mortgage at 6%	.	.	3,000.00
In savings banks	.	.	104.80
In Safe Deposit and Trust Co. Bank	.	.	5,084.29
Total	.	.	\$28,189.09

Respectfully submitted,
WILLIAM F. BRADBURY,
Treasurer.

Examined and found correct:
EUGENE D. RUSSELL, Chairman,
BRADFORD W. DRAKE, Secretary.
For Committee on Finance.

Since this report was presented over \$5,000 has been received from dues, and over \$3,000 from donations, making the sum of \$36,000 now invested.

ANNUITANTS:

Annuityants are of two classes: (1) those who after a service of 35 years resign their positions, and (2) those who become either physically or mentally incapacitated for school work. In no case, however, can a member become an annuityant till the expiration of 3 years from the date of his admission to the Guild. An annuity can not exceed 60% of the salary at the time of retirement, and no annuity can exceed \$600. If the annuity fund is not sufficient in any one year to pay all annuities in full, the fund available is divided among annuityants in proportion to the annuities to which they are entitled.

The by-laws also allow any member who has taught in public schools for at least 25 years, and who has also been for at least 10 years a member of the Guild, to give up teaching and still retain all the privileges of membership, provided he continues to pay assess-

ments, each of which shall equal his last assessment as a teacher.

No annuities can be paid till April, 1896. It is impossible to estimate the number of annuityants, but there will be about \$8,000 available for distribution during the first year of paying annuities.

Let us briefly apply the by-laws to the case of a teacher receiving a salary of \$600:

1. The city or town in which she teaches must be on the list of cities and towns approved by the trustees.

2. Her entire term of service as a teacher (all of which she can count toward the 35 years) must not exceed 15 years.

3. She must sign a statement that she has no mental or physical infirmity likely to unfit her for teaching.

4. She must pay an initiation fee of \$3, and an annual assessment of 1%, of her salary.

5. Should she become incapacitated for her work she may, after a membership of 3 years, receive an annuity.

6. After 35 years service she may retire on an annuity.

7. Her annuity cannot exceed 60% of her salary at time of retirement.

The following advantages may be urged as direct results of such institutions as the Guild:

1. Worthy teachers after their years of active service are ended may receive a sum sufficient for their support.

2. The removal of the feeling of anxiety for the future prolongs the career of the efficient teacher.

3. The bond of good-fellowship and sympathy in working for a common good strengthens and deepens the Christian, as well as the professional, spirit among those to whom the training of our children is entrusted.

NEW HAMPSHIRE TEACHERS' READING CIRCLE.

WRITTEN WORK FOR THE FIRST MONTH, SECOND YEAR.

Boone's Education in the United States, pp. 1 to 43.

1. The New World was more favorable than the Old for the advancement of popular education because America had thrown off the shackles of despotism and renounced servitude. Government by the people can be successfully maintained only where the individual judgment is trained to weigh public matters intelligently, and the sovereignty of the people is necessarily based upon popular education. Freedom from established customs and precedents opened a wide field for the establishment of educational institutions upon the broadest and most independent basis.

2. The seventeenth century was a period of the highest importance in reference to the development of social, intellectual, and industrial questions. The extension of geographical discoveries, familiarity with the customs of other nations, the extension of commerce, the invention of printing, the beginnings of local self-government, the results of common school education in Sweden, all contributed to render this epoch especially fitted for the establishment of that public school system which is the pride and glory of the United States of America.

3. Motley, the historian, traces the beginnings of our public school system to the earliest life of the Dutch colonies in America. Luther and Calvin and Knox were all advocates of common schools, and urged and secured their establishment respectively in Germany, Switzerland, and Scotland. But more than all this must be taken into account the personality of the colonists. Of the first six hundred who landed in

Massachusetts, one in thirty was a college graduate. The influence of such an element, in accordance with the spirit of the age, could not fail to join liberty and learning and to lay deep the foundations of an educational structure that challenges the admiration of the world.

4. The first free public school in the United States was established in Brooklyn in 1633, and the first school tax was collected at that time. This was in accordance with the instructions of the Dutch West India Company to maintain a school master. The first public Latin school was established in Boston, in 1635. This marks the distinctive educational ideas of the colonies; the Dutch followed the ideas of their native country concerning popular education, while the college bred men of New England looked toward a fitting school for Harvard; their idea being to make university education widely extended and within the reach of all.

5. As early as 1619 liberal provisions were made for schools in Virginia. In 1621 buildings and lands had been provided. But the Indian war of 1622 postponed the establishment of schools for some years.

7. In 1635 the first public school in New England was established in Boston. Rehoboth followed in 1643, while Ipswich, Salem, Cambridge, Roxbury, Dorchester and Plymouth, also Hartford, New Haven, and Newport, all had public schools at about the same time. The Massachusetts law of 1642 established compulsory education, fining parents and guardians who permit-

ted their children to grow up in ignorance, and even if, after admonition, parents still neglected to comply with the law their children could be placed in the custody of persons approved by the selectmen until they attained their majority.

7. John Harvard, the greatest benefactor of education in America, gave half his estate towards the erection of a college. Private subscription and an appropriation from the state, provided for the completion of the work of which Harvard had borne the principal expense. His books, also donated, two hundred and sixty volumes, were the foundation of the present Harvard library. The first principal—Harvard was a school rather than a college—was succeeded by Mr. Henry Dunster, with the title of "President." He patterned after the English universities, and after a score of years of informal management requirements for admission were announced, and from that time onward Harvard has established and determined the educational standards of New England.

8. The Indian war of 1622 postponed the establishment of a college in Virginia until 1660. A movement was then started, which increased in power and influence until, in 1688, certain wealthy planters subscribed twenty-five hundred pounds and applied for a charter that was granted five years later,

largely in the words of the act of 1660. King William and Queen Mary both gave generous aid to the college. It received also twenty thousand acres of land, a percentage of the tax on tobacco, the fees of the surveyor-general's office, immunity from taxation, and a representative in the Colonial legislature. In three months it received more than Harvard obtained for the first fifty years. It was absolutely under the control of the Church of England, and its curriculum was of the English pattern.

9. Washington was chancellor of William and Mary in 1789. He was the first American and the first layman to receive that honor. Five signers of the Declaration of Independence, including Jefferson, were graduates of this college, as also were three Randolphs, Monroe, Judge Blair, and Chief-Justice Marshall.

10. The beginning of Yale was at Saybrook in 1701. It had no fixed existence and was badly embarrassed until 1718, when it was moved to New Haven and permanently established there. Elihu Yale donated some \$2,500 worth of books and the college assumed his name upon its removal. The college was largely supported by private means. A religious test for rector and tutors, requiring assent to the Saybrook platform of 1708, was established in 1722 and lasted for a hundred years.

Baldwin's Applied Psychology, pp. 1 to 43.

1. Pedagogy includes the *art of school management*, which is really the art of character building; the *art of teaching*, by which the pupil is led up to a higher and a better life; the *history and science of education*; with *psychology and applied psychology*.

2. We can study feelings and thoughts only by introspection. Hence psychology is necessarily a study of self. I am conscious that I know, I feel, I will. This is evidence of my personality. I also know self can do his best work when his body is in good condition.

3. The intellect has three faculties :

- (a) PERCEPTION, which is gained through the senses;
- (b) REPRESENTATION, which presents again my past perceptions;
- (c) THOUGHT, which gains new truths through the medium of known truths.

4. The feelings may arise from :

- (a) ORGANIC SENSATIONS, caused by organic stimuli;
- (b) SPECIAL SENSATIONS, caused by external stimuli;
- (c) EMOTIONS, caused by ideas.

5. The will embraces three kinds of efforts :

- (a) ATTENTION, concentration of effort;
- (b) CHOICE, determination in view of motives;
- (c) ACTION, the execution of determination.

6. By means of applied psychology the teacher beholds in one view the entire mental economy of his pupil from childhood to maturity and determines the means of education, the cause of development, using helpful desires and suggestions, all in strict accordance with the laws of growth, based upon the fundamental principles that all mental powers supplement and reinforce each other, that each capability requires specific culture, and that there is a definite order of development.

7. Since self works through a physical organism termed the human body, it is essential to learn the nature of that organism and to fit it to become the most fitting exponent of self.

8. Self receives all messages from the outer world through the *sensor-gang-*

lia or *sensorium*, and transmits messages and executes all volitions through the *motor-ganglia*, a wonderful telegraphic system, termed the motorium.

9. Sensor-excitations produced by external causes, occur in the cerebral-sensor-ganglia. With these feelings or sensations the physical series of cause and effect terminates, and a new series, the mental series, is initiated. The term sensation includes both the mental and physical series.

10. By means of sensations we gain distinct ideas of individual objects. These ideas are sense percepts, and the power to gain them is termed sense-perception.

ILLUSTRATION.—What may be learned about an orange through the senses ?

11. Self-percepts are notions of particular mental acts.

ILLUSTRATION.—Having read and heard about the culture, growth, and shipment of oranges, call to mind what you know of the subject.

12. Necessary conditions, as duration, space, cause; necessary relations, as truth, beauty, duty; in fact, all necessary ideas are self-evident, universal, and intuitive. A *necessary percept* is the result of self perceiving necessary realities.

13. Since the powers, acts, and percepts of the mind must be determined by external influences, internal influences, or intuitions, it is evident that the three classes of sense relations, self relations, and necessary relations cover the entire field of intellectual activity.

Kay's Memory and How to Improve It, pp. 1 to 46.

1. Memory is the most important faculty of the mind, because it records and treasures up what is passing in the mind so that it may afterwards be recalled at will. If every sensation, thought, or emotion passed entirely and forever from the mind the moment it ceased to be present even consciousness itself could have no existence. There would be no literature, no science, no philosophy, and man would sink to

a lower level than the brute creation, were memory dethroned.

2. Memory is ever present with us, instructing us and guiding us. Memory of former errors prevents their recurrence, while we derive pleasure and profit from the contemplation of our good deeds. Our storehouse of knowledge and experience may always be opened by the key of memory, and its treasures made subject to our will.

Memory constitutes the greater part of our intellectual being and builds up our personality. It throws light upon the present and serves as a guide for the future, since we may remember courses of conduct which we have pursued and avoid them if wrong or continue them if right. The effect of each repetition renders each succeeding act more easy and natural than the preceding one.

4. Pleasant memories of the past add materially to the joys of the present. Reminiscences of school and college life bring many a smile to the faces of grave judges and reverent clergymen. In memory's magic mirror we see the home of our childhood, our family, and our playmates, and live over again the days that never may return. The physical eye may be dimmed, the physical ear may be deaf, the physical voice broken, but memory brings back the perfect vision, the ear, as of yore, hears distinctly the clear voice of the child, as the past comes back to comfort and to cheer.

4. The readiness with which we may recall an impression depends largely upon the attention given to the matter at the time of its occurrence. Careful attention to important details at the time, especially if accompanied by repetition, will help to fix them firmly in the memory.

5. Our ideas are recalled by association with other ideas. By strengthening the faculty of attention and wisely attending to the association of our ideas, the reproductive power of the memory will be brought nearly to an equality with the retentive power. Thus it is possible to remember nearly everything we have ever known, and to be enabled to recall it at will.

6. The memory of isolated facts associated with some particular event, as illustrated in Dame Quickly's narrative, is the lowest form of memory. Words that convey no ideas may be learned and repeated, but the memory of such words is valueless. Training the memory in this direction is really little or no gain to the intellectual powers.

7. But when a number of ideas of the same or a similar kind are reproduced at the same time, associated, compared, arrayed, and classified, the reasoning power is developed, and the use made of the ideas recalled may be of the greatest importance in forming judgment or determining a line of conduct. It is a characteristic of men of ability to pass from the low form to the higher form of memory, association by similarity taking the place of association by contiguity.

8. The highest form of memory, the representative faculty—sometimes designated the imagination—is the power the mind has of holding up vividly before itself thoughts which, by the act of reproduction, it has called into consciousness. By this power we may reproduce past sensations or ideas precisely as they previously existed, or we may combine parts of one with another and bring them together so as to form an image more beautiful than the senses ever perceived.

9. If we gaze for a time on a bright red color the retina becomes exhausted and we see the complementary color, green. If we close our eyes and think of red, the complementary color will eventually take the place of the one originally in mind. Every activity has its organs, through which it acts, in which some change is effected by every action. The reproduction of the idea doubtless affects the physical as well as the mental activities.

10. This doctrine of a physical basis for memory appears to be sustained by facts. Observe the physical effect of a description of a game of foot-ball or base-ball upon an enthusiast in athletic sports, or read a pathetic description in prose or poetry and note your own eyes filling with tears. It is needless to enumerate illustrations of recollections of painful or pleasant emotions accompanied by necessary physical suffering or enjoyment, since everyone can make countless experiments for himself and thus become convinced of the intimate connection between body and mind when past experiences are reproduced by memory.

NECROLOGY

C. DOE.

Hon. Charles Doe, LL. D., chief justice of the supreme court of New Hampshire, was stricken with paralysis and died at the Rollinsford railroad station Monday, March 9. He was born in Derry April 11, 1830, and graduated from Dartmouth in 1849, a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society. He also belonged to the Psi Upsilon fraternity. He studied law in the office of Hon. D. M. Christie at Dover and at the Harvard law school, beginning practice in Dover in 1854 in partnership with C. W. Woodman. In 1853 and 1854 he was assistant clerk of the state senate and from 1854 to 1856 served as solicitor of Strafford county. In 1859 he was appointed associate justice of the New Hampshire supreme court, and held the position until 1874 when for political reasons he resigned. In 1876, upon the remodelling of the court on its present lines, he was again summoned to the bench as chief justice, serving continuously in that capacity until his death.

His legal attainments were remarkable and his decisions far famed as absolute models of their kind. They enjoyed the distinction of being quoted in the English courts. Judge Doe is survived by a wife, two sons, and a daughter. He was a man of simple tastes and eccentric manners, but of genuine legal talents and clear and impartial mind.



JOHN DAME.

Hon. John Dame died at Portsmouth March 13 at the age of 80 years. He was the oldest Free Mason in the city, had served as alderman and city marshal and in 1855 declined the Democratic nomination for governor.

B. F. FLANDERS.

Ex-Gov. B. F. Flanders of Louisiana died near New Orleans, March 13, aged 80 years. He was a native of Bristol, but went to New Orleans in 1845, where he taught school. He was finally chosen superintendent of the public schools for

New Orleans and started a newspaper, *The Tropic*. When the Civil War occurred Mr. Flanders, who was a strong Union man, left New Orleans and returned to New England. He came back to his southern home, however, when the city was captured, and was appointed treasurer of New Orleans. He was elected to Congress as a Unionist, but left his seat to accept the place of treasury agent for Louisiana in 1866. He was appointed mayor of New Orleans in 1870 and elected in 1872, and was appointed assistant United States treasurer by General Grant in 1873.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

Charles Carleton Coffin was born on Water street, Boscawen, July 26, 1823, and died at Brookline, Mass., March 2. He was educated at the town schools and at Pembroke Academy. From 1845 to 1848 he was engaged as a surveyor upon the Northern Railroad. After farming for a time, he was employed in the construction of Boston's first electric fire-alarm system. He began early in life to contribute to the press, and was connected in Boston with the *Atlas*, the *Atlas and Bee*, and the *Journal*. When the war broke out he went to the front as war correspondent for the last named paper, and performed distinguished services in that capacity. After the war he travelled extensively abroad. For the past quarter of a century Mr. Coffin had devoted himself principally to authorship, and had won remarkable success, pecuniary and artistic, in this chosen work. His published works number more than a score. His historical studies and stories, universally praised for their accuracy, clearness, and vivid interest, will form his chief hold upon fame, but he did good work upon many other lines. He was the historian of the towns of Boscawen and Webster and the orator upon the occasion of their sesqui-centennial in 1883. He was deeply interested in the leading public questions of the day, and had served as a member of the Massachusetts house of representatives and state senate. He was a fluent and pleasing speaker and had delivered more than two thousand addresses in his lifetime. He left no children, but is survived by his wife, Sally, daughter of Col. John and Sally Gerrish Farmer.



W. P. TAYLOR.

William P. Taylor, born in Milford, October 17, 1826, died at Townsend, Mass., March 9. He learned the trade of a blacksmith, and continued in that business until 1859 when he opened the largest general store in Townsend. In 1880 he organized the Townsend Furniture Company which he had since conducted. He was postmaster under President Lincoln, and had served in the legislature.

HAZEN BEDELL.

Col. Hazen Bedell was born in Haverhill July 31, 1818, the descendant of a family renowned for its patriotism and military services. When 20 years of age he came to Colebrook and entered upon mercantile life there, later building a business block for himself. He was postmaster for 10 years from 1844, delegate to the constitutional conventions of 1850 and 1876, representative in 1853-'54, county commissioner 1859-'62, member of Governor Harriman's council, 1867-'68, and judge of probate 1874-'75. He had been treasurer of Colebrook academy for forty years and had held many other offices of trust. He was very prominent in Masonic circles, having been a member of the order more than forty years. He died at Colebrook February 27.

GEN. F. S. WEST.

Gen. Francis S. West, who died in Bessemer, Ala., March 6, was a native of Charlestown, and left his home at the age of 20 for location in the west. His advent in political life was on his election to the state senate of Wisconsin, after which he conducted several parties across the plains to California at the outset of the gold excitement. When the war broke out he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-third Wisconsin volunteers, and was breveted brigadier-general for services at the Battle of Bentonville. He also commanded one of the three divisions of the army that marched with Sherman to the sea. He was U. S. marshal during the four years of President Cleveland's first administration, after which he went to Alabama and became president and one of the principal owners in the Bessemer steel works, owning at one time nearly the entire township of Bessemer. He married early in life Miss Emma Rittenhaus, a member of one of the prominent old New Jersey families, who, with six of the eleven children born to them, survives him.

GEORGE W. GILE.

Colonel and Brevet Brigadier General George W. Gile died at his home in Philadelphia, February 26, aged 67 years. He was born in Bethlehem, and went to Philadelphia when a youth. He entered the War of the Rebellion as lieutenant of the Twenty-second Pennsylvania Infantry. At the conclusion of the war he was appointed first lieutenant of the Forty-fifth United States Infantry. He was retired from active service with the full rank of colonel in 1870, on account of disability resulting from wounds received during the war.

H. W. GREENE.

Herman W. Greene was born in Hopkinton April 11, 1836, and died there March 1. He was educated at Hopkinton, Pembroke and Gilmanton academies, studied law with George and Foster in Concord and with Beard and Nickerson in Boston, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar on his 21st birthday. He practised his profession in Boston for some years, and then returned to his native town where he has been in active practice since. Mr. Greene served as moderator of Hopkinton continuously since 1863. He was superintendent of schools for five years, and solicitor of Merrimack county for the same length of time. He was a leading member of the house of representatives in 1881-'82 and 1889 and 1891.

J. N. MORSE.

Julius Nelson Morse was born at Royalston, Mass., August 5, 1840. He learned the printer's trade in Keene, upon the *Cheshire Republican*, which he purchased in 1865 and conducted until 1878. He was one of the founders of St. James Episcopal church of Keene, a trustee of the Keene Guaranty Savings bank, and prominent in other lines. He died at Keene, February 21.

O. D. MURRAY.

Orlando Dana Murray, a native of Hartland, Vt., was born March 12, 1818, and died at Nashua, February 22. He published newspapers at Manchester and Nashua in the forties, and later engaged in the manufacture of cardboard and glazed paper. He was president of the Nashua Card and Glazed Paper Company from its organization until 1883. He was also one of the original stockholders of the Nashua Watch Company, and was interested in other manufacturing enterprises.

G. H. COLE.

George H. Cole, a native of Westmoreland, died at Fitchburg, Mass., March 2, at the age of 69 years. He was engaged in business successively at Westmoreland, Rutland, Vt., Ludlow, Vt., and Chester, Vt. For twelve years he was proprietor of a hotel at Leominster, Mass., and since 1886 had been landlord of the American House at Fitchburg.

GEORGE S. HUNT.

George S. Hunt was born at Derry, February 8, 1829, but removed at an early age to Portland, Me. He engaged in mercantile life, and in 1857 laid the foundations for an extensive Cuban commission business which he continued until his death. He was also engaged in sugar broking and sugar refining enterprises, and was largely interested in shipping. He died March 9.

C. W. EVERETT,

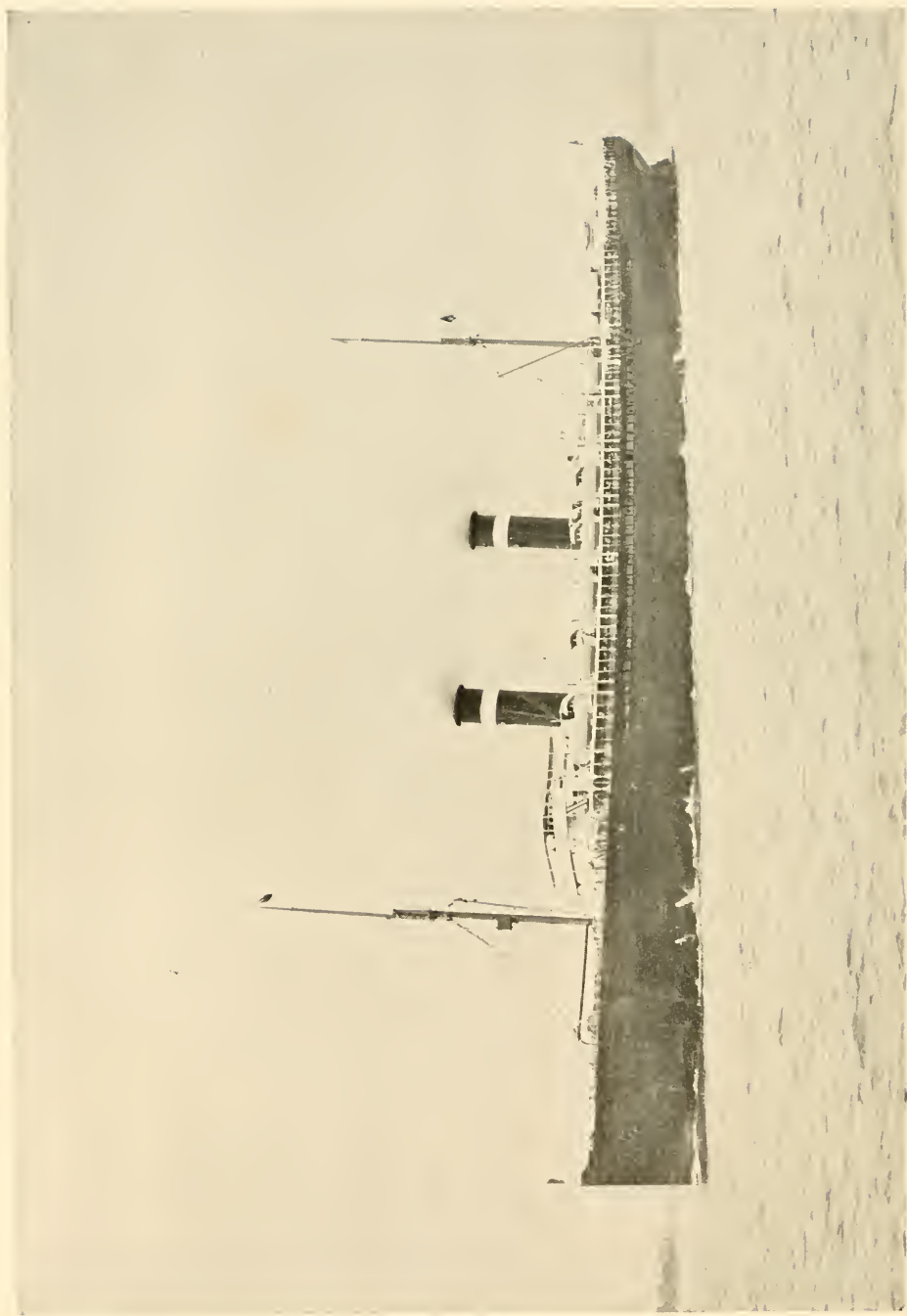
Charles W. Everett died at North Weare, March 2, at the age of 71 years and 10 months. For thirty-five years he had been a railway passenger conductor, and was also a farmer and summer resort proprietor. A Democrat in politics, he represented his town in the legislature in 1871, and was once a candidate for state senator.

J. S. DANIELS.

Dr. J. S. Daniels died at Rochester, March 6. He was born in Barrington in 1852, attended Harvard Medical college, graduated from the Long Island College hospital, Brooklyn, in 1875, and was a member of the pension examining board under President Arthur. He was one of the most prominent secret society men in the state, and was the defeated candidate for mayor in 1894. He was a member of the Strafford District Medical Society, and a leading surgeon.

REV. NOAH HOOPER.

Rev. Noah Hooper was born in Saco, Me., November 11, 1806. He graduated from the Newton Theological institution in 1837, and was ordained at Woburn, Mass. He subsequently held pastorates at Exeter, Deerfield, Somersworth, Newburyport, Mass., Meredith, Stratham, and elsewhere, and was at the time of his death, March 4, the oldest Baptist minister with one exception in the state.



THE AMERICAN LINER, ST. LOUIS.

From a copyrighted photograph by A. Loeffler, Tompkinsville, N. Y.

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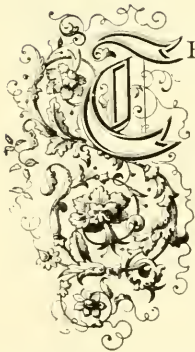
MAY, 1896

No. 5.



THE MAIN STREET OF THE OCEAN.

By Henry McFarland.



HERE is a wide pathway on the sea, beginning in about latitude 40° north, longitude 70° west, sweeping thence northeasterly on the arc of a circle which will clear Cape Race and end southeast of Cape Clear on the Irish coast, which may be considered the Broadway of the sea, for it is the route of the great fleet of ships sailing between the northern American states and the north of Europe.

There the American flag was formerly in the ascendant, because for a long period the lion's share of the North Atlantic carrying trade was in the grip of American seamen.

That period was the golden age of full-rigged ships. Famous sailing packets owned on this side the water plied regularly between home ports and Liverpool, London, and Havre, or other seaboard cities of Europe, and among the ships known all around the globe in the fifties were the majestic *Dreadnaught*, *Staffordshire*, *Ocean Monarch*, and *New World*. These were doubtless framed

of New Hampshire oak, as they were built at Newburyport and East Boston, and the Merrimack valley from Franklin to Nashua was where shipwrights of those coast towns sought their timber. The ribs of the *Great Republic* grew on our hill-sides.

Ebenezer Knight, a Portsmouth man, was captain of the *New World*. Ship-owners like John A. McGaw, and

people talked about ships as they talk about horses at Colebrook and Stewartstown. There was, as the device chosen for the state seal indicates there had long before been, a real New Hampshire interest in building ships and sailing them on the great highways of the ocean; there was like and larger interest in other states with wider seaboard, and there was gain in the traffic,



Collins Steamship Atlantic.

ship-masters like William McFarland, David Austin, and Horace Putnam, were then reared in our valley. The *Belle Wood*, a fine New York and Liverpool packet, was named for Arabella Wood, daughter of Rev. Henry Wood, of Concord, and it is worth mentioning that another daughter of the parson became the wife of Lieut. James S. Thornton, of the *Kearsarge*.

On the Piscataqua, where the Goodwins, Marcy's, and Tredicks dwelt,

of course. Some ships designed for the California trade, of the class of the *Witch of the Wave* (built at Portsmouth), *Red Jacket*, and *Flying Cloud*, were said to have earned their entire cost on their first voyage to San Francisco. This is satisfactory evidence that the *Black Ball*, *Swallow Tail*, and all the other packets traversing the North Atlantic were not sailed for fun.

Countrymen who visited Boston wharves in those days would be

likely to see a tall sky-scraper warped out of its berth to the tune of

"We'll bowse her up to Liverpool
And lay her off the town,"

and it was an inspiring sight, though of course not so grand as that of a ship under sail at sea.

As to speed, the American ships carried the broom at the mast-head. In three successive days the *Flying Cloud* sailed nine hundred and ninety odd miles, at which rate she would go from New York to Liverpool in little more than nine days. At this period our ships had long been known on every sea by their trim appearance and the superb way in which they were sailed. Nathaniel Bowditch, of Salem, author of the "American Navigator," at the beginning of the century took a ship into the Mediterranean with every man on board, including the cook, able to work a lunar observation.

Beside the winged pilgrims of the sea and air there were in the fifties established lines of American transatlantic steamships, the most famous being the Collins, with the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, and *Baltic*, of 3,000 tons each, and at a later date the *Adriatic* of 5,500 tons. It was the custom then to advertise the captains as conspicuously as the ships, and such were James West, Ezra Nye, James C. Luce, and Joseph J. Comstock, all tried men of the sea; the last mentioned ("Glorious Joe," as a New York newspaper styled him) was taken off a Fall River steamboat.

The Collins line had fortnightly sailings, and at the outset carried the United States mail for \$385,000 a year, increased to \$885,000 at a later date.

The *Atlantic* and her consorts were

propelled by side wheels driven by side-lever engines, except the *Adriatic* which had engines with oscillating cylinders. They were faster, more elegant, and more comfortable in a sea way than their competitors of the Cunard line, although the English company built the *Asia* and *Africa* expressly to defeat them. A table of the swiftest trips between New York and Liverpool, from October, 1848, to August, 1851, was printed by the *New York Express* in the latter year (the year the yacht *America* won the now famous cup); four of these trips by the English ships averaged eleven days, one hour, and thirty minutes, against four by the American ships in ten days and twenty-six minutes. The *Baltic* then held the record at nine days, thirteen hours, and thirty minutes from wharf to wharf.

Although the Collins ships received considerable praise from English newspapers, in which *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* set the example by an article entitled "Steam Bridge of the Atlantic," they never carried many English travellers. Captain Mackinnon, of the royal navy, came over in 1852 by the *America*, a Cunarder, and returned by the *Baltic*, to make comparisons. He reported to the shipbuilders of England, to quote in one line the pith of his long article (reprinted in *Harper's Magazine*, Vol. VII), "There are no ocean steamers in England comparable to the *Baltic*." Jenny Lind came across in the *Atlantic*, and on various occasions manifested her regard for the ship which brought her over.

Another American steamship company ran the *Washington* and the *Hermann* between New York and Bremen, and still another the *Frank-*



The Clipper Ship Dreadnaught.

From a lithograph owned by John H. Stewart, Concord, N. H.

lin and the *Humboldt* between New York and Havre,—which four ships as they went to and fro, touched at Cowes, England. Commodore Vanderbilt also took a hand in the business with the *Ariel*, *North Star*, and *Vanderbilt*.

These steamship lines and the fast-sailing packets which no man could number, led perhaps by the *Dreadnaught*, Capt. Samuel Samuels, which once sighted the Irish coast in nine days and seventeen hours from New York, licked up the cream of the traffic. The packet *Adelaide* once left New York in company with the Cunard steamship *Sidon*, and beat her to the Mersey, making the run in twelve days and eight hours. The *Red Jacket* in 1854 did the voyage in thirteen days, one hour, and twenty-five minutes.

Occupying such a position as this forty years ago, what are the reasons

why in later years this trade fell to other hands? Perhaps the chief of these reasons was the passing of the wooden ship; another was higher American wages. Then the government of the United States changed hands, and under narrower administrative theories mail pay to steamships was withheld. Jefferson Davis, Howell Cobb, and John B. Floyd were men of power in that day, and were never suspected of having a special prejudice in favor of Northern marine enterprise. Then followed the war, with English-built *Alabamas* and *Floridas* as a destructive force, the era of western railroad building came to tempt capital in another direction, and the bold voyages of our most famous steam and sailing vessels came gradually to a mute, inglorious end.

There were some mournful disasters during the great period of Amer-

ican activity on the highway of the North Atlantic. The *Arctic* was lost near Cape Race in September, 1854, by collision with the French steamship *Vesta*. This elicited a fine poem of ninety lines in Dickens's *Household Words*, beginning thus:

"Oh! bark baptised with a name of doom!
The distant and the dead
Seem speaking to our English ear
Where e'er that name is said!"

Then the *Pacific* left Liverpool in January, 1856, to be never heard of more, and probably was crushed in an ice field off Newfoundland, where one of her cabin doors was seen by a passing ship. These disasters gave our navigators a set-back, and perhaps they knelt at the stool of humility too long and too openly. It is our national habit to tell the truth. Every European sailor-man and steward, afloat or ashore, declares that nothing unpleasant ever happens to their craft, and they have come themselves to believe this oft-told tale. There is a forty years old scrap-book under the writer's hand, and he finds by turning over the careful selections pasted on its pages that the Cunard line lost the *Columbia* on Black Ledge, ran the *Cambridge* ashore on Cape Cod, the *Hibernia* on Cape Sable, and lost the *Tripoli* in broad day on a rock in St. George's channel. The *Arabia* and *Europa* butted one another over the Grand Banks not far from Cape Race, the *Oregon* sunk in collision with a coal schooner off the Long

Island shore, and Captain Wolfenden rammed the *Paronia* on a rock while steaming into Plymouth bay which he mistook for the route to Boston, although a passenger to whom the coast was familiar told him he was facing the shore of Duxbury. The *Cephalonia* has recently been stranded on the English coast, and the *Catalonia* been towed to the Azores with a broken shaft.

In April, 1873, the failure to identify a light on the shore of Nova Scotia lost the White Star liner *Atlantic* and five hundred and sixty lives. The Allan, French, and North German lines have a record no better in like respects.

There are some hopeful signs that the American flag will come to its own again. Far from being displaced



American Liner in the Stocks.



The Dining-room of the New York.

in traffic to the southward, our coast-wise and gulf steamships have been navigated with a punctuality and freedom from accident as gratifying as it is surprising.

In 1873 Philadelphia people created a new line to Liverpool by building the *Pennsylvania*, *Ohio*, *Indiana*, and *Illinois*, designed to equal the White Star ships of that period. General Grant chose one of these for his voyage to Europe, and the whole quartet have carried the flag on the North Atlantic path from their beginning to this day without one serious mishap. On the other hand they have put prize crews on vessels deserted at sea, and taken off crews of disabled ships. The *Ohio* picked up the broken down *Noordland* and towed her to Queenstown, and another of the line rendered a like service to the *Abbotsford*.

Beside these Philadelphia ships the American line has on the route between New York and Southampton, Eng., the *St. Louis*, *St. Paul*, *New York*, and *Paris*, ships of eleven thousand tons, as stately, as comfortable, as staunch as sail on any sea, navi-

gated by seamen of long experience and incontestable skill. These great ships are liable to service in the United States navy in possible emergencies. This is the first year's work of the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*. The *St. Louis* has crossed in six days, nine hours, and thirty-two minutes, her speed in winter or summer not varying widely, and her chief engineer expects to see her go over in six days.

Our engravings show the *Atlantic*, of the Collins line (the progenitor of steamships without a bowsprit), the *Dreadnaught*, the *St. Louis* at sea, and the dining-room of the *New York*. As an American sailor, one of those who sail the great ships on the main street of the sea, we have Capt. John C. Jamison, of the *St. Paul*, born in Brooklyn, educated in the polytechnic schools of that city,

Captain Jamison, of the *St. Paul*.

apprentice to a New York pilot-boat, sailor before the mast on the famous *Dreadnaught*, mate of the *Illinois* and *Indiana*, captain successively of the *Vaterland*, *Switzerland*, *Waesland*, *Rhynland*, *Westernland*, *New York*, and now of the *St. Paul*. It surely illustrates the uncertainties of the

sea that a commander so experienced should touch ground on a foggy coast with the best of the long list.

Success to American sailors and American ships, and honor to the flag of the United States. May it float over the last, as it did over the first, steamship to cross the ocean.

MAY SONG.

By Mary C. Jones.

I.

The snow of the Maytime drifts across
 An orchard I know full well,
 Where the grass is green as rain-sprung moss
 And the nestling robins tell
 Their secrets free as the blithe winds toss
 The branches wherein they dwell.

II.

O robins and bees, keep holiday,
 Where the winter winds made moan,
 And blossom across, sweet drift of May,
 Where the winter snows were blown.
 For life shall conquer all death, away,
 And spring shall be lord alone!

NEW HAMPSHIRE HORSES.

By H. C. Pearson.



IT would be a pleasant and profitable task to delve into the history of New Hampshire horses, and to speak of those most prominent in its records, from the battle-charger John Stark bestrode to Viking, the stallion king. Space, as

well as time and information, is, however, lacking for such an endeavor, and the most the present article can attempt is to briefly describe some of the "fast ones" owned or bred by New Hampshire men, and to give some idea of the importance and extent of equine interests in the Granite State.

It would be impossible to accom-

plish in its records, from the battle-charger John Stark bestrode to Viking, the stallion king. Space, as



Mambrino Wilkes.

plish this result in any degree of completeness without reference to one now passed away, who, by his keen interest, thorough knowledge, and financial liberality, did more than any other one man to further the cause of scientific horse breeding in New Hampshire. The late Col. John B. Clarke of Manchester was the founder and until his death the editor and proprietor of the *Mirror and Farmer*, the leading agricultural and

Speedwell 2:18), and Mambrino Wilkes 2:28¾. It was well said of Colonel Clarke after his death that "the horse interests of New Hampshire lost their best friend and most valuable helper when he passed away." His younger son, Mayor William C.



W. C. Clarke.



Thetis

horse paper of northern New England. He assisted in the formation of the New England Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, and served as one of its vice-presidents. Among the valuable stallions which he owned were Len Rodgers 2:38, Almont Eclipse, Fire King, Jingles 2:28¼, Steele (sire of Arago 2:22½, Bommer Steele 2:24¼, and

Speedwell 2:18), and Mambrino Wilkes 2:28¾. It was well said of Colonel Clarke after his death that "the horse interests of New Hampshire lost their best friend and most valuable helper when he passed away." His younger son, Mayor William C. Clarke, of Manchester, inherited his father's horse love and horse knowledge, and few better writers upon turf topics are at present contributing to the press of this country.

Mambrino Wilkes, above referred to, is fairly entitled to rank as the "Grand Old Horse" of New Hampshire annals. He is a son of George Wilkes, that greatest of American sires, and was bred by Gen. W. T. Withers at Lexington, Ky.

He was brought to New Hampshire by Colonel Clarke in 1876, and since that time has established a remarkable record as a sire of speed, stamina, high form, and docility in both trotters and roaders. His record of $2:28\frac{3}{4}$ was gained after but four weeks of preparation at the close of a stud season. He is handsome and attractive in the show ring, and still at the age of more than a score wins the admiration of horsemen wherever he is shown.

Mambrino Wilkes is now the property of William Corey and O. B. Laport, of Manchester, and is handled by Fred Brackett. Of his get three have already beaten $2:20$, and half a dozen more are included in the $2:30$ list. Among the more prominent of these are Thetis $2:16\frac{1}{4}$, Mischief $2:17\frac{3}{4}$, Dan Wilkes $2:20\frac{1}{4}$, Myra Wilkes $2:24\frac{3}{4}$, Arthur Wilkes $2:19$,



Montrose.

R. M. Wilkes $2:25\frac{1}{4}$, Daisy C. $2:25\frac{3}{4}$, Ned $2:27\frac{1}{4}$, and Colonel Arthur Wilkes $2:29\frac{1}{2}$. Mambrino Wilkes has also two sons, Morrison Wilkes 5,307 and Contoocook, that are getters of speed, and one of his grandsons, Conemur $2:19\frac{1}{4}$, has done trial miles better than $2:15$. Daughters of his daughters include Brunhilde $2:15\frac{1}{4}$ and Lady Helen $2:25\frac{1}{4}$.

The name of this New Hampshire sire was first brought prominently to



Arthur Wilkes.



Morrison Wilkes.

the attention of horsemen all over the country by the achievements of his daughter, Thetis 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, the property of Capt. George H. Perkins. On the shores of Lake Winnepauket, Webster, Captain Perkins maintains an extensive and well-managed stock farm headed by Montrose 2:26 $\frac{1}{2}$, by Dartmouth, sire of Lady Helen and others. Undoubtedly the apple of his eye, however, is the big bay mare by whom he has often outspeeded the

fastest on the famous Boston boulevard. Thetis was foaled June 6, 1885, her dam being Serena by Vedder's Cadmus. Her great year on the turf was 1893 when she started in with a record of 2:32 and cut it to her present mark at Rigby park, Portland, October 3, in a hard-fought contest with her rival from her own state, Edith H. By this achievement she won

for her driver, E. E. Cogswell, a prize sulky for the fastest New Hampshire bred horse of the year. Thetis has been privately timed several seconds faster than her record and good judges are of the opinion that in a mile straightaway over the snow she is one of the fastest horses in the world. Captain Perkins's racing stable was the past season in charge of W. P. Otterson who gave Maple Valley by Red Cedar, a mark of 2:22 $\frac{1}{4}$.



Jubilee Wilkes.



C. D. Hall.

Mambrino Wilkes's value as a sire was most conclusively shown when he was mated with mares of breeding and stamina, such as the mothers of Thetis and Arthur Wilkes. Princess, the dam of the latter, deserves more than a passing word as one of the best, if not the best, brood mares, by the records, this state has ever produced. She was a bay mare, by General Lyon; dam, by Hill's Black Hawk. She has been dead a dozen years, but during her lifetime produced eleven foals, seven of whom could beat 2:40; three, 2:30; and one, 2:20. Besides Arthur Wilkes and Morrison Wilkes, both of whom were dropped

after she was twenty years of age, she was the dam of Nun, trial in 2:28, and Vladimir 2:28 $\frac{3}{4}$. This mare was

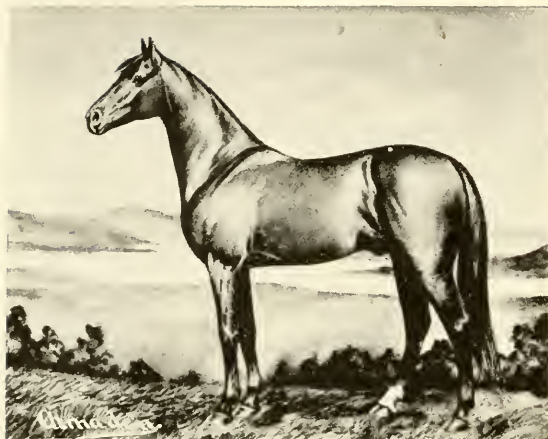


Glencoe Wilkes.

owned by Arthur F. Rolfe of Penacook, who bred his namesake, Arthur Wilkes. The latter is now owned by M. J. Healey of Worcester, Mass.



Dr. F. L. Gerald.



Almaden.

At this writing the fastest horse by the records ever bred in New Hampshire is Jubilee Wilkes 2:11½. He is a dark brown horse, bred by E. F. Hall of Belmont, and foaled April 8, 1887. His sire was Glencoe Wilkes, and his dam, Black Maria. He was first worked in 1892 by William Locke, when he won two races and took a record of 2:37. In 1893 N. J. Stone campaigned him successfully and cut his record to 2:17½. During most of 1894 he was out of condition, but on June 20, 1895, at Mystic park. Driver J. H. Nay piloted him to victory in straight heats, whose time was 2:13½, 2:11½, 2:13. The last half of the third mile he paced in 1:04½. On July 19, at Portland, by what was generally regarded as an unjust decision, the judges deprived Jubilee of a heat which he really won by a neck in 2:10¼. He is owned by C. D. Hall of Laconia, and has not yet reached his speed limit.

Glencoe Wilkes, the sire of this fastest of New Hampshire products, is owned by Dr. F. L. Gerald of Laconia, one of the state's most earnest and successful breeders. Glencoe was foaled April 7, 1881, by Alcantara, dam, Betsey and I. He is a bay, 16 hands high, weighs 1,150 pounds, and is a pure-gaited trotter with a record of 2:41½ and a trial in 2:36. In addition to Jubilee, he is the sire of Allen Boy 2:17¼, Whirlwind 2:20¼, Pansy Blossom

2:23, George A. 2:29 as a 3-year-old, Little Gem 2:30, and others in the list.

It can be truly said that he is the sire of more speed than any other horse of his age ever owned in New Hampshire.

Dr. Gerald also owns the richly bred Electioneer stallion, Almaden, by Palo Alto 2:08¾, sire of Sunol and Arion. Almaden was foaled in 1892; his dam being Kittie Sultan, by Sultan, sire of Saladin and Stamboul. He is a grand young horse, worthy of the great families he represents.



Edith H



W. F. Daniell.

The pet and pride of the New Hampshire track is Edith H. 2:10 $\frac{3}{4}$, as game and consistent a race mare as ever drew a sulky. The story of her purchase by her present owner is something of a romance. In the winter of 1888, ex-Congressman Warren F. Daniell of Franklin was, with a party of gentlemen from this state, attending ice races on Lake George, New York. They visited the breeding establishment of B. W. Burleigh at Ticonderoga, and inspected his colts. Most of the party were not sufficiently impressed to make any purchases, but Mr. Daniell offered for Edith H., then a weanling, and another colt, \$600. The offer was at first refused, but later accepted. "What do you expect to do with that dirty gray thing?"

asked one of the party, in amazement, when the purchase was announced, and Mr. Daniell himself confesses that her general appearance at that time was anything but prepossessing.

However, "that dirty gray thing" has since that time started in forty-five races, winning first place in thirty, and taking some part of the money in all but five.

Her owner was first attracted to her by her breeding, which is of the finest. She was sired by Deucalion, son of Hambletonian 10. Deucalion's dam was Trusty, she by a noted running horse, Marlborough, son of Imported Trustee. Edith's dam was Patti, by Nutbourne, full brother to Nutwood; second dam by Daniel Lambert. She has a trial record of 2:09, which she will some day equal in a race, and is the mother of a handsome three-year old filly, Fanny Rice, by Kentucky 2490. She is to-day as free from blemishes and imperfections as when she began her racing career, and is, as she deserves to be, one of Mr. Daniell's most highly prized possessions.



Much Ado.

Second only to her in his regard is the handsome bay horse, Much Ado 2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$, as a four-year old. This speedy and powerful young stallion was foaled in 1889, and bred by D. M. Ball of Versailles, Kentucky. He usual natural speed. The Daniell colors are favorites at every race track, not only on account of the qualities of the horses that wear them, but because of the invariable honesty and genuine sportsmanlike



W. T. Greene.
W. B. Cook.

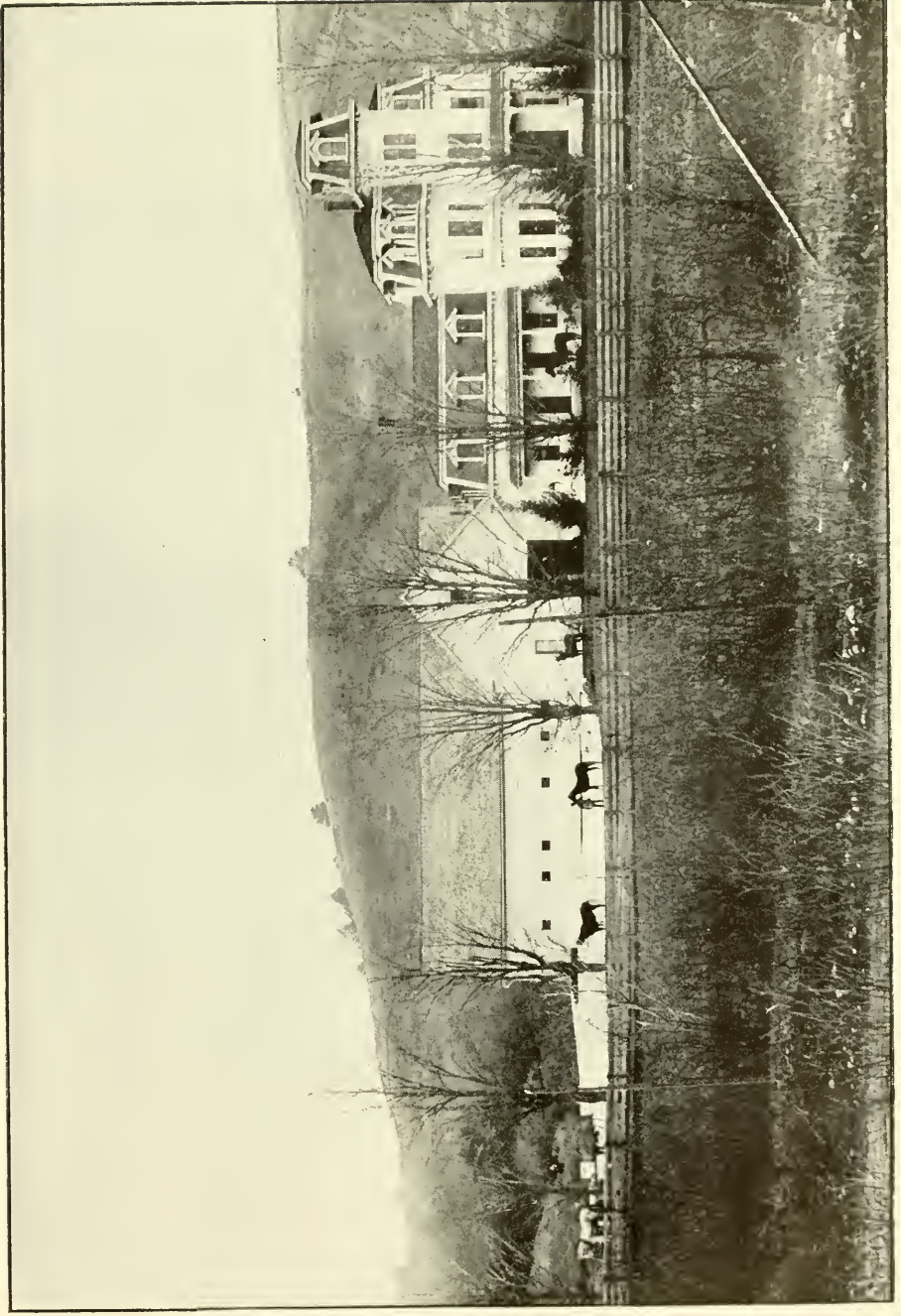
E. E. Cogswell.
W. R. Cox.

A QUARTETTE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE JOCKEYS.

is by Judge Salisbury, son of Nutwood, while his dam, Lady Simmons, is the daughter of Simmons, perhaps the best son of the great George Wilkes. Much Ado has a trial record of 2:14, and in his races has shown endurance and pluck of the highest degree. His gait is bold and rapid, and he is possessed of un-

action of Mr. Daniell himself. His driver in past seasons, Mr. W. B. Cook, has been an efficient co-adjutor in securing the smile of victory for the blue and gold. He is this season handling a string of promising colts for C. C. Kenrick of Franklin.

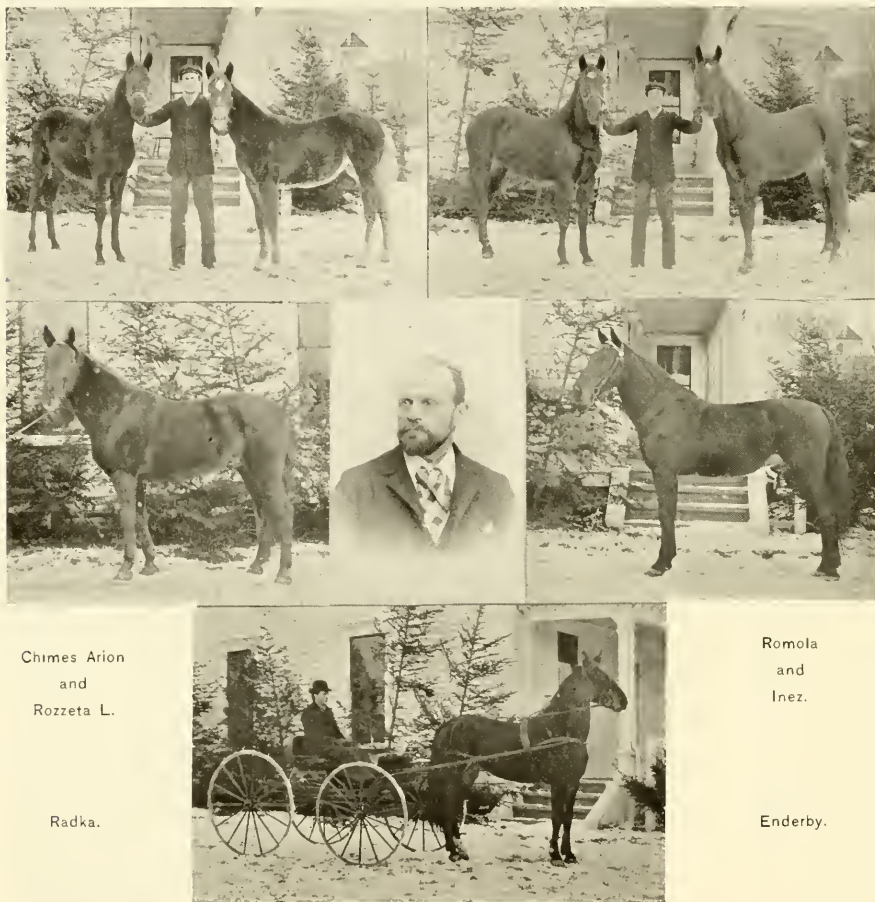
The two fastest horses ever owned in New Hampshire have spent the



Riverside Stock Farm, Newport, N. H.

past winter way up on the Canada line at the West Stewartstown stock farm of George VanDyke, the millionaire lumberman. They are Early Bird 2:10, by Jay Bird, and Mascot, Jr. 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Wilkes Hurrah. Their

ing coincidence that old Mascot 2:04, himself, is now owned by a son of New Hampshire, Mr. Lewis G. Tewksbury, the New York banker. Nicola 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Nicol, and a half dozen other fast ones will also



Chimes Arion
and
Rozzeta L.

Radka.

Romola
and
Inez.

Enderby.

H. M. Kimball, Proprietor
Clara Wilkes.

A GROUP FROM RIVERSIDE FARM.

millionaire owner has placed them under the care of that efficient trainer and driver, John Cheney, and there is no reason to doubt that the north country and the whole state will have reason to be proud of their work next season. It is an interest-

carry the Van Dyke colors this season.

New Hampshire possesses half a dozen stock farms and breeding establishments which are doing much to raise the grade of the driving horses of the state. Prominent in the



Highland View Stock Farm, Claremont, N. H.

list is the Riverside stock farm at Newport, where H. M. Kimball has an ideal location and every other element of a successful establishment. The farm comprises several hundred acres and aside from its adaptation to breeding is one of the best in that rich section of the country. His stable is headed by Enderby 2:29 $\frac{3}{4}$, and includes among its bright particular stars a daughter of Pilot Wilkes, Clara Wilkes 2:26 $\frac{3}{4}$, at five years old, who was campaigned in 1895 by Bard Palmer. Among the many high-bred and promising youngsters at this farm it is difficult to select a few for especial mention, but no lover of horses could fail to notice and admire Chimes Arion, by Arion 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$, dam, Chimes Belle, by Chimes, foaled April, 1895. One of the foals of 1894 is Zetter, sire, Quartermaster 2:21 $\frac{1}{4}$, dam Nelese, by Nelson 2:09. Radka is a two-year-old by Ralph Wilkes

2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$, dam Mabel A. 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$. Two handsome foals of 1892 are Romola by Enderby and Inez by Victor Wilkes, dam, Nellie Lambert by Daniel Lambert.

Though now practically retired from the business there was a time when Sam Hodsdon of Meredith stood very near the head of Granite State breeders. Among the well-known animals of which he held the possession at one time or another and most of whom he bred were Mischief



Pansy Blossom.



W. M. Leet.

2:17 $\frac{3}{4}$, Etta K. 2:21 $\frac{3}{4}$, Ira M. 2:30, sire of Dick 2:20 $\frac{1}{2}$, Falcon, Jr., and others.

W. H. Moody, the wealthy manufacturer, has conducted at the Highland View farm, Claremont, one of the leading breeding establishments of the state until this season, when he has retired from the business and has disposed of most of his horses including his fast young stallions, X. L. 2:20 $\frac{1}{2}$, by Emperor Wilkes, and Evolutio 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$, by Nominee.

C. C. Mayberry, president of the New Hampshire Breeders' Association, is the owner of two large stock farms, one in Maine and one at Hazen's Junction. His stud at the latter

is headed by William Albert 2:16 $\frac{1}{2}$, by Albert W., and Superintendent John Snow has under his care some very promising colts. Mordica 2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$ by Messenger Wilkes, has in the past been the leading campaigner from this farm.

At Stratham, Fire Marshal Whitcomb, of Boston, breeds sons and daughters of Woodbrino 3926, which the veteran Tom Marsh develops into such equine stars as Vega 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, Stella 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Zerbrino 2:27 $\frac{1}{2}$, one of the best colts in New England.

Hon. Frank Jones, of Portsmouth, has lately embarked in the breeding business upon a large scale and has now represented at his farm the blood of almost all the living leading sires of this country together with a number of fine brood mares. The premier is Mickey, by Jay Bird, and one of the farm's most successful campaigners is Tom Boy 2:21, b. m., by Edgemark.

The number of New Hampshire



Frank P.



Simbrino.

men who own or drive one or two horses fast enough to have won distinction on the turf is altogether too great to allow their complete enumeration in this article. Frank H. Foster of Tilton, who owned the great Viking, is now the proud possessor of a grey beauty, Adra Belle, by Almont Boy, who took a record of 2:13 under Frank Sargent's able guidance last season. Dr. H. C. Wells, of Laconia, bought out of a Portland livery stable Dixie 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, whose breeding has now been established as by Elector, a son of Dictator. Old "Jock" Field at Alton has driven good horses for many years. His name was for years associated with Screwdriver, and he now has in his stable Alcoe, Jessie P., and some likely youngsters.

Concord has been the horse center of the state for the past few years, the management of the Capital driving park having given there by far the most successful race meetings held anywhere in the state. During the season of 1895 W. M. Leet was the lessee of the track. He kept there his handsome Kentucky mare, Pansy Blossom 2:12, and was also interested

in the string campaigned by Lear & Carr, of Newport, including Jeddio 2:25 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Monarch, and others. H. E. Brewster was their driver. Charles Yapp, the well known driver, is the present lessee of the track.

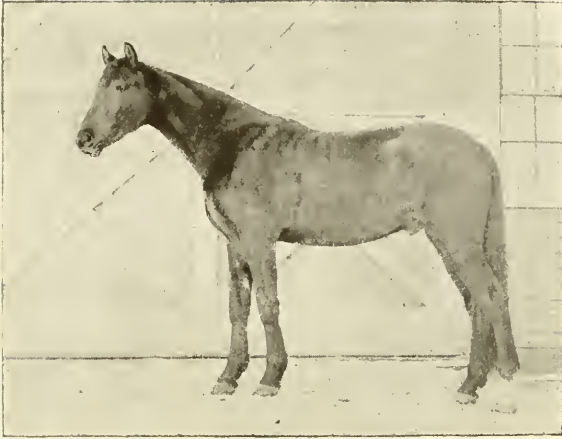
James C. Norris has a fast one in Frank P. 2:17 $\frac{3}{4}$, and but recently disposed of Whist 2:18 $\frac{3}{4}$. Until he transferred his interest to other branches of sport Mr. Norris was one of the

best known horsemen on the New England tracks.

James M. Collins bought of Cavanaugh brothers in 1895 the handsome and high-bred race mare, Wilkie Belmont 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Belmont. L. E. Currier always has one or two fast ones in his stable. At this writing Arthur M. 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$ is his trump card. Willard T. Greene handles Simbrino 2:22 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Simmons, and also gave Lady Helen 2:25 $\frac{1}{4}$ her mark. N. E.



J. C. Norris.



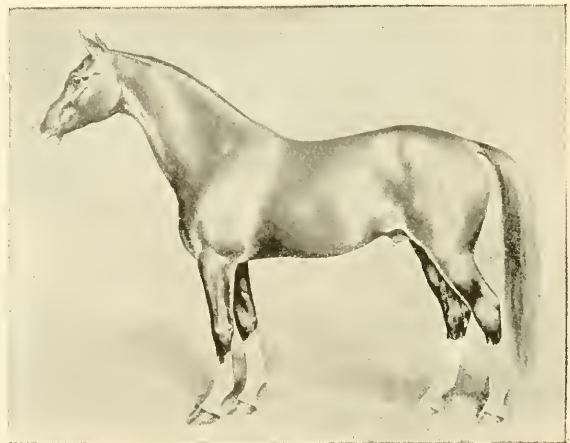
Prohibition.

Martin and George W. Silver own the Electioneer stallion, Newflower 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$, which stands at the Canterbury farm of the latter.

C. G. and John S. Blanchard are enterprising and successful breeders. The latter owns Bessie Snow, dam of Prohibition, the champion yearling trotter of New Hampshire, half mile record 1:23 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Prince Cuyler. He purchased her in 1884 at the closing out sale of trotting stock of David Snow of Andover, Mass., the owner of Daniel Lambert and many other high-bred horses. She was first mated with Col. Harry Lambert, a son of Daniel Lambert, which his brother Charles purchased as a yearling at the same sale. The result was Ethel Lambert 2:29 $\frac{3}{4}$. Bessie Snow was bred the next two seasons to Viking 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, and produced Vik, who has trotted below 2:30, and Kinglet, a successful prize winner at state exhibitions. Bessie Snow has produced five others for

Mr. Blanchard, one of whom, Vik's Sister, has beaten 2:30 in her work. Her last foal is Prohibition. Bessie Snow had produced two fillies by Daniel Lambert while the property of Mr. Snow. One of these, Daisy Lambert, was bought by Mr. Blanchard and produced Lamberta Viking which he sold at auction for \$500, the highest price ever obtained for a New Hampshire bred weanling. The other

daughter has some promising colts by Alcantara, was bred last season to Kremlin 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$, and was sold last winter to parties in Vienna, Austria. Bessie Snow has won many blue ribbons in the show ring and so have her produce. She was bred last season to Emperor Wilkes 2:20 $\frac{3}{4}$ and will be bred this year to Mr. Blanchard's new purchase, Stornaway 2:19. Mr. Blanchard is confident that two or three of Bessie Snow's sons and daughters will enter the 2:30 list this year, and that Pro-



Socks.

hibition, two years old, will be one of them.

Luman Marston of Pittsfield owns Charles L. 2:19½, Myra Wilkes 2:24¼, and other good ones, which are campaigned by his son, John E., one of the most skilful and popular young drivers on the turf.

The glory of Manchester as a turf center has largely departed, owing, perhaps, to the dissatisfaction which

Successful race meetings were held at Nashua and Dover during 1895, and there are many good horses and much interest in the sport in both cities. Cheshire county's fastest is Hollister 2:17¼, owned by A. N. Kingsley of Ashuelot, whose stock farm is headed by Almahoul, a son of Stamboul 2:07½. General A. T. Batchelder of Keene is another leading horseman in the southwestern



G. S. Locke.



C. K. Drew.

has arisen from many of the races conducted at the track in that city. There are many honorable and enthusiastic horsemen in Manchester, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the sport of harness racing may be revived there under management that will ensure honest success. Walter R. Cox was the Queen city's leading representative upon the turf last season and achieved success with a string, of which Johnny Wilkes 2:21¼, and Combination 2:22¼, were the fastest members.

part of the state. Up in Coös county C. T. McNally of Groveton has a king pin in Whirlwind. H. P. Bailey of Tilton owns and drives Judge McCue 2:22¼, by Douglas.

Dr. A. W. Shea of Nashua owns by recent purchase the fast pacing stallion, Socks 2:11½, by Rockdale. O. W. Ramsey of Rochester has caused Blacksmith 2:27, to be regarded as the champion sleigh horse of the state; and the veteran, Hy Wilkes 2:20, is owned by Portsmouth parties.

New Hampshire's oldest horseman is Charles Taylor, now almost ninety years of age, who still drives in races Factory Boy 2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$, who was old enough to vote some time ago. Opponents, whom the pair used to often meet, were John H. Taylor of Penacook, and his rather aged racer, Home Rule 2:21 $\frac{3}{4}$, alias Charley Champlin. The ice races at Concord, between the latter and Arthur Wilkes, the fastest son of Mambrino Wilkes, are remembered by every horseman who had the pleasure of witnessing them.

A very essential part of every horse race is the judges' stand and its occupants. If dishonesty or incompetence are found there the sport often suffers serious damage in the opinion of those who should be its best supporters. New Hampshire has furnished a number of judges who in ability, integrity, and fairness stand in the very first rank. Prominent among them is Charles K. Drew of Somersworth, a veteran whose name has been justly celebrated in the annals of the New England turf for many years. He has judged races from Bangor, Me., to Baltimore, Md., and has declined calls for his services from as far west

as Topeka, Kansas. There is no starting judge in New England to-day who was in the business when Mr. Drew began his career, and there never will be one who will be more fair, honest, and firm, or more popular with fair-minded and honest-intentioned horsemen.

City Marshal G. Scott Locke of Concord was for many years a prominent and successful driver and trainer of race horses, and since retiring from those branches of the business he has given what time he could spare to the work of a starting judge. He has everywhere won plaudits for his success in this capacity, and every season finds him compelled to decline, on account of official duties, most flattering offers from all sections of the country.

There are many other horses and horsemen who ought to be mentioned in any comprehensive account of the New Hampshire turf. The limitations of a magazine article, as well as his own capacity, have prevented the writer from doing justice to the manifold aspects of his subject. Some day, it is to be hoped, a complete history of "New Hampshire Horses" may be written. It would be a work of both interest and value.

YESTERDAY.

By F. L. Patton.

Oh, where are the petals of yesteryear's flower?
 And where are the raindrops of yesterday's shower,
 The cloud whence they came, and the tears that I shed,
 The rays of the sun when the tempest had fled?
 And where are the moments of yesterday's hour?

The leaves of the rose are the sod of the lea,
 The rain and the tears now are hasting to sea,
 And yesterday's cloud is the surf on the shore,
 And the sunbeam was caught by the blossom I bore,—
 But the day that is dead, who can bring it to me?

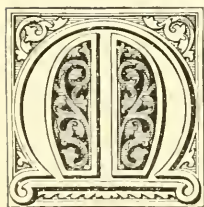


H. B. Wood, <i>Executive Engineer.</i>	M. Edwin Libby, <i>Deputy Supt. Street</i>	D. N. Payson, <i>Deputy Supt. Paving</i>	H. W. Sanborn, <i>Deputy Supt. Sewer</i>	John P. Wise, <i>Deputy Supt. Bridge</i>
	<i>Watering Division.</i>	<i>Division.</i>	<i>Division.</i>	<i>Division.</i>
Benj. M. Cram, <i>Deputy Supt. Street</i>	B. T. Wheeler, <i>Superintendent of</i>	Chas. A. Young, <i>Deputy Supt. Sani-</i>	Thomas Kellough, <i>Deputy Supt. Ferry</i>	
<i>Cleaning Division.</i>	<i>Streets.</i>	<i>tary Division.</i>	<i>Division.</i>	

STREET DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF BOSTON FOR THE YEAR 1895-'96.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF A GREAT DEPARTMENT IN THE CITY OF BOSTON.

By Bertrand T. Wheeler.



MAYOR CURTIS, of Boston, said truly that "municipal reform is the grandest watchword of modern times," and New Eng-

land's metropolis, under the direction of this business-like executive, seemed likely to be the first and most prominent exponent of the results obtained by the application of the same principles of ability in management and honesty in finance, to municipal government, as good judgment dic-

tates for the success of private business interests.

The results of the adoption of such principles in one of the executive departments of the city during the past year possess some items of interest to the student of municipal economy and reform; these apply only, however, to the executive function of the government of which the mayor is the head, not to the legislative which is largely responsible for the city's increasing debt, and in which branch of the government there is still greater need and opportunity for reform.

An administration giving such promise of advanced ideas and results, failed, however, to be perpetuated by the "voice of the people," since the people whose "voice" is heard the loudest, and unfortunately produces the greatest results when votes are counted, are not able to get personal profit from honest methods, and are not found flocking to the banner of municipal reform. The business men and taxpayers of the city appreciate the methods from which they derive a benefit but they largely vote where they sleep, outside of city limits; he who casts his ballot in the city feels glad to endorse a business management and feels satisfied when he has done so, with his vote, when it does not interfere with his convenience, comfortably abandoning his right of suffrage when it does. The comparisons made must, therefore, be between a first year of republican administration in which limited time only a beginning could be made in the reforms desired, and the previous years of democratic rule, which may be taken as a resultant of four years of party policy and methods under a single executive.

The street department of the city of Boston, while one of thirty-five (35) departments, expends annually over 18 per cent. of the total expenditure on account of the city of Boston, not including state tax, interest on debt, and sinking fund requirements. It employs from 2,500 to 2,600 men, and spent last year \$3,601,945.59 in the work of the seven divisions proper, and of the two allied duties of the superintendent of streets, Boston commissioner of Cambridge and Boston bridges, and inspector of smoke nuisance. This sum includes the cost

of maintenance and repairs from the regular appropriation, \$2,140,177.63, and expenditures for new work of construction provided for by loans for permanent improvements; the amount of these loans fixed by the legislative body, and the proportion of them expended annually depending upon the energy and ability of the superintendent and his deputies. The city, by its elected representatives having decided to expend certain sums for permanent improvement, is best served by the earliest and largest results obtained.

The department during the past year, therefore, has made a saving over the previous year, in the expenditure for maintenance and repairs of \$111,664.41, although performing a much greater amount of work charged to this account, and expending from loans for permanent improvements an increase of \$379,881.30.

The efforts of the year have been largely in the direction of organization and consequent economy; by organization is meant the arrangement of a system of proper responsibility of subordinates to superiors all with well-defined duties which shall not conflict, nor be duplicated. The most successful man is not the one who gives most personal attention to detail, but the organizer who builds a business machine with competent men at the important points, which will run with the lubrication of the master, except when a gear breaks or a belt slips off.

In the paving division the work of the year is always much embarrassed by the fact that while the maintenance appropriation is available at the beginning of the year, this is not for expenditure on street construction

but only for repairs and current expenses, and the loan for street improvements made annually is not available until the middle of July or first of August, the greater and best part of the season having passed. It is not, therefore, the desire of the department to do work near election time as is popularly supposed, but the fact is, that funds are not available until nearly that time. The sewer division gets little if any money from loans inside the debt limit, and as its funds for sewer construction are obtained from the "board of survey loan," so called, outside the debt limit, its work keeps on regularly throughout the year.

You will note that the department has three financial pockets: the maintenance appropriation pocket for repairs and current expenses, the street improvement pocket for money provided in the annual loan bill inside the debt limit, and the laying out and construction of highways pocket for a loan authorized by the legislature outside the debt limit for the construction of streets and sewers assessable upon the abutters. To these has this year been added the Blue Hill and other avenues pocket, a loan of \$2,500,000, subject to the same provisions as the laying out and construction of highways loan, but for the specific purpose of building the four "boulevards," Blue Hill Avenue, Columbus Avenue, Commonwealth Avenue, and Huntington Avenue. These were ordered in an incomplete way upon the last day of the previous administration, but no money provided for construction; since the passage of the loan order on April 30, 1895, these avenues have been divided into thirty-eight sections, the plans for the

entire work have been made, necessitating in the sewer division especially the detail drawings of sewers for the entire seven and one third miles of boulevard, nearly all with two roadways and requiring two sewers, one on either side, and a surface drain in the middle, and contracts forty-two in number have been let as required by law, and the work commenced, either in sewer construction or grading (in some cases both), upon everyone of these thirty-eight sections, except four in Columbus Avenue, between Roxbury Crossing and Centre Street bridge, for which distance the avenue is laid out over the existing Pynchon street, now paved and in fair condition. It is in these four sections that the improvement of Stony Brook is to be carried out, in order to construct the extension of the improved low grade channel from the present inlet chamber to join the section already built between Centre Street bridge and Boylston street, near Boylston station. There seems to be now no good reason why operations should not commence in the early spring upon the important work of these sections requiring an expenditure of \$400,000 alone for Stony Brook, as the plans are completed and the knotty problems always involved in the treatment of Boston's white elephant are practically solved for this distance.

It is a source of satisfaction to leave these avenues with all stumbling blocks removed and debatable questions decided, all plans made in accordance with the policy decided upon and work commenced upon everyone of the thirty-eight sections, except the four above referred to,—the least part of the work will be the

carrying out of the plans and methods already formulated.

The paving division laid during the past year of the most improved form of pavement upon a concrete base: 15,153 square yards of granite blocks against 12,349 the previous year,—increase, 2,804 square yards, or nearly 23 per cent.; 17,933 square yards of asphalt against 6,970 in 1894,—increase of 10,963 square yards, or over 157 per cent.

Of the more ordinary forms of work, previous insufficient report makes comparison difficult, but during 1895 quantities are as follows:

	Sq. yds.
Granite blocks on gravel base, cement joint	11,405
Granite blocks on gravel base, gravel joint	79,055
Round blocks on gravel base (gutters)	32,941
Telford macadam laid	41,945
Other macadam laid	642,423
Gravel surface	108,793
Filled and graded only	34,962
Brick sidewalks laid and relaid	92,992
Artificial stone sidewalks laid	12,295
Crosswalks laid	2,217
Edgestone set and reset, 165,475 lin. ft.	

The various financial pockets have paid for this work as follows:

Expended from Maintenance appropriation	\$683,899.42
Expended from Street improvement loan	636,328.35
Expended from Laying out and construction of highways loan	85,453.81
Expended from Blue Hill and other avenues loan	65,342.09

The sewer division has built during the year more length of sewer than in any year in its history: this year 33.24 miles against 21.9 miles in 1894,—increase 11.3 miles, or over 51 per cent., although the previous year's construction was the largest before known. In addition to this the division constructs, repairs, and

cleans catch-basins and man-holes, and flushes sewers besides maintaining the main drainage works and outfall—the most complete in the country.

Expended from Maintenance appropriation	\$280,596.07
Expended from Street improvement loan	20,872.45
Expended from Laying out and construction of highways loan	404,162.78
Expended from Blue Hill and other avenues loan	151,570.44

The bridge division has charge of the maintenance of 113 bridges, of which 23 are over tidewater and provided with draws, and the care and operation of these is an important part of the work of the division. It also has constructive work to do, paid for by loan inside the debt limit; and the new steel retractile draw at Chelsea North, the renewal of the Charles River bridge pier, the rebuilding of Chelsea Street bridge, and the construction of Cottage Farm and Gold Street bridges this year have been the most important of this class.

Expenditures for maintenance	\$119,716.00
Expenditures from loan	52,471.06

These three divisions—paving, sewer, and bridge—are practically the only ones which have any constructive work to do, and are provided with money for such purposes by loan.

The sanitary, street cleaning, street watering, and ferry divisions must exist and give satisfactory public service upon the maintenance appropriation and that alone. How well they have done that during the past year the following figures show:

The sanitary division removed 388,213 loads of ashes, offal, and

house dirt, besides running its shops, repairs, organization of inspection, etc., for \$432,778.52. This is an increase in the work performed of 10,778 loads, with a decrease of expenditure of \$34,680.50 from last year, in other words the division rendered 3 per cent. more service while reducing the cost $7\frac{1}{10}$ per cent.

The street cleaning division has charge of the cleanliness of the city in the central portion in which there are paved streets, namely in seven districts, while three suburban districts, comprising Brighton, West Roxbury, and Dorchester, are cared for by the paving division; the work performed has resulted in the removal of 122,544 loads of street sweepings and cleanings at a cost of \$305,998.50, an increase in the work performed of 27,066 loads at an increased cost of \$4,521.06, an increase of over 28 per cent. in work performed with increase of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in cost.

The ferry division has expended \$3,076.83 less than last year, and yet has since May 1 given the public three boat service instead of two, at each ferry, from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m., running five minute time during the busy portion of the day, although a previous superintendent claimed that a third boat could only be run for a couple of hours morning and night if an *additional* sum of \$5,000 was appropriated. Many permanent improvements have also been made to the ferry property, new passenger supplementaries, and electric lights on the drops, slips dredged out, new life saving skiffs on the boats, the cost of which was charged to the maintenance account.

The street watering division has this year watered 307.49 miles during

the season at a cost of \$76,424.70, an increase in service of 10.83 miles and decrease in cost of \$10,744.40 or $3\frac{6}{10}$ per cent more service for $12\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. less expenditure.

The central office of the department is in charge of an executive engineer under the immediate supervision of the superintendent and is practically a division in itself; under his eye the schedules of the accounts of the different divisions are kept, all contracts are here advertised and executed, all complaints entered and forwarded, and the public received. A legislative clerk keeps the department in touch with the legislative function of the government, draws all orders which the department wishes introduced, and represents the superintendent at the meetings and hearings of these bodies and their committees.

A purchasing clerk, by methods newly introduced, now buys by requisition all goods wanted by all divisions after having the superintendent's approval; bills for the same are rendered by a system of duplicate vouchers and monthly statements on forms provided by the department and before being forwarded for payment the signature has been obtained of the foreman receiving, the chief clerk of the division ordering, the deputy superintendent, purchasing clerk, and the superintendent of streets; responsibility is thus fully fixed for order, receipt, quality, and price.

These methods resulted in reducing the percentage paid for bills of the total expenditure from $49\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. to $42\frac{5}{10}$ and thus increasing the amount spent in actual labor on the streets from $50\frac{9}{10}$ per cent. to $57\frac{5}{10}$ per cent.; this of course meant increased

service for the money expended, and the maintenance of the entire department has been conducted with a total saving of \$111,664.41 over last year.

During the few weeks immediately following my resignation and a change of administration in February last, the department was convulsed by the political changes that took place; the deputies, whose faithful, conscientious, and vigorous support had been given me, fell by the wayside by the immediate hand of an official who, after six days in office, discovered that the men who had been faithful to the city's best interest for a year, as none of their predecessors had ever been, were no longer worthy of his confidence.

Thus a department carrying on nearly all the public works of a great city is a political bauble, and its machinery is deprived of its component parts of honesty, ability, and experi-

ence, which has been shown to have given the best service ever performed, to give place to defeated political candidates and political workers, as a reward for services rendered.

This important department should be still further enlarged; it should include the lamp department and the water department when this has only the distributing system in its charge, as it soon will have, owing to the operation of the Metropolitan Water bill.

It will then include all constructive departments in the public streets of the city, and responsibility therefor will be fully fixed; it should then be organized as the department of public works, with a single commissioner with a three or five year term of office; and then, and not till then, will it be removed from the arena of politics, and give the best returns to the citizens of Boston.

THE PIANIST.

By Samuel Hoyt.

I marvel at her wondrous art,
The while she strikes responsive keys;
I hear the riot of the storm,
The ripple of melodious seas.

To-night her subtle hands invoke
What dwells not in the written score—
This strange, sweet pathos never filled
These dear, familiar strains before.

A tender pulse of tone-life creeps
Through all the chords, as if there stole
The spirit of a master near
And lent to them his living soul.

SOME PASSING THOUGHTS ON LITERATURE.

By Milo Benedict.

I.

IN what lies the characteristic charm possessed by any fine book? It is not in the subject treated, not in the fineness of the language used, but in the indefinable attractions of the personality behind the pen. There are brilliant and otherwise gifted writers who seem to possess no power that may be transmitted to others from which they may derive a kind of strength or help. These writers are often witty, picturesque in style, happy in expression, and voluminous in thought—a kind of thought without much color in it (the pages of certain books seem to me full of genuine colors, changing from one hue to another with dream-like uncertainty, while the pages of other books which are still distinctly literary in character are pale, unsuggestive, having no power over the imagination, no vivifying vitality). I imagine such writers possessing in a certain degree the very instincts of the literary mind, yet lacking the deeper and essentially moral qualities which, if added, would give a real and permanent value to their work. I imagine them reading a truly great man with a kind of despair at his superior force, or else reading him without any sense of his greatness at all.

Then there are those who, having very lively mental faculties and unusual technical skill in grammar and

rhetoric, imagine themselves the equals of those greatly their superiors in the richer elements of character. I have in mind some brilliant French writers whose books could not communicate a fine sentiment, and from which one could derive no particular benefit save that casual one through the exercise obtained in the mere process of reading. You may diligently study their work and may mistake the laborious acquisition of their thought for something stimulating and beneficial to yourself, and so believe yourself richer than you really are. You have simply lost the right point of view. You may see, if your eyes see through the dross, that there is nothing beyond the words, nothing of that indefinable power which comes as refreshment from the hands of great men—something of priceless worth which lies even above and beyond everything that is said. One does not have to read much to find out those who write with their heads only. I cannot be allured by a fine sentence or two, or by the appearance of a new word. The tone, the groundwork, is what is looked for and chiefly considered in a picture. The same should be looked for and considered in the work of a writer.

In much that is written for the magazines nowadays there is a singular and almost painful sense of

emptiness, a want of purpose, a desperate fear of being taken seriously, yet with no perceptible sense of humor. In the majority of short stories there appears to be no other motive than to make pictures—pictures from which you can express no juice, no sentiment, no dominating idea. Even the poets (the new ones) have simply gone into picture making, in which art they are not nearly so successful as the pocket kodak.

Now we do not like always to find a moral pinned on to everything. And it is just the trouble with inferior minds that they never have a moral except one they can fasten with a pin—something separate and detachable, obvious and insignificant. But the truly great writers do not hand down their morals, nor put them up in packages of convenient sizes for home consumption. The morality is intrinsically a part of their thought, a quality of their character inseparable from themselves, a portion of which they always give when they give anything. It is this we delight in, the sense of being uplifted by the author's influence; and it matters little whether we receive that influence through written words or through personal intercourse with the author himself, his personality in a way pervades ours. Should he simply excel in writing, we may not expect to find so much in his table-talk or his manners; but if he should be of a social temperament like Dr. Johnson, we may be influenced more by his appearance, manners, and conversation than by the reading of his books. Should he happen to be an orator, his voice, his bearing, and stage manners may be taken into account as much as the substance of what he says.

II.

So often are we asked to read this book or that, this one containing a short story, that one a new novel, perhaps one with a newly discovered law in social science to puzzle over and theorize upon. But why read a story for the story? That is nothing more than to be amused by motion. That is to be purely mechanical. As for my own predilections, I can read a story only when the writer's habit of mind has a charm for me. If he can throw a clearer light on character, if he can paint with fine and pure colors, if he can assist his readers to arrive at a state of more civilizing gentleness, if he can produce an atmosphere or bring us something of the wealth of summer, then he may be well nigh indispensable. But if he has only a story to tell, and can impart no higher pleasure than that of moving people about as in a game of chess, then his book is worse than superfluous.

I can go to my table and pick up any book lying there and find all the art and wisdom of the novelist put to shame. It is foolish to rest in the delusion that the reputation of the novelist is a sufficient guarantee for the inherent excellence of his book. I must be made aware of his excellence as one is made aware of a shower by getting wet. I must be assisted to behold a larger field of truth, or the approach to it at least. Now a few lines from any one of the immortals makes common writing as dead as ashes. A little of Emerson, or a little of Browning, whose thoughts, as some one has remarked, are all images, gives one a gallery of fine pictures which are always brac-

ing and fresh. Burroughs takes his reader by the hand, leads him abroad, and gives him a new breath of life from the source where the sap comes from. What unsuspected charms are in the fields! Wordsworth makes all things look grand; and DeQuincey electrifies one with something of a sense of the satisfaction he must have enjoyed in possessing so full and commanding an intellect. Much of Milton suggests the radiance of vast cloud structures shining in the sun, or the pomp and richness of Bach's greatest organ fugues. Landor marches through old museums of stately antiquities, giving the hard letters in stone a new lustre and meaning. Lamb writes for the ancients to the delight of the moderns. Hazlitt somehow keeps up an excitement while never losing sight of the charms of prose. Hunt teaches men the advantages of cheerfulness. Thoreau makes the soul stronger by teaching it to be independent and far sighted.

With these, besides many other favorites belonging to our own America—Lowell, Holmes, Curtis, Whitman, Whittier, Brooks—how can one bend to the every-day story writer? Can one be edified by shaking dice? After reading five hundred stories can one be surprised by the five hundred and first? And yet, as all this signifies, if the teller has something more to tell than his story, if he has genius, imagination, spiritual insight, he is obviously worth reading.

III.

And as for novels—still deluging the book marts like a cataclysm of ice over a dam at the breaking up of the season, books with covers to

catch the eye, and advertised like soaps and blood purifiers—is it to be wondered at that the patient critics lose their patience, drop off with fatigue at the sight of the stack, and refuse to dispense their canons of judgment which the authors await with anxiety and the public receive with indifference. Indeed, one of the ablest of critics has recently avowed his protest by taking up as a means of keeping his mental health, the refreshing study of apple culture. If the majority of those who write novels would occasionally cool their fevers in the pursuit of this wholesome and clarifying study, what an increase of sobriety and common-sense might be fused into the elements of the novel itself.

The public no longer listens to be told that novels are indispensable and important and wield an immense and increasing influence. The public has found them charming, powerful, useful. For centuries the world has wanted the novel, but could not, for the lack of a little ingenuity, describe the thing it wanted. It was left for the writers to discover the taste, and having found it, to stimulate it, pamper it, encourage it till, from cautious nibbling at the deceitful page, it grew into a robust appetite with a demand for huge mouthfuls of the same; and now at this present day has a capacity to dispose of every variety of novel from the coarsest to the finest without the slightest inconvenience. There is no denying the fascination and pleasure that await the reader as he steps out of his own sublunary world into the new and mysterious world some great fictionist has compressed between two flat pieces of paste-board. But the great fictionist is a rare per-

son, while novels are almost blocking the highways.

And what remarkable tact the ordinary novelists exhibit in their haste to catch attention. They let loose their little excitements like a litter of pigs all over the first page, and there is no getting away from the noisome things. It turns out to be a regular trade and trick. The very fact that they hope so hard to sell their wares belies their honesty and sincere devotion to their art. All lower interests are ruinous to a good style and must be so. Among the many new writers—and what a throng there are—who have cut a brilliant first dash there remains not one, according to our observation, who has not de-

generated with the increase of his popularity and success. Make money and popularity a motive in your work and you are doomed to drop quickly and silently out of the grand republic of letters as a scurf and a charlatan. Even the man who seeks to do a great and notable performance in literature by taking a great and complex theme runs the risk of being cast aside if his style fails to bear him out creditably to the end. But his style can rarely fail so long as his thoughts and purposes are too strong to give way to consciousness of expression. To write and be conscious of how you write is bad. It is enough to be conscious of what you write. That is a consciousness to be cultivated.

THE FAIRY KING.

By Ex-Governor Moody Currier.

Down beneath a rocky summit,
Where a creeping brooklet runs,
In the burning days of summer,
Oft a wandering footstep comes.

There beneath the drooping branches,
Where the timid mosses spread,
Where the cooling shadows gather,
Oft reclines a weary head.

In the silent sleeping fountain,
Whence the bubbling waters spring,
Dwells a tiny shining spirit,
Once a fairy sceptered king.

In the days of magic wonder,
When the demons ruled the air,
By their potent spells they bound him,
Bound his life forever there.

When beside that silent brooklet
Once those wandering footsteps tread,
When upon that mossy pillow
Once reclines that weary head,

Then that tiny shining spirit,
Rising in its robes of white,
Shines above the creeping shadows,
Like a living cloud of light.

Then before that sleeping maiden,
Fairy phantom visions rise;
Wondrous worlds of love and beauty
Float before her dreamy eyes.

Then the golden gates lie open,
Angel forms are robed in light;
When, alas! the astonished maiden
Wakes before the wondrous sight.

Then that shining spectre shadow
Fades away in empty air,
To its caverned home retiring,
Dwells alone forever there.

Then the maiden homeward going
Thinks the vision from above;
While within her swelling bosom
Cupid fans the flames of love.

So the dreams of life around us
Flit like beams of silver light;
When we wake, the golden splendor
Melts away in shades of night.

Still we seek the baseless phantoms,
Still their shadowy forms pursue;
Never find the life that's real,
Never find the good and true.



Mt. Lafayette from Sunset Hill House.

LISBON.

By George H. Moses.

THE year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down

Was past, eight years past, before
our Lisbon was born and christened
with the name which now adorns the
capital of the state. August 6, 1763,
Joseph Burt and others received a
grant of the territory now comprising
Lisbon under the name of Concord,
and scarcely a six-month had elapsed
before another grant, bearing the
name of Chiswick, was made, em-
bracing much of the same territory.
Both grants were forfeited, however,
by the failure of the grantees to make
the required settlements, and five

years after the date of the first char-
ter another was issued, this third
change in ownership involving a
third change in title, from which the
town emerged bearing the eupho-
nious name of Gunthwaite. But
even this was not sufficient, it seems,
for, twenty years later, the town was
known in state documents as "Con-
cord, *alias* Gunthwaite," and some
forty years still later a fourth name
was chosen, and by act of legislature
the place was christened by the name
it now bears—Lisbon.

These abrupt and sudden vicissi-
tudes of nomenclature were accom-

panied by equally varied fortune. The first five years of its life the place had a mere paper existence. It formed part of Benning Wentworth's great colonizing scheme and that was all. The speculators to whom the charter had been granted

ing and Major John Young of Haverhill, Massachusetts, some settlements were made while yet the Revolution was pending.

The return of peace, however, meant the beginning of prosperity for the infant settlement on the Am-



Sunset Hill House and Cottages.

did nothing to improve their property, and the men of the second grant, though more energetic than their predecessors, were able to do but little owing to the state of war which arose soon after they came into possession of the tract. Nevertheless there was some progress, though it was slow, and through the influence of Captain Leonard Whit-

monoosuc, and within a few years of the surrender at Yorktown at least twoscore families were on the ground together with what one historian informs us was "a respectable contingent of bachelors."

The greater flood of this immigration waxed and waned during the first year following the end of the war, and thereafter settled down into

a steady annual increase of population which, it may be remarked with truth, has continued till the present, a slow but sure addition to the town's prosperity and importance.

But the sweets of life were tasted with a liberal admixture of the bit-



Hotel Look-Off.

ter, and no sooner had the vigor and enterprise of the new proprietors begun to make themselves manifest in the undoubted permanent advance of the new settlement than a multitude of conflicting claims arose, growing out of the town's varied mutations of name and ownership during those early years, filled with both inactivity and with war when first the unwonted sloth of the grantees and then the tremendous activity of the whole people bent on securing liberty for themselves and their posterity had prevented a proper development of the community's advantages.

The original grantees, spurred by covetous regard of the prosperity of the place which they had been too lazy to cultivate, now came forward to assert the validity of the first royal grant, and, it is hinted with some emphasis, made some sort of a compromise or bargain with some of the

influential citizens by means of which they were able to exert an added pressure upon the less fortunate. Prolonged litigation was opened and the culmination came in the sustaining of the Concord charter, and the original Concord proprietors made merry on the prosperity of their Gunthwaite successors who were at one fell stroke deprived not only of the fruits of their industry but of their original investment as well. The despoiled settlers were well aware that they had been overcome by bulldozing and fraud, but there was no open revolt. Such of them as were able repurchased their farms, but many abandoned everything and sought lodgment in Canada or in other townships further north. The memory of the disgraceful judgment faded away and was finally obliterated



The Look-Off Spring.

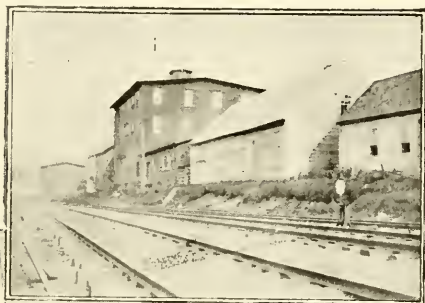
ated by another change of name by which the village took its present title.

First principles ruled in those early days, and the soil was the first, last, and, for a long time, the only resource. The intervalles along the Ammonoosuc were soon cleared and their productive humus readily responded to the husbandman's efforts. The hills in the eastern portion of

the township after being shorn of the hard-wood timbers which protected them showed the possession of a rich soil which amply repaid the scanty toil its crops demanded. Other industries were slow to prosper and even slower to appear. Timber was plentiful, and aside from the

small amount needed for houses in the immediate locality commanded no market. The necessary grist-mill was early put in operation through the enterprise of Captain Leonard Whiting, the capable promoter of the Gunthwaite settlement, and the water privilege then developed on Burnham's brook, so named for an eccentric hermit who made successive moves from its mouth to its source to escape advancing civilization, has never yet been permitted to fall into idleness.

Agriculture, however, did not satisfy all, and there were those who sought to enrich themselves faster by delving deeper into Mother Earth's bosom. Before the close of the last century and ere the settlement had reached its majority, iron ore of a superior grade was discovered on a hill in the south-eastern part of the town near the Franconia boundary, and soon after a small smelting works was set in operation. The venture proved a profitable one, and as early as 1810 the attention of capitalists was called to the enterprise and their coöperation was secured. The New Hampshire Iron



Factory Company was formed to develop the business, and on a near-by stream in Franconia power was secured and a smelter and foundry were built. This extension of the enterprise proved to be wise, and for thirty years the business was carried on, for most of that time at a considerable profit. By that time, however, the pressure of competition from the Alleghany mines began to make itself felt, and the furnace fires in Franconia were extinguished, lying dead for nearly twenty years. Then some timorous souls made another trial, but were soon crushed out, and the end of the New Hampshire iron industry was reached almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the Rebellion. The decaying buildings remained, until about ten years ago, to remind travellers of the rise and fall of an enterprise that could not be acclimated.

The precious metals as well were sought in these granite hills which hem in the village, and some thirty years ago, after the iron mines had proven a final failure, the discovery of a bit of free gold in some quartz rock in a hill not far from the town threw the community into wild excitement. This single specimen was followed by others found nearby and without the town as well, and eager capital was quick to seize the opportunity thus presented. Mining companies sprung up, and shafts were thickly thrust down into the bowels of the hills. Gold was actually produced, though the amount taken out of the ground was far exceeded by that which was put in. It is stated that no less than a million and a



Breezy Hill House.

half of dollars were sunk in the attempt to work the gold veins in Lisbon and nearby towns and in the speculation which succeeded the first brief period of mining endeavor.

Gold there is, no doubt; but greatly improved methods of mining and reducing must be discovered or developed before the scanty percentage of the precious metal can be loosened from its flinty bondage to make mining profitable in New Hampshire. Along with gold and iron other metals, notably copper, have been found in this region, and a well-known geological authority frankly gives his opinion that the copper veins in this locality will one day be made the source of employment at a good profit. Limestone is also freely found in some spots within the Lisbon radius, and the manufac-



Echo Farm.

ture of lime was once an industrial feature here.

But, pending improved methods, the gold is securely bound up in the hills, and perhaps its presence here can now claim as its best result the penning of an interesting drama, "New Hampshire Gold," which has lately come from the desk of a Lisbon writer, and was produced by talent claiming

Lisbon as a temporary home at least. The picturesque movement which was set on foot by the gold excitement has vanished, yet in one way the enthusiasts of thirty years ago were right: There is gold in the hills around about Lisbon, but it cannot be had by plunging deep into the vitals of the mountains to follow the slender, precious threads through the masses of quartz. It may be found instead on the outside, on the slopes and on the crests, in the glens and on the crags where it is left by the most welcome and most profitable army of invaders that ever took captive a community, the great host of summer visitors who annually swarm into this hill-girt town in search of health and pleasure.

The summer business is not an old one in Lisbon as such things go and though the straggling van-guard of the great army of boarders established feeble outposts here in hospitable homes many years



Library Building.

Methodist Church.

High School.

Congregational Church.



J. K. Atwood.
N. G. English.

L. C. Payne.
C. L. Wallace.

George F. Morris.
F. E. Thorpe.

ago, it is scarcely more than fifteen years since the noble crest of Sugar Hill was first capped with a hotel and a determined effort made to entice visitors in large numbers to the enjoyment of the most superb mountain view to be found in all New England.

Enticement proved easy, and, with constant additions, extensions, annexes, and cottages, this pioneer house, the Sunset Hill House, has developed into one of the largest and best summer resorts in the east. Filled each year with patrons who by their annual return have entitled themselves to at least a legal summer residence here, the Sunset Hill House in number and character

of its clientele and in admitted superiority of management, equipment, and cuisine has few equals. All this, of course, has required effort, despite the paramount scenic attractions which the locality afforded and it is doubtful if any hotel, in the mountains or out of them, has had a larger measure of more sagacious, tactful, and persistent personal attention than has been devoted to this property by the moving spirit in the enterprise, Mr. Seth F. Hoskins, of the firm of Bowles and Hoskins, the owners of the Sunset Hill estate. Mr. Hoskins is closely and thoroughly identified with Lisbon affairs. For many years before venturing into landlordism he was engaged in business in the village



St. Matthew's Church, Sugar Hill.

below and for a portion of the time he was postmaster of Lisbon. His family name is vitally connected with the region, his father, Hon. Luther B. Hoskins, having been prominent in politics three decades ago and having sat as a member of Governor Frederick Smyth's council. Associated in the management of the hotel is Mr. Hoskins's son who promises to sustain in the third generation the reputation of his family established by his father and grandfather.

Around the Sunset Hill House has sprung up a lively summer hamlet of artistic cottages whose life centers about the hotel and its pavilions and

casino. These are filled each year with visitors whose interest in the development of the place has taken active and permanent form, in coöperation with the guests of the hotels, by the purchase of an extensive grove near by which has been cleared up and developed, traversed by paths and



Free Baptist Church, Sugar Hill.

adorned with pavilions, and offering grateful shade and pleasing beauty to all visitors.

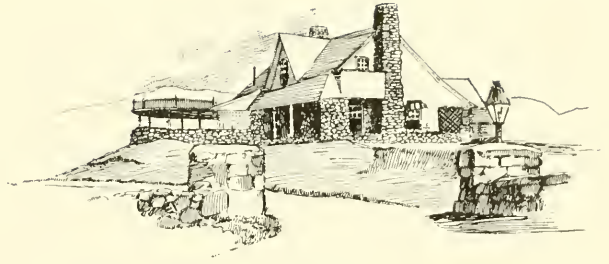
Close by is another house, the Hotel Look-Off, more lately built though less capacious, where in addition to other attractions is offered the inducement of a mineral spring, the waters of which have been found to possess marked curative power and which will be put upon the market in bottled form, both still and aerated. For this purpose a stock company has recently been formed which has



Westinghouse Cottage.

assumed also the control of the hotel property, the whole being under the management of Mr. Hiram Noyes, a veteran boniface of the mountain region who numbers his friends by thousands. Mr. Noyes perceives the commercial possibilities of the enterprise with which he is associated, and is devoting himself assiduously to the development of each phase of the business.

On the other side of Sunset Hill and down the slope a mile to the east, stands the well known Goodnow House, now the Franconia Inn, which was the first large boarding-



Davis Cottage.

mer hotels, the Breezy Hill House, built in 1883, and now owned by Messrs. Wells & Woolson. With its cottages it affords accommodation for a hundred guests, and its lovely situation has had its natural beauties enhanced by the hand of man.

Unlike most towns of summer resort repute, Lisbon boasts also an excellent "all-the-year" hotel, Brigham's, at the village, where a thoroughly modern house is managed in thoroughly modern style by S. H. Brigham & Son, the senior member of the firm making an avocation of politics, in which field he has won honors and suffered defeat, but has always managed to turn up smiling at the next attempt.

Lisbon village is a busy place. Lying along both banks of the brawling Ammonoosuc, with lofty terraces springing back from the



Advent Church, Sugar Hill.

house built within the limits of the town of Lisbon, and which has maintained an excellent reputation and commanded an extensive patronage from the first.

And, perched on a commanding hilltop, still further to the east stands the latest addition to Lisbon's sum-



Oakes Cottage, Sugar Hill.

streets and lined with handsome houses, it is well located for both business and residence. Its manufactures are unique. Foremost among its industrial establishments is the Parker & Young Manufacturing Co., a corporation founded by the late Mr. Charles Parker, and under his leadership successfully facing and overcoming the misfortunes entailed by three disastrous fires, each of which would have been sufficient to daunt a less courageous and sagacious man.

This company, rising from its last ashes with a modern and model plant comprising everything in the way of equipment, is now engaged in the production of lumber and house finish of all kinds and in the manufacture of piano sounding-boards and frames, their output of sounding-boards last year having numbered 40,000. This unique industry was located here many years ago in the desire to place the manufacture as close as possible to the source of supply which the adjacent forests of



H. C. Libby.

Mrs. W. H. Cummings.

H. B. Moulton.

James Moore.

A. A. Woolson.



Bank Block.

Payne's Block.

Brigham's Hotel.
Wells & Woolson Block.

White Mountain spruce afforded. From small beginnings it has grown to large things, and under the management of Hon. Herbert B. Moulton, who came to the post after Mr. Parker's death, the company seems bound to push on to even greater fortune. This enterprise is the largest in the place and gives employment to more than one hundred and twenty-five hands, while its plant occupies several acres of ground and for its raw material demands the product of a large tract of forest area. From its shipping-room there go out each year to the factories of the leading piano makers in the country the resonant tympana of New Hampshire, yet reverberating with the murmurs of the forest and waiting

to be wakened into thunderous harmonies under the fingers of a Paderewski.

Pegs and bobbins constitute the remainder of the village industry, leading the country in the annual production of the latter, Mr. J. K. Atwood being the largest producer of rough bobbins in America, his output numbering 16,000,000 yearly and requiring the employment of twenty-five persons. This enterprise is one that has never slackened its activity during the recent hard times, the proprietor's long connection with the business and intimate knowledge of the trade bringing him a surfeit of orders when others were running on



Hon. H. B. Moulton.
Hon. W. H. Cummings.
Dr. C. H. Boynton.

I. B. Andrews.
Hon. E. D. Rand.
S. F. Hoskins.

A. C. Wells.
Hon. A. A. Woolson.
S. H. Brigham.

short time or were shut down altogether.

To supply its peg-mills Lisbon lays tribute on the birch trees for a sweep of fifty miles in every direction and two men, O. D. Moore and Aretas Blood, are concerned in the owner-

ship and direction of the industry. The product is handled wholly by machinery and is shipped altogether abroad, Germany making a ready market.

These are the chief dependencies of the place industrially. Local saw-

mills and grist-mills add their mite to the town's sum of activity, but the other tentative enterprises of the village, the flouring mill, the manufacture of whetstones and the like, have sunk to nothingness. With an ample supply of raw material spread all about and a growing market easily reached, the substantial industries which remain are assured of permanence and prosperity.

Not less fortunate in other directions Lisbon boasts one of the best high schools in New England presided over by an educator whose prestige and skill are known throughout the state, to be moderate. A well-stocked public library slakes the thirsty mind of the general public; churches of four denominations minister to religious needs through all the year, while at Sugar Hill a fifth provides its offices during the summer months for the devout visitor. Pure water courses through an ample network of mains and the glittering electric light turns darkness into day. Thrift is stamped everywhere and enterprise is always apparent.

Lisbon has not been selfish, however, and while doing much for herself has never failed adequately to discharge her duty to others. While her sons and citizens have praiseworthy devoted themselves to advancing their own and Lisbon's interests they have found and improved occasions for promoting the public welfare, one citizen of the town entailing a debt upon posterity by reason of his services in behalf of religious freedom. This man, the Rev. Dan Young, a Methodist preacher, was five times elected to the state senate and his term of service covered the entire length of

the controversy which resulted in the passage of the Toleration Act, a bit of legislation which the reverend legislator devoted himself chiefly to promote, and upon the passage of which he suddenly terminated his senatorial career by removing from the state.

In one of the larger circles of activity in which a native of Lisbon moved was the Hon. Lorenzo Sabine, a sometime member of congress from Maine, whose life was largely spent in the public service, though his wanderings into the field of literature were wide and frequent enough to win him the approbation of Harvard college and to give secured repute. Akin to him in this regard was the Hon. Edward D. Rand, at one time a member of New Hampshire's supreme court, who though winning smiles from a jealous mistress, the law, was prompted, nevertheless, to flirt with the poetic muse, and his verse, collected now and published, gives evidence of ability of no mean order—a talent, by the way, to which his daughter, Miss Katherine E. Rand, has fallen heir and has improved, giving to the world evidences of her genius in both novel- and play-writing.

To the governor's council, to the railroad commission in the olden time when that board was chosen by popular suffrage, to the state senate, and to all the departments of the public administration, Lisbon has given her sons. Among those who have adorned high stations and who still remain in active usefulness in town affairs is the Hon. Augustus A. Woolson, who, twenty years ago, presided over the lower house of the legislature. Among those now de-



A Shady Road, Sugar Hill.

parted, but whose name still lingers and whose works do follow him, is the Hon. William H. Cummings, for many years easily the town's most prominent citizen, whose wonderful business activity and public spirit impressed itself upon the whole Ammonoosuc valley for more than a quarter of a century, and who, though being dead, yet speaketh through the medium of public improvements with which the memory of his enterprise is linked, and which but for him might never have been secured.

But nowadays man is subordinated to nature in this lovely place, and whatever may be their merits they must pale before the transcendent glories of the everlasting hills and the eternal forests. It is fairly claimed that the view from Sugar Hill is the finest to be had from any point in the mountains. The entire presidential range reaches out before the ridge on the one side, the perspective going from Starr King to the majestic cone of Washington across a succession of mighty peaks, while nearer stretch the crests of the Franconia range, ornamented in the early summer with

the vast white cross of snow. On the other hand rise the Green mountains, beyond a beautiful vista of mead and vale and terraced hill. Touched with the brilliant finger of an autumn frost this scene is one of supernal glory, and when the horizontal rays of the setting sun fling down the broad parallel bars of shade on hill and vale and closer gather the fugitive vanguards of the army of shadow so soon to overpower the land, and the clouds have caught the last expiring ray and beautified it beyond expression—then stand upon these holiday hills and see how the evening clouds suffuse with sunset and drop down to become fixed in solid form. See the rainbow fade upon the mountains and leave its mantle there. See the east aglow, the north flush with radiance, the west standing in burnished armor, the south buckling the zone of the horizon together with emeralds and rubies, of gazing there can never be enough. The hunger of the eye grows with feeding and can never be appeased. Before all this what is man that any one should be mindful of him?



SWEET MAY.

By Frances H. Perry.

Maiden May is come to town,
In her dainty springtime gown,
Bringing fragrant, blushing blossoms,
 Dewy-fresh, for you and me;
Oh, she's fair and very sweet,
Newly clothed from head to feet;
Sweetest maid of sunny spring
 We all agree.

THE LEGEND OF JOHN LEVIN AND MARY GLASSE.

[CONTINUED.]

By E. P. Tenney.

CHAPTER XXI.

AS the season wore away it could but be noticed by Mary Glasse's friends that she became more and more like John Levin, save as to distinctively moral traits, in which no two could be more unlike each other. And she failed not to recognize in herself a tendency to soften the estimate in which he was held by the most who had occasion to know him. Did not her heart understand him, as if she were akin? Whatever he said or did awakened in her mind an echo. If any one had said to her that she had known John Levin in far off eons of time prior to the earthly experience, it would have won credit with her. So that, if she had at first been impulsive, inconstant, toward John Levin, she had now come in the autumn to a settled determination to lay aside all other life plans and devote herself to him. Still the moral chasm between them, as well as the warning finger of the dead, constituted an absolute bar to their marriage,—at least in Mary's mind; and for the present Mr. Levin said nothing further on that point.

But he, who had never failed to have his own way soon or late, had not the shadow of a question as to the final outcome. Superstitious as he was in some respects, he knew nothing of Mary's night visions, yet

the moral bar he was acute to recognize. And with jealous mind and keen perception of the fitness of things, he knew that Mary Glasse had spiritually much more in common with Raymond Foote than with himself. Although he knew little from Mary as to her relation to Raymond, he should know some day; and him he would take care of, upon grounds and by methods already known to him.

"If Mary, first or last," said Levin to himself, "is not modified by my views of life, it is possible that my own ideas may change somewhat. We shall approach each other."

So that, in any event, he who had always been at one with fate, believed it to be a mere question of time when Mary would become his wife. Why should he have at thirty-five more ground for haste in marrying than some years earlier? He could easily wait her time, and do it contentedly, being much in her company.

Yet he must have had a hard time to get on with Mary. If it had been with her a nice calculation of chances for matrimony, she might have missed it. It was on her part not love conjugal, or even love engagatorial, but love theological—love to being. To this particular John she did indeed cleave; but who can imagine how

John must have felt when he was tired, and went a-courting for recreation. If Mary did not happen to be boiling over with fun, she might take such a turn that Levin's call would prove like an attempt to court Brother Hammersmith. Not unlikely she might propound such a conundrum as this,—“If I love you, John Levin, must I not hate that which is injurious to you?”

And most likely she would construe what is “injurious” by her own notion, not his; and set out to undo any or all of his affairs, which in their moral relations were injurious to others, and so injurious to him by rebound.

That was just what Mary Glasse did for John Levin. If she heard of his doing injustice to any, she went straightway and made friends, and put his ill action in as charitable a light as possible, and did all within her power to set right the wrong. And she even fancied that she could set the truth in place of one-twentieth part of his deliberate lies. A strange affection; dutiful and perhaps beautiful, but no ordinary conjugal love was that.

“Do grant me, John, what I want instead of what I do not want,” said Mary, when Mr. Levin suggested that she might be free from her engagement if she so desired. “I want no release from plight to you, unless I am released by your playing me false and marrying the widow! Who knows? I ought, however, to release you, if I will fix no date. You are at liberty. But if I desire no freedom to marry another, do let me persecute you by befriending you in what I fancy you most need befriending.”

“Exactly,” replied John Levin, not without feeling nettled.

The nineteenth of October was a resplendent day, when Norton's shipyard launched the *Good Luck* for John Levin. The *Good Luck* touched the water with heart of oak to enter upon her lonely path in far off seas. Near nightfall John Levin wandered alone over the grey ledges upon the west of Abraham Gale's farm, whence he could see the purple—almost blood-tinged—waters toward Glasse Head. And when the harbor mouth changed to ashen gray, he lay down upon the rocks, unconscious of evil in having launched a slaver.

Mary Glasse upon her headland was praying bitterly for a curse upon the *Good Luck*, since she had learned her destination.

John Levin at dark took advantage of a south-east breeze, and sailed to Salem without calling upon Mary, who had baptized the *Good Luck* before she knew her predestined voyages. As Levin entered his mother's house upon Salem Waterway, he looked back down the street and saw the moon, a little past its full, filling the arched space made by the trees over the roadway. And there, against the background of the moon's light, he saw at some distance a woman in white frantically gesticulating; and he heard her say,—“The *Good Luck* is Bad Luck.” And the air was filled with profane voices,—first a woman's voice, then a man's voice echoing her curses.

The thrifty ship owner had however become so used to being cursed that it did not worry him. Nor was he in a mood tonight to entertain those aspirations for a higher life to which he had sometimes been

prompted by Mary Glasse; these occasional notions being indeed as powerless to break him off from his life-long habits, as the vain efforts of an illuminated sunset cloud to dispel the gathering night. Nor was he conscious of desiring to change from spot to spot in a business way; having had for years, in looking out for himself, no more conscience than a fox. What Mary Glasse called sin, he looked upon as but the natural use of his powers, as innocent as breathing. He had been brought up so.

But Mary Glasse, upon her lonely rocks rising out of the moonlit sea, spent the early hours of this night, her father being absent, in alternately flashing and subduing the volcanic emotions which had so disturbed her nights since she had known John Levin. Wild impulses often seized her, to do imprudent things, which ran counter to all her attempts at harmonious spiritual culture.

"What perplexes me most," she said to herself, rising from the door-rock where she had long been dreaming, with her eyes at sea, "is the question whether John Levin is made yet. He imagines himself fated to do so and so, compelled by his constitution; asking,—'How can I help it if I am made so?' I want to know whether he proposes to have a hand in his own making. If he does, I can perhaps help him; if not, woe is me."

CHAPTER XXII.

The next day being Sunday, Madam Levin and her son went to Saugus; but it was too exciting,—and they went into the woods beyond.

Luunching under a shower of flame colored leaves, they first roasted their clams, corn, and potatoes by coals glowing among the rocks. And under a light haze in the sky and puffs of their woodland smoke they ate their red and yellow apples. The unfallen leaves were alive with light and motion, and there were deep rock shadows and dark trunks of heavy timber. Clumps of red barberry and the golden plume of the fairy elm gave color. And here and there was a mossy wall or the side of a grey ledge purpling with wild grapes. Far toward the marshes a stray gull could be seen; and Madam Levin discovered near at hand, in the edge of a field, a hawk upon the top of a spruce. The pines were breathing audibly in the light south wind, and occasionally the distant voice of the ocean could be heard, and a congregation of crows made an orchard discordant by their Sunday discussion.

In this delightfully diversified woodland hall, John Levin all day diverted his mother's diligent inquiries about Mary Glasse, by giving her much information concerning the world's different religions, which he intimated was a topic better suited to the day.

When, however, they were making their way homeward, around the heads of the marshes, pausing now and then to shoot unwary birds, he confided to his mother—what he really ought not to speak of—the fact that he was obliged to see Mary Glasse frequently upon wholly secular business pertaining to property which was likely to come to her,—she being in fact his client. And with downcast eyes John timidly suggested that he had hoped to receive from his dear

mother a list comprising the names of several marriageable young women, which he could run over at leisure, indeed whenever he should find time to think of matrimony. He said that if he must marry, which seemed to him of doubtful utility, he should prefer some other name than that of the widow; although she was well enough for some,—perhaps for Ross.

"You are distractingly precise, Mother, in naming to me Angelica, when the empyrean is crowded with angels to choose from; I do not fancy her. She is too fat."

When, however, Madam Levin was closeted with the widow for an hour in the evening, she told Angelica that John would probably marry within a month, unless they could break him off from Mary; and it was agreed between them to use their influence to get Raymond Foote out of jail, and to foster as best they might the friendship between Mary and the minister.

"Yes, Madam," answered Angelica. "I fancy that they are in imagination doting upon each other now; just lying awake nights, and pining for one more discussion on theology. I suppose that we must gratify them. And then John you know ——"

"Yes, I know, I know."

"But what will my dear Mr. Ross say? My heart is distraught, I have too many beans."

Meantime the doctor had called upon John Levin, and they talked in the summer house; rehearsing at the dawn of the moon the points of the lawyer's strange dream.

"It is odd that I should have dreamed it, but I killed our old mess-mate Raymond Foote this Sunday morning between midnight and day-

break. I am like an untried horse, liable to do unexpected things under the careless rein of night."

"Yes, John, I have long known that the Hawkinses of blessed memory must have had, some of them at least, giddy, thoughtless years. It is in your blood to do evil, as much as it is for a rattlesnake to carry venom and to strike."

"Thank you, Doctor. You've stated the case exactly. Can you not insert your tweezers, and remove the fangs from the snaky part of my nature?"

"What's the use, John? Are not all creeping, sinuous, poisonous things a part of nature? But then you inherited other traits besides your unfortunate killing qualities, which prove so annoying to Adipose and other women folks. Tell me now about your murder."

Kindling first a little fire in a broad brasier to modify the October chill, the Doctor's peculiar patient said: "If I were, Bob, a whole dyuasty of kings out of the orient, I could not feel more like a criminal than I do now, for you know the dictum that no man becomes suddenly good or evil; and if, deliberately, in the full possession of my senses, I go about to follow a course not commended by my reason, I may, by once entering on a course of unreason, come finally, with the greatest deliberation, to commit murder some day."

"Don't say you may; for you say you have."

"Exactly."

"Take a fresh start then, and do not moralize, but tell me at once."

"You know, Bob, that I have no temper, as you have. But since I committed murder last night, I have

found it hard not to shoot water-fowl to-day, even on Sunday,—going from bad to worse, you see.” Then looking straight into the doctor’s eyes, he asked, “Will you not loathe me if I tell you?”

“No, but I will loathe you if you do not tell me. Out with it, and no waiting.”

“How do you think I did it? By my contractile, serpentine power?”

“How do I know? Why don’t you tell me?”

“It will rend your heartstrings, and I shall be corrupt and noisome to you henceforth.”

“You are that now. You are as slow as a toad in a tar barrel.”

“Tell me then. Did I do it by strangling, clutching his throat when he was asleep dreaming of Mary?”

The doctor shuddered, for he could see by the brasier light that his patient’s face had changed, and that he looked like a murderer; and his voice was changed.

“What, John, did you actually kill him?”

“Yes, I did. That is, it seems to me that I did. It was very real. Dreams are not often so vivid.”

Levin’s voice had now fully changed, as if now he was in earnest, and his face certainly wore a different look. It was consummate acting, unless he was guilty.

“You know, mess-mate, that I murdered outright my friendship for Foote long ago. Why may I not rightfully kill him?”

Doctor Langdon had never seen John Levin in such a mood,—with such eyes; and had never heard such tones; and had never noticed such a strange, nervous play of his patient’s muscles.

“Do you know, Doctor, that a somnambulist murder may be a murder outright, and not a mere dream? I cannot shake off the impression that I have really killed him.” Levin’s mouth twitched convulsively, when he replenished the fire. “You have noticed, Bob, how abrupt the ledges are upon the east of Glasse Head?”

“Yes.”

“Suppose I had stood above and detached a heavy fragment of rock, and crushed the parson picking up his oars below?”

“Did you do that?”

“No.”

“How then?”

“I did it with a knife, as deliberately as I would cut a cold sausage; and you would see blood on my knife now, if you knew where to look for it.”

The doctor was silent.

“I ought to tell you, however,” resumed Levin, “that I have been doing this for almost twenty years. It began when I was a pupil with old Hobbes at Hardwick House. I am not sure that I did not actually kill one of the servants there. I have committed all my murders with a knife. Upon some night, at least once in two or three months, for years, I have been conscious of handling a long crooked knife upon some person,—usually someone unknown and vague and ill-defined to my waking memory; and I have been conscious of seeing great blotches of blood; and of being pursued; and of hiding myself, often in a bell tower; and of trying to appear as respectable as usual, to ward off suspicion; and of a sense of guilt; and of double dealing in trying to appear innocent. It’s a horrible sensation. It remains with me a day or two after I dream it.

I can with difficulty shake it off; and if I do not, then I have a repetition of the murder the night following. The only effective way for me to break it up is to go off upon something like a debauch in company that ordinarily I detest, from which I return to my work, ashamed of myself, but free from the memory of murder to such extent that I can sleep without being constantly oppressed by this morbid sense of fiendish crime and hypocritical concealment,—for I never yet dreamed that I was caught, notwithstanding all my years of nocturnal crime. It's all so little like a dream, that I often think that I do perhaps go out at night and kill some one and then fly, and then hide my crime in feigned sanctity."

"And yet, John," answered the doctor after a long breath, "you appear sane enough, and succeed in driving hard bargains, and in surpassing all your neighbors by the voyages you plan; I half believe the Devil is in it, else you are bewitched. Did you ever think that Mary Glasse has anything to do with it?"

"I am sure I do not know. I never thought of that. But it is a fact that I have dreamed every little while about Mary Glasse for more than fifteen years. She was a little child when I began to dream about her. It was always the same face, the same figure; changing from year to year in my dreams as she grew older. And when I first saw her at the Misery, I recognized her face."

"That, John, is not more strange than my seeing Martha in a magic mirror. But as to the murders, I advise you to take delicate shavings from a bullock's horn, rolled in pel-

lets of fine suet; first taking three, then a night-cap upon retiring. That will put a stop to your dreaming and killing men when you are asleep. Why did you not tell me before? I could have cured you. I make a specialty, you know, of dreams and witchcraft cases."

"I did not tell you because it all seemed to me so horrible; and because I sometimes feared that it was a fact, not a dream. Indeed, if I felt sure that I had a habit of somnambulistic sleep, I should be certain that I had actually committed several murders, and that Foote was the last victim. You know that I would not mind putting him out of the way anyhow."

"What do you mean, John? Are you mad? Or, are you bewitched, as I have often thought? What have you against Raymond?"

"I have nothing against him. But I've been thinking what a pity it is that he should rot in jail when the colony needs him so much. We have not a man among us his equal for raising troops, or doing anything requiring popular appeal. He can this winter, if set free, get an army ready to march on Canada next spring."

"I don't see what that has to do with what we were talking about."

"Neither do I. Still, if he should go to Canada, he is one of those self-devoted men most likely never to come back, if there is any fighting"

"That's so. *That's so.* That's so. There's no murder in that."

"Of course not. I learned that out of the Bible. My Cambridge course did me at least that amount of good. That's the way the man after God's own heart did when he wanted to marry the woman he loved.

That's all right. Raymond Foote shall be set free; and he shall go to Canada next spring,—else my name is not John Levin."

"Perhaps your name is not John Levin. It may be the Devil. That is, unless you are bewitched. I really believe that Mary Glasse has a malign influence over you; and has had, ever since she was born."

As the doctor took his hat to go, it did not occur to him to look in the face of John Levin, who also arose and stood at full height, contorting his pallid lips into a smile, as the ghastly moonbeams fell upon them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The next day John Levin hunted up Angelica and went to Boston; and, the day following, picked up Ross of Mystic, and other loose spokes centering at the Hub,—so having such debauch as might drive out of his head his dream of murder. After that all went on as usual.

The release of Foote, the revolutions, turning out the royal governor, the preparation for war,—all these gave Levin enough to do, too much to do to spend time in making a beast of himself. So that he soon forgot his follies, as he did his dream. And when he came to himself again, and when the press of business allowed him a moment to reflect, as it sometimes did on a Sunday, his heart, half-penitent, cried out for Mary Glasse,—as if she had been a child-love to whom he might always return from his passionate freaks unquestioned, and to whom he deliberately went when his better nature asserted itself.

"I never told you, Mary Glasse, why my soul is athirst after you, in a

parched life. It is because you are to me a message, the infinite spirit of the universe addressing my spirit through you. It is because you are sincere, faithful, true to my best interests, that I love you. I go to you, as I would to a personal deity, for spiritual reinforcement. I go to you as to a conscience. Be to me as you will, I come your penitent.

"I never saw any one before I saw you who exerted the slightest influence over me, to make me even desire to stand wholly aloof from base persons, or to raise my head into the light of a pure love, or to walk determinedly in the direction of self-renewal. I come to you that I may find help, that I may be separated from my old surroundings, and that I may forget myself in your blissful company. To me it is an era in life to have any one to whom I can go, whom I recognize as a moral authority, distinctly setting me apart as relatively unworthy, and placing before me an ideal life."

Mary would have been impatient enough at hearing all this, had she not known that the circumstances demanded it. John Levin had been very careful lest Mary Glasse should think his life irregular. He was sensitive, taking pains about it. But she, whom Levin always spoke of as an "idiot," could not hold her tongue; nor could Mary's aunt, Mistress Race. Mary, therefore, answered John Levin's love speech by silence.

"Mary, Mary," said Mr. Levin, after the silence had become too painful to be borne, "I have come to you as I would come into the presence of the 'Ought' within me. I have searched and shaken every

corner of my heart : and if I am willing to return to you at all, with all my shame-facedness, it is because you are to me love infinite, as well as conscience and law."

Mary was still silent. And when the self-respecting woman spoke, it was in slow and measured tones, in a voice which indicated inexpressible pain and affection.

"John Levin, I love you, and I love you knowing your life better than I wish I did. But I can no more cease to cling to you, and to live for you, than the earth can shake itself clear from the influence of the sun. I cannot discover the secret, which is known to God but not to me, why I love you. I cannot tell any more than I can tell what gravitation is. You are mine, and I am yours, out of eternity and to eternity. And when I say this, John, I am augry through and through, red hot ; and toward you I would be a consuming fire if I did not love you as much as I hate what you do. I refer to almost everything that you do that has moral relations. I hate with a perfect hatred everything that is unwomanly, unmanly. I do not see my way clear now any more than I did a few months ago to fix a day for marriage. I do not know whether the great gulf between us will ever be filled. It can never be filled, as you well know, by anything that is not worthy of you.

"O John Levin, my heart will break. Your love has aroused all my nature. I am a different being from what I was before I saw you. I am grateful for my love, and for yours. But I am, by so much, made the more miserable. I see you hedged about by habits and methods

and by a spirit alien to me,—as if you were already old in all that is morally distasteful to me so young, so inexperienced."

"Tush, Mary Glasse, you are as old as goodness, as experienced as wisdom ; and it is I who am as a little child stumbling and blundering along life's way,—a little child wayward, nay, wicked, if there be such a thing as intrinsic evil, and needing love. I detest myself. I am a worm and no man. I abhor myself, and eat dust and ashes, save as I am in your company. I am not worthy to ask you to marry. I hold you free from plight. Your agreement to marry was under false pretences on my part. You could not then have known how bad I am. Nor can I ask you to love me. I only ask that I may love you.

"O Mary Glasse. You can never know the terror with which I contemplate my life when I am in your company. I desire to be much with you, that so I may know myself,—self-knowledge by a comparison with a worthy object of love. You ought to be augry with me, to refuse to see me. I ought never to come into your presence. But I do not understand, Mary, that you ever loved me because I was worthy of your love ; but that you loved me out of the fullness of your benevolent nature, goodness which seems to me infinite, an unselfish love which is inexplicable. If I did not believe this in my heart of hearts, I should take my own life, not life physical but my moral life, by going straight to marry some she-devil.

"O Mary, it is almost a prayer on my part. I never pray. As I have told you, I do not believe in

a personal God, but I believe in you. You are the only person I ever knew—with intellectual qualities commanding my respect—who seemed to me perfectly unselfish, and infinite in love. It is a love passing understanding. Why do you not spurn me? Why do you love me still, in all my unworthiness?

"I fear, Mary, that all your love will avail nothing; for I am locked in the vice of natural law. The sins of my youth beset me before and behind. I cannot be what I would. Your love is my only hope. If I can ever rise from my base, vulgar, degraded life, it must be by the power of a new love. Do not cast me off. Cling to me, I pray you, in all my vicious life; cling to me as you would to a deformed child, or to a tottering old man. Not marry? No, you ought not to marry me. But I pray that you will continue to love me. Good night."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Next morning Elder Perkins met Raymond Foote upon the Great hill north of Black cove; the elder being there early to look out for the *Goodspeed*, now overdue,—and Raymond to watch for the earliest opening of the door at Glasse Head. The elder had been out of humor the night before, made surly by some petty parish affair, and Raymond had been in good humor by the opening of his prison house. Both expressed great pleasure at this day-dawn meeting. The elder's tall and gaunt figure was favored by the half light in which Raymond caught a glimpse of him.

"Good morning, brother Foote. I'm glad to see you stirring so early.

Don't, I pray, be frustrated at my presence."

"No, deacon, I've met great men before, and maintained self-possession. But it's as dark as a jail here this morning. Is it always lowery on this lookout?"

"I do not know. With much ado I have mounted the hill; and I had hoped for a clearer horizon, and sight of the homeward bound."

The elder expanded his narrow chest, and then, throwing back his head and throwing forward his great ox-sled feet, he strutted up and down,—peering seaward, and swinging his thin arms and great knuckles to warm himself.

"You would die of consumption, deacon, if you had not been blessed with sufficient conceit to keep your shoulders square."

The elder self-complacently stroked his sharp chin and slight, straggling beard, and answered Raymond in a hollow guffaw; then, as he caught sight of the *Goodspeed*,—

"There she is, to the east'ard o' Baker's island. It's better'n sunrise to my eyesight."

And the elder unconsciously put his hand over his ear, which he used as a pen-rack at home,—“I wish I could see her invoice this minute.” And, having first hung his hat on a thorn bush, he essayed to pull his absent spectacles down from his forehead. “I am so encased in custom that I carry my counting-room with me wherever I go. How prudent, how admirable it is.” Then the elder puckered his leathery lips into a tightly-drawn smile. “If John Levin would lie in bed all day, or be content with lying in his law-office, I could manage his shipping for him, I

warrant." And then he curled his dry lips and exposed his teeth. "But John's too grasping, for me to take comfort in doing business with him. I feel like a mouse in partnership with a weasel. It's remarkable, very. You must have found him so, when you went shares with him. He has brain enough for a city. What with fish and lumber and bark and pelts and rum and corn and molasses and dry goods and niggers and Barbadoes and Bermudas and Fayal and Bilbo and France and Holland and the Carolinas and Virginia—John Levin's got business enough, I should say; besides all his privateering and piracy and governing the colonial governors and visiting England every few months to regulate our religion for us,—it's remarkable, very. I presume you've found it so. But I admire him, he's so comical-like, as you might say. Besides, there's the Mason claim trumped up every few minutes, as Lovel tells me. There's nothing like having a mind widened by commerce, parson. In short, it's remarkable, very. Then, they do

say, he has a spree, now and then. And I believe he's going to marry Skipper Glasse's daughter, besides. And there's nothing remarkable about her, except she looks and acts just like John Levin, as much as if he'd had her bringing up,—except she's very pious, you know; and he's, well, you know, he's as much like the devil, as you might say, as anybody you ever saw. I presume you've found him so, take him all together."

"But, elder, you must love to hear yourself talk to run on that way about your partner. I believe Mr. Levin has a share in the *Goodspeed*."

"To be sure, to be sure. How could I get on without him? And I own a share in the *Hawk* besides. Indeed, I could not get on without him, but he is very like—well, you know who he is most like, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I know, I know," responded Raymond, laughing. "Good bye, deacon. Good bye."

The Glasse Head door was swinging, and Raymond went thither.

[To be continued.]



FAIR ORMOND.

By Edward A. Jenks.

Fair Ormond of the sunbright shore—
How sweet our memories be !
The restful river at her door ;
Behind, the white-fringed sea.

The wild waves chant her sweetest charms—
She turns her face away !
The soft breeze clasps her in his arms,
And kisses her all day

A Queen, no jewelled robe she lacks :
She reigns right royally,
One fair hand on the Halifax,
The other on the sea

The live-oaks swing the woodland sprites
In loops of ashen gray,
When lovers crowd the moonlight nights,
And fairy-land is gay.

Through massive golden sunset bars
The day departs in state,
While, one by one, the wizard stars
March through the twilight gate,—

To gaze on bloody fields of old—
Of Spanish derring-do—
Where Ponce de Leon fought for gold,
And Indian arrows flew.

And if we listen when the doors
Of night are all ajar,
The rhythmic dip of shadowy oars
Will greet us from afar.

Where scintillant Tomoka glides—
With heaven above—below—
Red warriors wooed their wild-rose brides :
And still his waters flow

As gently, mutely to the sea
As ever waters ran,—
The loveliest dream in Florida—
An Arcady for Pan.

Fair Ormond ! you are wondrous sweet—
Your flowers, your birds, your trees ;—
We kiss again your dainty feet ;
We feel your cooling breeze.

THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS

IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By John C. Thorne, Secretary.

TO people interested in the early period of our country's history, the colonial,—which extends from the time of the landing of the first Virginia colony, May 13, 1607, to the Battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, which began the American Revolution,—the Society of Colonial Wars offers much of value and opportunity.

The General Society of Colonial Wars was organized on May 9 and 10, 1893, in the governor's room, city hall, New York city, by delegates from five states and the District of Columbia. At an adjourned meeting of the general assembly, held at the Hotel New Netherlands, December 19, 1893, a constitution was unanimously adopted. The preamble, which presents the objects of this noble society, is as follows:

“WHEREAS, It is desirable that there should be adequate celebrations, commemorative of the events of colonial history, happening from the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, May 13, 1607, to the Battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775.

“*Therefore*, The Society of Colonial Wars has been instituted to perpetuate the memory of those events, and of the men who in military, naval, and civil positions of high trust and responsibility, by their acts, or counsel, assisted in the establishment, defense, and preservation of the American colonies, and were in truth

the founders of this nation. With this end in view it seeks to collect and preserve manuscripts, rolls, relics, and records; to provide suitable commemoration, or memorials, relating to the American colonial period, and inspire in its members the fraternal and patriotic spirit of their forefathers, and in the community, respect and reverence for those whose public services made our freedom and unity possible.”

The growth of this society has been remarkably rapid. The organization now has state societies in California, Colorado, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Vermont, and Virginia.

The New York state society antedates the national, having been instituted August 18, 1892, and now has a membership of 680 and is limited to 700. The New Hampshire society was organized September 27, 1894, at Concord, incorporated under the laws of the state September 28, 1894, and chartered by the general council the twelfth of the following November. The first general court was held December 11, 1894, in the library of the New Hampshire Historical Society. The second general court was held September 12, 1895 (adjourned from June 17), in the state senate chamber at Concord. The annual general court is June 17, the anniversary day

of the surrender of Louisburg to Lieutenant-General Pepperell.

And, by the way, the plans for this Louisburg campaign originated in New Hampshire with Major William Vaughan of Portsmouth, who inter-

achievement, in the capture of this supposed impregnable fortress, a second Gibraltar, dedicated at Louisburg, Cape Breton, June 17, 1895, (the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its surrender) a monu-



The Louisburg Medal.

ested Governor Wentworth in carrying out the enterprise. New Hampshire furnished for the expedition a regiment of five hundred men under command of Col. Samuel Moore, and a sloop-of-war commanded by Capt. John Fernald. These forces, both land and naval, performed the most distinguished services. It was a detachment under the brave Major Vaughan that destroyed the warehouses of the enemy, and captured the royal battery, the first daring and successful operation of the siege.

The news of the capture of Louisburg was received in New Hampshire, as well as throughout all the colonies, with the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, and Governor Wentworth ordered a "public entertainment in the town of Portsmouth and at his Majesty's Fort William and Mary," in honor of the event.

The Society of Colonial Wars to commemorate this great military

ment in remembrance of the victory, on land ceded for the purpose by Great Britain. Also, in further honor of the capture of this stronghold, a "Louisburg Medal" has been cast by Tiffany & Co., of New York city, bearing medallion likenesses of Sir William Pepperell and Commodore Warren; with a representation of the city and harbor of Louisburg, with its fortifications, on the obverse; a rare and beautiful piece of work, to which greater value is added by the fact, that it is made of bronze from a French cannon that lay at the bottom of the harbor for 150 years.

Sir Edwin Arnold has said: "The Americans are an uninteresting people because they have no history." This is partially true, and it is one of the objects of this society to aid in bringing to light buried colonial records and to show to the world that we have a noble history extending over two and a half centuries.

American history is too frequently accepted as if it had begun with the War of the Revolution, and without due and proper regard for the material events of the antecedent colonial period. This period has increased historical significance, when it is considered that it was in the preceding colonial wars that the colonists acquired the valuable experience in warfare which paved the way to victory in the struggle for independence, and in fact made it a possibility.

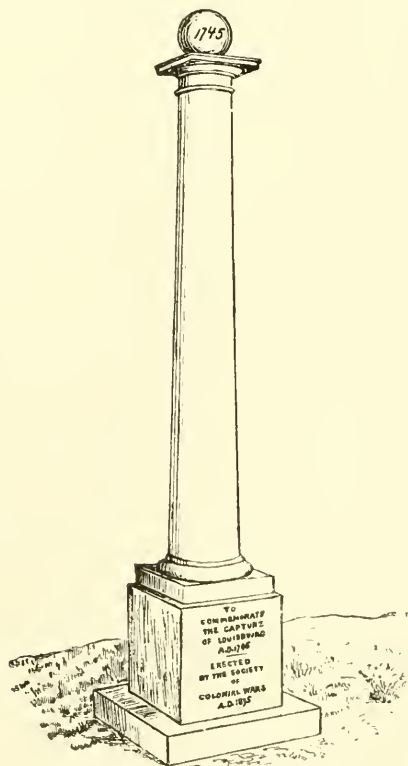
New Hampshire took a prominent part in all these wars, from King Philip's War, 1675-'76, to the French and Indian War, 1754-'63, and especially in the siege of Louisburg in 1745. Many of New Hampshire's distinguished officers of the Revolutionary Army, as the dauntless General Stark, learned the art of war in the colonial service, and their brilliant achievements in that war bear abundant evidence of the value of their previous training.

Therefore, the Society of Colonial Wars has been instituted to perpetuate, by suitable celebrations and memorials, the remembrance of those events, and of the men who were active in establishing, defending, and preserving the American colonies, and to encourage individual research in Colonial history, especially in New Hampshire.

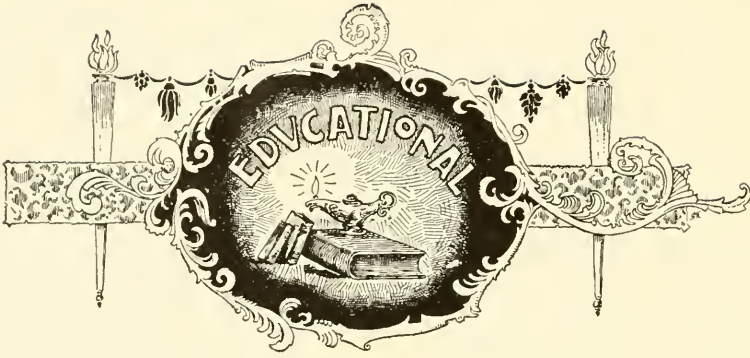
The officers of the New Hampshire society are: Governor, Hon. Henry Oakes Kent, Lancaster, N. H.; deputy-governor, William Lithgow Willey, S. D., Boston, Mass.; lieutenant-governor, Charles Frederick Bacon Philbrook, Boston, Mass.; secretary, John Calvin Thorne, 94 North Main street, Concord, N. H.; treasurer, Granville Priest Conn, M. D., Con-

cord, N. H.; registrar, Hon. Ezra Scollay Stearns, M. A., Rindge, N. H.; chaplain, Rev. Charles Langdon Tappan, M. A., Concord, N. H.; chancellor, Col. Adolphus Skinner Hubbard, U. S. V., San Francisco, Cal.

This society holds its next general court at the state senate chamber, Concord, June 17 (the anniversary of the surrender of Louisburg as well as of the Battle of Bunker Hill), at 11 o'clock a. m. The New Hampshire Society of Colonial Dames has been invited to join in the literary exercises appropriate to the observance of the day, as well as to be the guests of the Society of Colonial Wars at the banquet which follows at the New Eagle hotel.



The Monument at Louisburg.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE SCHOOL FLAG.

By John B. Peaslee.

We should endeavor to inspire the youth of our country with patriotism—with a fervent and abiding love of the free institutions of America and of the flag of the grandest nation that “ever rose to animate the hopes of civilized man.”

From every school-house in our land
Let the hallowed flag of Union wave
And float aloft on every breeze
Above the heads of children brave,
Until around that dear old flag,
From Eastern strand to Western shore,
From Northern bound to Southern gulf,
The hearts of children evermore

Inspire Columbia's joyous youth
With fervent love of country grand,
That when they reach proud life's estate
They'll nobly by our nation stand
And guard her safe from ev'ry foe
Of Equal Rights and Freedom's cause
And keep for aye inviolate
Her constitution and her laws.

Yes, hoist the starry banner up,
Emblem of our country's glory,
And teach the children of our land
Its grand and wondrous story—
Of how in early times it waved
High o'er the continentals brave,
Who fought and made this country free,
The *one* true home of Liberty.

NOTE.—The prose introduction, the last line of which is taken from the writings of Henry Clay, together with the poem, is intended for a school declamation.—J. B. P.

DECORATION ODE.

TUNE—PORTUGUESE HYMN.

By John B. Peaslee.

[Suggested by a visit to the National cemetery near Chattanooga, Tenn.]

The heroes who rest in their silent home here
 Shall e'er be enshrined in our memories dear,
 They volunteered all for their country's true cause
 And fell on the field while defending her laws.

Their names are enrolled in the lists of the brave
 Who fought for the Union, our nation to save,
 The wrongs that they vanquished, the rights they maintained,
 Shall aye through the ages be proudly proclaimed.

Their valor shall be to the youth of our land
 Incentive for freedom and Union to stand.
 In mem'ry of them, as the years roll around,
 We'll garland with flowers each hallowéd mound.

Thus honoring them we anew consecrate
 Our lives and our fortunes to Union and state,
 And show ourselves worthy to ever be free,
 The sons and the daughters of sweet Liberty.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE EXAMINATION AND CERTIFICATION OF SCHOOL TEACHERS.

By the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE LAW.

AN ACT to provide for the examination and certification of school teachers by the superintendent of public instruction.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court Convened:

SECTION 1. The superintendent of public instruction shall cause to be held at such convenient times and places as he may from time to time designate, public examinations of candidates for the position of teacher in the public schools of the state. Such examinations shall test the professional as well as the scholastic abilities of candidates, and shall be conducted by such persons and in such

manner as the superintendent of public instruction may from time to time designate. Due notice of the time, place, and other conditions of the examinations shall be given in such public manner as the superintendent of public instruction may determine.

SEC. 2. A certificate of qualification shall be given to all candidates who pass satisfactory examinations in such branches as are required by law to be taught, and who in other respects fulfil the requirements of the superintendent; such certificate shall be either probationary or permanent, and shall indicate the grade of school for which the person named in the certificate is qualified to teach.

SEC. 3. A list of approved candidates shall be kept in the office of the depart-

ment of public instruction, and copies of the same, with such information as may be desired, shall be sent to school committees upon their request.

SEC. 4. The certificates issued under the provisions of this act may be accepted by school committees in lieu of the personal examination required by section 6 of chapter 92 of the Public Statutes.

SEC. 5. A sum not exceeding three hundred dollars may be annually expended from the income of institute fund for the necessary and contingent expenses of carrying out the provisions of this act.

SEC. 6. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

[Approved March 19, 1895.]

TIME AND PLACES.

The first examination under this law will be held Tuesday, June 30, and Wednesday, July 1, 1896, beginning at nine o'clock in the forenoon at

Berlin High School.
Claremont High School.
Concord High School.
Dover High School.
Keene High School.
Laconia High School.
Lisbon High School.
Manchester High School.
Nashua High School.
North Conway, Masonic Hall.
Plymouth Normal School.

EXAMINERS AND ASSIGNMENTS.

The examiners appointed for 1896 and their assignments are as follows :

H. W. Whittemore, Berlin.
M. C. Smart, Claremont.
L. J. Rundlett, Concord.
Channing Folsom, Dover.
T. W. Harris, Keene.
W. N. Cragin, Laconia.
C. L. Wallace, Lisbon.

W. E. Buck, Manchester.
J. H. Fassett, Nashua.
J. C. Simpson, North Conway.
C. C. Rounds, Plymouth.

SCHOLASTIC SUBJECTS.

Candidates for certificates shall pass satisfactory examinations in the following scholastic subjects :

Algebra to quadratics.

American History.

Arithmetic, oral and written, including simple accounts, the metric system, and mensuration.

Civics, the equivalent of Dole's American Citizen.

Current Topics.

Drawing, including Geometric Construction.

English Grammar and Composition.

Geography.

Music.

Penmanship.

Physiology and Hygiene, including the effects of Stimulants and Narcotics.

Reading, including American Literature.

Spelling.

Any *one* of the three Sciences, at the option of the person examined, Botany, Zoology, Physics.

PROFESSIONAL SUBJECTS.

Candidates for certificates shall pass satisfactory examinations in the following professional subjects :

METHODS, in connection with each scholastic subject.

HISTORY OF EDUCATION, the equivalent of Painter's History of Education, published by D. Appleton & Co.

SCHOOL MANAGEMENT, the equivalent of White's School Management, published by the American Book Co., or Tompkins's School Management, published by Ginn & Co.

PEDAGOGY, the equivalent of White's Elements of Pedagogy, published by the American Book Co., Page's Theory and Practice, published by the Werner Co., Fitch's Lectures on Teaching, published by Willard Small, Boston.

PSYCHOLOGY, the equivalent of Sully's Teachers' Handbook of Psychology, published by D. Appleton & Co., or James's Psychology, briefer course, published by Henry Holt & Co.

SCHOOL LAWS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, especially those relating to raising school funds, powers and duties of school boards, attendance of scholars and truancy.

[Books mentioned or syllabi given indicate the minimum requirement.]

CERTIFICATES.

To secure *permanent certificates* candidates must secure in the examination an average of not less than eighty (80) per cent. in all the required subjects, scholastic and professional, and must not fall below seventy (70) per cent. in any subject.

PROBATIONARY CERTIFICATES, valid for one year from the date thereof, will be granted to such candidates as attain an average standing of not less than seventy (70) per cent. in all the required subjects, scholastic and professional, and do not fall below sixty (60) per cent. in any subject, but candidates for such certificates may omit the examination in Botany, Physics, Zoölogy, Algebra, Geometry, Music, History of Education, and Psychology.

MINIMUM AGE. No certificate will be issued to any person under eighteen years of age.

PRELIMINARY PAPERS.

Each candidate will, on a blank furnished for the purpose, make such state-

ments regarding name, residence, education, experience in teaching, and other matters as may be required.

Candidates, if they wish, may, previously to the day of examination, procure the proper blanks from the Superintendent of Public Instruction and fill them out.

Each candidate will also have in readiness for the examiner a letter from some reputable person containing a statement as to the character of the candidate, and the addresses of two reputable persons who know the candidate, these persons to be readily accessible to the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

HONORS.

An average mark of ninety (90) per cent. or higher, with no mark in any subject below eighty (80) per cent., will entitle the candidate to the words "with credit" in the certificate.

An average mark of ninety-five (95) per cent. or higher, with no mark in any subject below ninety (90) per cent., will entitle the candidate to the words "with honor" in the certificate.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction, upon the written recommendation of the principal of the State Normal School, and after the blank statements are properly filled and returned, will grant permanent certificates to graduates of the State Normal School.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction may, for reasons satisfactory to himself and in the interests of the state, refuse to grant a certificate to any candidate deemed unworthy.

Candidates whose standing in the

examination will not warrant the granting of a permanent certificate, will be granted a probationary certificate, if the standing of such candidate is sufficiently high.

STATIONERY. Blanks and necessary paper will be furnished by the examiner.

UNIFORMITY. The examinations will be uniform and simultaneous throughout the state.

NOTICE. Candidates are requested, but not required, to give notice to the Superintendent of Public Instruction of intention to take the examinations and the probable places of taking them.

CHOICE OF PLACE. Candidates are expected to take the examinations at places nearest their residences.

INFORMATION. Information regarding the examinations will be cheerfully given by the Superintendent of Public Instruction or any of the examiners.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

1. The printed questions will be sent to the examiners in sealed envelopes, and these will be first opened in the presence of the candidates at the time indicated on the programme for the examination in each subject.

2. Marks will be on a scale of one hundred (100), and the number of credits to be allowed to each question will be indicated on the examination paper.

3. Candidates will be careful to write upon one side of the paper only, not to fold sheets, to number sheets for each subject consecutively, to write name of subject and name of candidate at the top of each separate sheet. The questions are to be returned to the examiner with the answers. Answers are to be numbered to correspond with the questions. There must be a margin at the left of each paper.

4. Examiners will take into account the general appearance, neatness, legibility, and clearness of papers.

5. Penmanship will be judged by a paper to be selected by the examiner.

6. Spelling will be judged by the paper on a subject to be selected by the examiner.

7. In the solution of problems, processes should be indicated. The simple answer will not suffice.

8. All statements and answers must be written in ink.

9. Collusion between candidates or dishonesty will wholly vitiate the examination.

10. For information at the examination, candidates must apply to the examiner only. No books, papers, or notes can be used at the examinations except such as are required by the examiner. Candidates must furnish their own rulers, compasses, pens, and pencils.

11. The examination in each subject is restricted to the half-day designated in the programme.

12. Examiners are not allowed to modify materially or change any examinations.

13. Examiners will collect papers at the close of each half day.

14. Questions must not be copied.

15. Results of examinations will be forwarded to candidates as soon as practicable.

16. Candidates must make themselves thoroughly familiar with the requirements and regulations of the examinations.

These regulations apply to examinations to be held in 1896.

Candidates will be advised of any necessary changes or emendations. Modifications may be made for following years.

NECROLOGY

S. B. CHASE.

Samuel B. Chase was born in Hopkinton, N. H., October 1, 1823, and died in Chicago, Ill., March 27, 1896. He entered Dartmouth college at the age of 14, graduated in the class of '44, and studied law in the office of Lewis Smith of Fisherville, N. H. After he was admitted to the bar, he entered into a partnership with Mr. Smith, which continued until 1850, when he went to Chicago, Ill., where he had since lived. It was Mr. Chase's intention to practise law in the then young city. While building up his practice, he entered the office of James H. Rees, one of the largest real estate dealers. There was in preparation at the time the first set of Indices to Cook County Records. He entered upon this real estate abstract work and as an authority on titles was soon widely known. He adopted for his life work the real estate features of an attorney's business. After Mr. Rees retired, the abstract business was conducted by the three Chase brothers, and so continued until the Title Guarantee and Trust Co. was formed. Chase brothers held all the books containing the titles of Chicago property during the great fire, and it was due to their untiring efforts that the books were preserved. Mr. Chase was for many years supervisor of the town of Lakeview, before its annexation to Chicago, and for four years a member of the Illinois state board of equalization.

A. W. STEARNS.

Artemus W. Stearns was born at Hill, March 11, 1816, and died at Lawrence, Mass., April 20. He went to that city in 1845, and became one of its wealthiest merchants. He had held offices in the city government and in banking and mercantile organizations.

SULLIVAN HOLMAN.

Rev. Sullivan Holman was born at Hopkinton, June 13, 1820, and died April 15. He received a Methodist preacher's license at Boston in 1838, joined the New Hampshire conference in 1843, and was chaplain at the state prison for a number of years.

OLIVER GOSS.

Dr. Oliver Goss died April 12 at Lakeport, where he had practised medicine since 1852. He studied at the Harvard and Dartmouth Medical schools, graduating from the latter in 1845. He first located at Melvin village.

H. R. DANIELS.

H. R. Daniels, a member of the Boston stock exchange, died at Dorchester, April 6. He was born in Brookline, June 21, 1834, and during the war was president of the gold exchange at Boston.

M. W. RUSSELL.

Dr. Moses W. Russell, a native of Sutton, born November 4, 1836, died at Concord, April 17. He graduated at Dartmouth Medical college in 1863, took post-graduate studies at New York, and practised at Sutton and Concord. He was president of the New Hampshire Medical society in 1892.

E. O. BLUNT.

Hon. Edward O. Blunt was born in Nashua in 1847, and died there April 14. He was a leading grocer, prominent in Masonry, and served as alderman, police commissioner, representative, and councilor under Gov. J. B. Smith.

JOHN FULLONTON.

John Fullonton, professor of ecclesiastical history and theology at Bates college, died at Lewiston, Me., April 17. He was born at Raymond in 1814, graduated from Dartmouth in 1840, and received the degree of D. D. from that institution in 1862.

LUTHER McCUTCHINS.

General Luther McCutchins was born in Pembroke, February 25, 1807, and died at New London, March 27. He followed the occupation of a farmer. In 1856 he was appointed adjutant-general by Governor Haile, and during the war he served as draft commissioner for Merrimack county. In 1874 he was the unsuccessful candidate of the Republican party for governor.

JOSEPH GILMAN.

Joseph Gilman died at Tamworth, April 1, at the age of 89 years. He was town clerk for thirty-two years, postmaster, and representative to the legislature. He was famous as a landlord, and was exceedingly well-versed in local history.

CYRUS EASTMAN.

Cyrus Eastman, a native of Danville, Vt., but for forty years the leading merchant of Littleton, died March 31. He was largely interested in banking and hotel property. He served as colonel in the old militia, as representative in the legislature, member of the constitutional convention of 1876, and in Governor Goodwin's council.

JOHN PIERCE.

Captain John Pierce was born in Gardner, Mass., June 21, 1799, and died at Littleton, April 4. He came to Bethlehem when 20, and served the town as selectman, representative, and member of the constitutional convention.

C. L. DAMRELL.

Charles Lowe Damrell was born in Portsmouth, November 16, 1826, and died at Boston, March 29. He came to Boston in 1849, and had since been engaged in the book business there, having occupied for a quarter of a century the famous "Old Corner Bookstore."

G. D. WOODS.

George D. Woods was born in Henniker, April 18, 1821, and died at Hillsborough, March 26. He amassed a fortune in business at Boston, but had resided for a number of years at Hillsborough Bridge, where he was a director in the local bank.



PEQUAWKET POND, CONWAY.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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THE TOWN OF CONWAY.

[Illustrated from photographs by Mr. and Mrs. T. E. M. White, North Conway, N. H.]

By Mrs. Ellen McRoberts Mason.

"From the heart of Waumbek Methua, from the lake that never fails,
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's intervalles;
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters foam and flow,
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred years ago."—*Whittier.*



ANY, many years ago the intervalles of the Saco, now peaceful stretches of rich greensward set with stately elms, were covered with a magnificent growth of white pines, some of the most splendid ones towering to a height of two hundred and fifty feet, and having a diameter of from four to six feet.

Through those forest depths there roamed a powerful tribe of Indians, the Pequawkets. Their territory reached from the Notch to the sea. The central location was in Pig-wacket, now Fryeburg and Conway. Here the patient squaws cultivated cornfields in "cut-downs" and clearings on the intervalle.

Up the winding stream of the Saco passed Darby Field on his way to the White hills in 1632, in search of the great carbuncle whose wondrous, al-

luring glow is still reflected upon the summit of the highest mountain, and seen by thousands during summer sunsets and twilights, and by all who live in the town in winter, sometimes making the snow-clad crags to flame like the spires of the celestial city.

In the reign of King George the Third, while Benning Wentworth was governor of the province of New Hampshire, a charter was obtained, dated October 1, 1765, of twenty-three thousand and forty acres of land, with the addition of one thousand and forty acres for roads, ponds, mountains, rocks, etc., for the making of the town of Conway. This land was divided into sixty-nine equal shares, and each grantee, his heirs and assigns, was required to plant and cultivate five acres of land within the term of five years for each fifty acres contained in his share.

White pine trees suitable for masts



"The peaceful intervale set with elms."

were reserved for his majesty's navy; the stately growth of the New Hampshire river valleys was an undeveloped mine of untold wealth, but ever after 1721 there was a special reservation in all the royal grants of "all white pines fit for masting the royal navy," and wherever the wilderness was traversed by the surveyors of the royal forest, the "broad arrow" was marked upon the grandest trees. To cut these marked trees for any other purpose than masts in the royal navy was, under British law, a felony, and punishable by a fine of £100 sterling for each "mast-tree" cut down. This arbitrary reservation caused great indignation, and no doubt was one of the causes leading to the revolt and final independence of the colony.

Each grantee should pay annually,

if demanded, one ear of Indian corn in the month of December, for ten years; and after ten years, one shilling proclamation money for every one hundred acres.

Before any division of the land was made, one-acre lots were to be reserved for each grantee, to be for a goodly city on the plain near where now is Redstone. But, alas for the irony of events! the five acres cleared for a meeting-house and graveyard, to belong to the city, were finally abandoned and neglected, though some thirty of the early settlers and their families were interred in the graveyard.

"Above their dust, the pine tree waves,
Strongly rooted in their graves."

The phrase, "the acre-lots," is familiar enough, but it is doubtful if

the present generation knows whence its origin, or even very well what it means; and the lots were long years ago redeemed by the forest, if indeed they were ever lost to it.

Two shares containing five hundred acres were to be reserved for Governor Wentworth, one for the support of the gospel in heathen lands, one for the Church of England, one for first settled minister, and one for the benefit of schools.

According to M. F. Sweetser, "The town takes its name from that gallant old English statesman, Henry Seymour Conway, Walpole's friend, commander-in-chief of the British army, and, at the time when this mountain glen was baptized, a prominent champion of the liberties of America."

The first meeting of the proprietors, after due notice, was held in the town of Chester, at the house of John Webster, Esq., on the second day of December, 1765, at which meeting they received the report of the persons who had been employed to survey and lot the township, and raised more money to defray expenses.

General Joseph Frye had been an officer in the king's army, and in consideration of his gallant deeds on the frontier, a grant of the Indian township of Pigwackett was made to him, dated March 3, 1762, with conditions of its settlement very similar to those of a subsequent grant by New Hampshire of the township of Conway to Daniel Foster and others. The intention, it seems, was that the general should have a township embracing all the territory of the Indian headquarters or homestead called Pigwackett, which was supposed to be located entirely in the district of Maine, then belonging to the prov-

ince of Massachusetts, but subsequently on the adjustment of the lines between the province of New Hampshire and the district, it was found that over four thousand acres of the land granted Frye was in New Hampshire. Finally the general relinquished his land in Conway and selected an equal number of acres in Maine.

By 1768 a dozen families were living in Conway, under the Maine grants, among them several Osgoods, Dolloffs, and Walkers. Fryeburg was not incorporated as a town until January 11, 1777, and as Conway was incorporated by its charter, elected its officers, and ever kept up its organization, it was the first White Mountain town.

History also states, "That in consequence of the addition of lands by the adjustment of the province line on the east boundary of the town of Conway, causing it to exceed the number of acres granted, this number of acres was reduced by bringing the northern line of the town farther south, and the subsequent grants to military heroes were made permanent on the revised line;" so it transpired that several of the early settlers who from the topography of the region would naturally have been citizens of the town of Conway, became citizens of the town of Bartlett, and of course the error has been transmitted to their descendants, and endures to this day. Some of the most important summer resorts of the North Conway hotel region, so known, are, according to strict geography, in the town of Bartlett.

And so, by these strange haps, it was that first settlers on the intervale lots proved to be first settlers of Con-

way when they might have been expected to be first settlers of Fryeburg. But in 1765, Ebenezer Burbank, Joshua Heath, and John Dolloff commenced a settlement near the centre of the township, and in 1766 Daniel Foster, Thomas Merrill, and Thomas Chadbourne commenced the settlement of North Conway, building their houses on the intervale.

The Pequawkets seem to have been better students of nature than the whites, for they built their dwellings on land some twenty or thirty feet above the level of the intervale, while the first white settlers of North Conway uniformly built on the intervalles until the great freshet of 1785 drove them to the uplands.

Until the fall of 1765 or spring of 1766, there was nothing more than a spotted line or a narrow bushed path from Centre to North Conway, made for convenience of hunters and explorers. The course of this from the province line was graphically described as follows: "Our course is up the valley from the Pequauket settlement, called the 'Seven Lots' (in Fryeburg), to James Osgood's in East Conway, then by a path through pitch-pine plain land to the outlet of a pond where subsequently were built what was for many years called Walker's mills. Thence along the plain in a northwesterly direction to the cabin occupied by Ebenezer Burbank, located on the south cant of the hill northwest of the present town-house, thence by the house of Joshua Heath, on the north cant of said hill, the house in which the town meetings were held for years. Thence to the cabin occupied by John Dolloff, on land now embraced in the beautiful farm owned and occupied so long by



Home of One of the Early Settlers

the Hon. Joel Eastman (some half-century ago this place was called the Odell place). From thence we ford the river, soon leaving the intervale for the level pitch-pine plain at the point where subsequently was cleared five acres of ground for a meeting-house and graveyard. From this point we pass up through the thick pines in a path across level land between the acre lots, probably the first permanent road in town. We sweep to the left from the head of these lots to the first intervale lot in North Conway, then called 'Foster's Pocket.' In 1772 a road was granted from Conway to Shelburne, Northumberland, and Lancaster.

A hunter, named Emery, with several companions had, previous to any settlement, built camps at different points up the Saco and its tributaries, from whence they made excursions in pursuit of game. One of these camps was on the intervale but a short distance from where the Kearsarge House now stands.

Thomas Chadbourne, Esq., who had the mill privilege on Kesaugh brook, built a framed house to the north side of it on the intervale. The late Rev. B. D. Eastman found a bit of doggerel written on the inside of

the cover of an old Psalter in 1774 which is interesting as showing the early names of localities. It is evidence of the early use of Kesaugh and consequently of Kearsarge, the name "Kesaugh" being derived from the same Algonquin words as is the name of the mountain on which it takes its rise. The highly poetic and beautiful meaning of the word is "born of the hill that first shakes hands with the morning light."

While on the subject of early names it is interesting to note that on Dr. Belknap's map, copied from Mr. Whipple's, inscribed "A rough sketch of the country near the White Mountains in New Hampshire, 1764," the familiar titles, "Rocky Branch, East Branch, Moat Mountain, Double head," appear; Kearsarge is spelled "Kyasarge," though on the first plan or map of Chatham, accepted by the proprietors, October 24, 1792, it is spelled exactly as it is now.

To return to poetry, the following is what was found in the old Psalter:

"Thre men went up from dolluf town,
And stopt ol Nite at Forsters Pockit
To mak ye Road Bi ingun Hill,
To git clere up to noth pigwokit.
To Emri's Kamp up Kesaugh Brok,
Wha Chadbun is beginnen"

Alas! an irreverent hand had torn the rest off, and it is lost to posterity.

Thomas Chadbourne soon sold all of his interest in the mill lot, with improvements thereon, including the first framed house, to Richard Eastman, who came from Pembroke with four sons to settle here. Soon the father and one son moved lower down in Pequawket town, to Fryeburg, while Richard, Jr., and Noah remained. In this house was probably born the first male child in town,

Jonathan Eastman, whose later home was enlarged for the Artist Falls House, now the widely known Forest Glen Keely Institute of North Conway. He lived a long, useful, and exemplary life, and died in May, 1868, in the ninety-eighth year of his peaceful age.

After the great freshet of October, 1785, Mr. Eastman with all of his neighbors moved off the intervalles. Writing this at the time of a great March flood, more than one hundred and ten years afterwards—no mail has come through, over either the Maine Central or Boston & Maine railroads, for half a week, on account of bridges having been washed away—it is very easy to go back in imagination to those good old times. The vigorous, old Saco has lost none of his pristine, uproarious hilarity, upon occasion, during these hundred years and more, but now and then rises twenty-four feet in twenty-four hours, as in the days of "auld lang syne," and escapes from his narrow banks and rushes over the peaceful intervalle, turning it into a turbulent, gloomy sea.

Esquire Eastman moved his house to where it now stands in the corner of the long main street of North Conway, and the road that leads to Forest Glen, close by the bridge that crosses the mill-stream, Kesaugh Brook; it is a characteristic, comfortable looking, New England house, with an air of distinction about it—to the lover of old associations, certainly—that no modern house has, even in this region of beautiful houses. It stands "end to the road," with its quiet front-yard and old trees to the south; tall lilac-bushes grow about it, and cinnamon rose-bushes

escape through the fence and crowd down to the roadside. A date of the eighteenth century is marked on the huge chimney. If this house which has stood more years in this mountain town than we have been an independent nation, could speak, what interesting things it might relate.

For more than thirty years it was of only one story with a gambrel roof, and then a son of the family added a second story with the roof it now has. The record of the "raising" is preserved, and a picturesque narrative it is. There was a popular superstition that the ridge-pole of a building would not stick without "wetting," but the writer has too much reverence and solicitude for the reputation of the Puritans of the Pequawket plains to copy the account of the ceremonies gone through with to avert such a piece of ill-luck; it would perhaps be misunderstood and jeered at. The roof has always stuck.

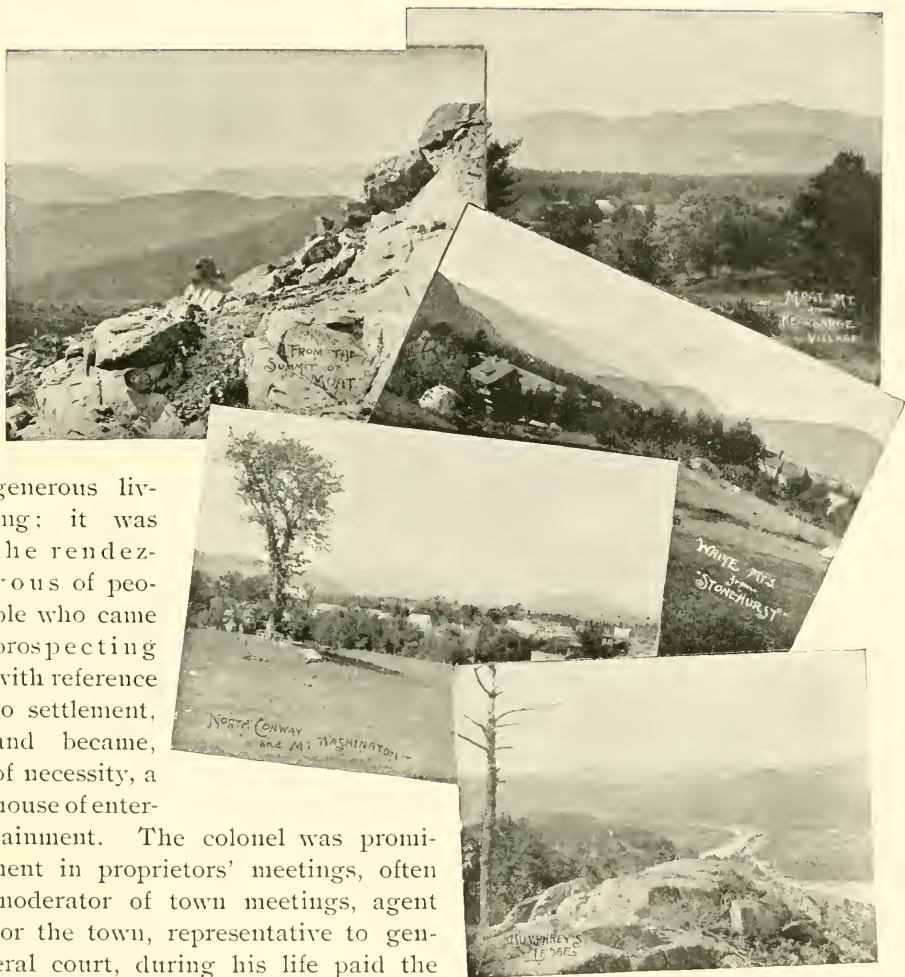
Another interesting old house moved after the great October freshet to the plateau skirted by the main street, was the "Three Elms" mansion. Joseph Thompson, originally of Lee, was the builder of this house. Joseph Thompson was the ancestor of the builders of the Kearsarge House, and his son Jonathan's farmhouse and blacksmith-shop once occupied the site of that famous hotel.

The first settlement of both Fryeburg and Conway was mainly by people from Concord, and towns in its vicinity. The tales related by the hunters, together with the glowing representations of General Frye and the men in his employ, exploring and surveying his grant, moved many among the best and the influential citizens of Concord and Pembroke

(the town bestowed on Lovewell and his men) to effect a lodgment in this then vast wilderness possessed by an Indian tribe that bore a widespread reputation for valor and intelligence.

Some came, so history relates, for the sole purpose of seeing the battle-field near the Saco, where their fathers fell in the horrid strife, where the dauntless Lovewell lay down his life, and Chamberlain slew the Pequawket sagamore, Paugus. Many of the original proprietors never even visited the township of which they owned a lawful share, but disposed of their interests to other shareholders, or to others of different localities who were minded to settle in the valleys of the Saco. Other original proprietors commenced to improve their lots and then sold and moved away.

Prominent among the bold spirits who led in subduing the wilderness was Col. Andrew McMillan, lord of the manor, whose manor-seat was the time-honored McMillan House. For his gallant services in the French War, his majesty rewarded him with a tract of land that embraced all of the intervale on the east side of the Saco, in what is now Lower Bartlett. Colonel McMillan was born in Ireland, but came here from Concord in 1764 or thereabout, and after setting off a tier of lots from the river, back, with sufficient upland to each for farm uses, he commenced their sale, at the same time buying largely of the shares in Conway, and finally establishing a life residence in North Conway on a large tract of intervale and upland, known far and near as the McMillan farm. He was a large-hearted, generous man, and his house was noted for its open hospitality and



generous living; it was the rendezvous of people who came prospecting with reference to settlement, and became, of necessity, a house of entertainment. The colonel was prominent in proprietors' meetings, often moderator of town meetings, agent for the town, representative to general court, during his life paid the highest taxes in town, and was receiver of taxes (when these were paid in produce).

In consequence of the scarcity of money a large proportion of the taxes were paid in articles of produce and home manufacture, the value of each article being fixed by the town at the annual meeting. The month of December was the tax-paying season and for convenience several places were assigned for deposit, and trusty persons appointed to receive, and afterwards appropriate, sell, or exchange, as was found best. For this

purpose a storehouse was built across the road from the McMillan House, and Colonel McMillan had charge of the business of receiving and disposing of the various commodities brought in payment of taxes. In this house were the scales and measures for weighing and measuring the grain, flax, maple sugar, salts, pot and pearl ashes, hams, bacon, cloth, etc. After a while they were thrown into great embarrassment on account of the depreciation in value of the continental money. This caused

trouble and litigation disturbing to the peace of the new settlement. As in all communities there was a difference of opinion as to the justification of the war, and so precarious and uncertain was the state of affairs that an armed committee of vigilance was organized by authority.

But when peace was proclaimed, our independence gained, and the young men returned from the war bringing others with them to settle in the new country, confidence and quietude returned. The old storehouse finally became the typical country store, the first of its sort in the region.

In 1773, one hundred acres of land at the outlet of Walker's pond (embracing the water privilege) and fifty acres on each side of the stream and pond were granted to Capt. Timothy Walker, who at once built both grist-mills and saw-mills on his grant. Colonel McMillan, General Frye, and Captain Walker did all in their power to induce immigration to the Pequawket intervalles, and they were very successful. Soon there was an influx of settlers, not only from Concord and its vicinity, but from Portsmouth, Exeter, Dunbarton, Greenland, Lee, Durham, and other places in the state.

Thomas Merrill, Esq., was one of the most active and capable of the proprietors, and received and deserved the confidence of his townsmen. In 1769, when the inhabitants of Conway and adjacent towns were in need of a justice of the peace, after setting forth their want they petitioned in this wise,—“We would humbly beg liberty to let your Excellency know that we should be glad and rejoice if your Excellency Should appoint to that office Lient.

Thomas Merrill, of said Conway.” The governor's council also recommended him as a “Suteable person to be in the Commition for ye Peace, &c.” He was the clerk of the proprietors' meetings and town meetings for many years, and continued in public service during his life. He was a man of unusual education for those days, and the proprietors' records, by their expression, grammatical construction, and correct spelling, show this. He owned large tracts of land on both sides of the Saco, on which he settled those of his children who remained in Conway, generously aiding those who chose a professional life and sought their fortunes in other sections. He lies in the desolate and forest-grown graveyard near the acre-lots; though the town owes him and his companions who sleep with him there in that neglected spot, a monument on which should be inscribed their bravery, endurance, and worth.

Col. David Page moved from Dunbarton (where his ancestors were among the grantees) to Concord about 1761, was interested by Colonel Frye in the Pequawket settlement, and became an early and valuable settler. Several children were born in Fryeburg, and then it is recorded that Jeremiah, born August 12, 1770, was “Born at Conway;” and from that time, for many years, scarcely a public petition or document was sent to the general court but shows Colonel Page's prominence in Conway. He was selectman, justice of the peace, and representative. He was colonel in the Revolutionary army, and one of the first trustees of Fryeburg Academy. He combined with a love of wild sports and pioneer life, qualities

particularly useful to the young community, being a man of great push and positiveness, never acknowledging defeat; a good speaker, he was as ready at all times to exchange thrusts with the ablest intellects of Portsmouth or Dover as he was to do battle with hostile Indians.

The old Page place was in "Fag-end," or East Conway, and situated on "Conway street" at the head of the road leading at right angles from the road to Fryeburg Village.

then retreating from Canada. He was captured at the Cedars and suffered terribly before his return. He was another of the early selectmen. Col. David Webster, son of John, lived at "Fag-end," on "Conway street." He was a leader in the great eastern land speculation and a man of much ability.

The Hon. John Pendexter and his wife Martha came to this wilderness from Portsmouth, in the winter of 1772 or 1773. The eighty miles were



View from Pendexter Mansion.

Joseph Odell was an original proprietor whose family and descendants exercised for years a potent influence in affairs of the town. Richard Odell was a trader at Centre Conway, for a good many years. He acquired wealth, was prominent in affairs, and a frequent candidate for important positions on the Whig ticket. (The town was Democratic.)

Col. John Webster and his family were among the earliest settlers. Although quite young, Colonel Webster marched as lieutenant of Capt. James Osgood's company, early in the spring of 1776, to the aid of General Montgomery's shattered army

made, Mrs. Pendexter riding an old horse, with a feather-bed for a saddle, her husband by her side hauling the household furniture on a hand sled. Enduring many hardships their little log cabin, and afterwards a frame house, were built on the intervale, and their first child, sweet Alice Pendexter, was born there: but the sudden and violent freshets on the Saco and its tributaries soon warned Mr. Pendexter of the dangerous situation of his homestead, and he moved to the upland and built the house since enlarged, improved, and beautified, and known far and wide as the "Pendexter Mansion."

Mr. Pendexter was a strong character, self-reliant, and thoroughly independent; a man of great executive ability, he could brook no opposition to his proper wish or commands. He was a Puritan of the Puritans, always enforcing a strict observance of the Sabbath day in his household, and with his family and among his employes his word was absolute law. A carpenter by trade he was especially useful in the region in those early times. The Rev. Benjamin G. Willey in his "Incidents in White Mountain History," has left a vivid description of Mr. Pendexter's leadership at house raisings, he directing, with dividers and rule in hand, marking the work for the men during the preparatory process, they executing his orders with mallet, chisel, and auger; then when all was ready, acting as master of the enterprise, manning the spy-shoves and "firming" the pick-poles, he was in his element, about the work he loved best. Even after he became an old man (he lived to the age of eighty-three) he used to be at his work by sunrise, though it might be several miles away from home.

Mrs. Pendexter was the worthy helpmate of such a man, braving the hardships of a pioneer life, and doing all in her power to make the home of his selection a place of quiet and comfort. She lived to be ninety-two years old, and her daughter, the sweet Alice of the *intervale*, lived to be ninety-six, and became the mother of a line who do her memory honor.

Mr. Pendexter's nearest neighbor was Captain Elijah Dinsmore, who had served through the Revolution, and came here with his wife from Lee in the dead of winter. They

made the journey on snow-shoes, he carrying all they had with which to set up housekeeping in the new country in a huge pack on his back. They spent their nights in the open air, and slept, if they slept at all, upon the snow. Their camp was built close by John Pendexter's cabin, and afterwards they built a frame house in which they "kept tavern," on or near the site of the *Intervale* House. Generally the log house would be built in the autumn while the ground was bare, and families would move in the winter, drawing hand-sleds on the top of the hard snow, arriving to find the house half buried under huge drifts, and have to shovel a hole through to find the door.

Other early settlers whose names should be honored were Deacon Abiel Lovejoy, Lieut. Amos Barnes, Capt. Samuel Willey, and Capt. John Hart.

Abiel Lovejoy came from Concord to Conway about 1771. His father, Henry Lovejoy, was one of the grantees, and Abiel first came here in the interest of his father. He settled on the west side of the Saco, near the Ledges, where he cultivated his beautiful farm and lived out his good and useful life. Deacon Abiel and his wife were of the eight who organized the first church in Conway, and he was the first deacon, and the "good deacon," for forty years.

Lieut. Amos Barnes was a distinguished Revolutionary soldier whose father was killed in the French War. Amos enlisted in the Revolutionary army when he was eighteen years old. He was in the Battle of Bunker Hill, in the retreat from Canada, and with Washington at the Battle of Trenton. In January, 1778, he enlisted for the third time, joined Gen-

eral Washington's army at Valley Forge and served for two years. In 1779 he was with General Sullivan in the Indian country and for two months was on half allowance of rations. In 1780 he returned to Concord and shortly afterward came to Conway, where he married Polly, second daughter of Richard Eastman. Lieutenant Barnes was also an officer in the militia, and lieutenant of a volunteer company at the commencement of the War of 1812. He was an earnest, honest, and industrious man, who served his day and generation well. The Barnes family was a markedly military and patriotic one in the early times, and one of the sons of Lieutenant Amos, Richard E. Barnes, was an honored veteran of the 1812 war, living to a great age and dying only a few years ago.

Samuel Willey came from Lee, and commenced a settlement on Stark's Location, now Bartlett, and later moved to North Conway, and lived on what is now known as the Bigelow farm until his death, in 1844, when he was more than ninety years of age. The Willey family was much respected; among its members were Samuel Willey, Jr., who perished with all his family in the heart-rending disaster of the great avalanche in the White Mountain Notch in 1826, and the Rev. Benjamin G. Willey, the second pastor of the Congregational church in Conway, and author of one of the most valuable and interesting works on White Mountain history that has ever been written. Benjamin Willey had a striking face, his likeness suggesting strongly the likenesses of the German poet, Heine, though the difference in the religious

tenets of the two must have been still more striking!

Capt. John Hart came from Portsmouth, and settled on the west side of the Saco, near Cathedral ledge, which for years was called Hart's ledge for him. The old stage road from Conway through the notch, passed his door, and he kept one of the early inns. The memory of a daughter of the family will always be kept green in the North Conway Woman's Club. Several letters, part of a correspondence between Honor Hart and Josiah Merrill (a theological student) at the beginning of this century, had been found in one of the old houses of the place, and were read at one of the club meetings. Honor Hart was deeply versed in polemic discussion, as became the women of her day. She answered abstruse questions as to doctrine, held forth at some length on the highest aim of man, but she delighted the club most of all when she straitly charged Josiah Merrill never, never to show her letters!

Another daughter of the race, Mrs. Martha Whitaker, widow of Squire Charles Whitaker, an important man of the first half of this century, inherits all the fluency of expression and aptness of quotation that made Honor Hart so admirable a letter-writer and exponent of doctrine.

Those were stern old times when the difficulties in the way of subduing the wilderness were increased by the dangers. It was necessary not only that the men should be courageous and bold, they must be good athletes, able to whip a bear in a stand-up, or rough-and-tumble, fight. Athletics in those days meant something more than being able to play a

showy game of base-ball for the delectation of the summer girls seated by the hundreds of a mid-summer afternoon, on the rising hill that forms a natural amphitheatre to the North Conway base-ball grounds—though this is very nice.

The bear stories of the region would fill a volume. One is so very delightful that it must be put in this sketch: "A mile south of Conway Corner, on the road to Eaton, a small hill rises very abruptly from a little pond of water. One of the early settlers, Stephen Allard, a very strong, athletic man was going up this hill one intensely dark night. Near the summit he came suddenly and unawares into the warm embrace of a big bear. The bear, more on the alert than himself, had snuffed his approach and to give him a cordial welcome had risen on her hind legs and spread out her fore ones. The man immediately knew his antagonist and a regular wrestling bout began between the two. The bear hugged, and the man tripped. By a dexterous trick he at last threw the bear off her feet, and the two went down together. The hill was so steep that they commenced to roll over, first one on top and then the other, nothing stopping them until they tumbled splash into the pond. Crawling wet and dripping out of the water, neither felt inclined to renew the contest.

And those were the days of the good old-fashioned families. Seventeen of Mr. Richard Eastman's eighteen children were born in the house moved off the intervale, and his second wife was a widow with two children, so a full score was sheltered and grew up under the old roof-tree. As all of Richard Eastman's children,

except one, married and raised children, and his brothers, Deacon Abiathar Eastman and Noah Eastman, were also blessed with large families who in their turn had many descendants, it is safe to say that the posterity of these three brothers is more numerous than that of any other three settlers in the Saco valley. At the distribution of the Christmas gifts at Grace Chapel a year ago, a young lady in the audience declared she counted the names of over one hundred and fifty Eastmans, when a funny occurrence made her lose the count!

Richard Eastman's house, after its removal to the upland, occupied in those days a very central business position, as in the vicinity there were the mills, the tavern, and the blacksmith-shop. He was a young man of strong mind and body and so threw his earnest nature into the public matters of the town as to form a part of its very existence. The formation of the first church, military affairs, the schools and roads, all were subjects of his thought and labor. He was justice of the peace and often the town clerk, and one of the rooms of the old house was used as a business office, and for the public library of which he was librarian. He was generally employed to draw up the deeds, bills of sale, petitions and plans and the like, and furnishes a fine example of the versatile leading citizen of those times.

Noah Eastman was the village miller for fifty years and was called "Honest Noah," though in his later life he was affectionately addressed as "Uncle Noah." He worked early and late and what with poor lights and the great quantity of grain

brought by the people of "Hard-scrabble" (as Kearsarge Village was then called), after ordinary working hours, he sometimes made mistakes—honest though his intentions were. One of the gems of nursery literature that used to be sung by the children to the tune of Yankee Doodle, and was popular all through the region, owes its inspiration to one of the good old miller's mistakes. Colonel Mc-Millan, wishing to improve his corn

the corn was ground. Hence the verse,—

"Molly Ocket lost her pocket,
Lydia Fisher found it;
Lydia carried it to the mill,
And Uncle Noah ground it."

Molly Ocket was much esteemed by the first settlers and with reason. One Tomhegan (or Tom Hegan) was very active in his enmity toward the whites and had formed the design of killing a Colonel Clark of Boston, who came annually to the White Mountains to trade for furs. But quite contrary to his usual shrewdness, the plotter had explained how he meant to proceed to some of his companions. One of them—when under the influence of liquor—told the secret to Molly Ocket, and she determined to save Colonel Clark's life. To do it she must traverse a wilderness of many miles to his camp, but nothing daunted she set out early in the evening of the intended massacre and reached the camp just in season for him to escape with his preserver to the settlements. Tomhegan had already killed two of Clark's companions encamped a mile or two distant.



Molly Ocket when She was Young.

by getting an earlier kind, obtained a promise from Molly Ocket, a squaw of the Pequawket tribe, who made annual visits from Canada to her native home, to bring him a small sack of seed corn the next spring. In the spring she came as usual, and although it was getting dusk as she came along, she thought she could not pass by without calling a moment on the family of Squire Eastman. She laid the sack down by some mill-logs between the mill and his house, and during her absence it was discovered and carried into the mill and

Colonel Clark's gratitude knew no bounds; and the good squaw in her old age, overcome by his earnest entreaties and the difficulty of supporting herself, became an inmate of his family in Boston. For a year she bore with a martyr's endurance, the restraints of civilized life; but at length she could bear it no longer. She must die, she said, in the great forest, amid the trees, the companions of her youth. The Rev. Benjamin G. Willey says that, "devotedly pious, she sighed for the woods, where, under the clear blue sky, she

might pray to God, as she had when first converted"; but one cannot help suspecting that the promptings of nature and heredity had something to do with it, and that she longed to act herself, and sit upon the ground to eat her meals when she chose!

Colonel Clark saw her distress, and built her a wigwam in her dear loved woods; he used often to visit her, and supported her for the remainder of her days.

The last meeting of the proprietors of Conway was holden in Portsmouth, August 31, 1769. The first regular meeting of the qualified inhabitants to vote in annual meetings was holden in Conway at the house of Capt. Joshua Heath, inn-keeper. At the meeting in 1773 they voted to build a meeting-house, and to settle a minister. This meeting had four adjourned sessions, mainly with regard to the building of the meeting-house. It was located "as near the geographical centre of the town as it was supposed possible to place it, and in a portion of the town deemed eligible for a city, on the plains below Pine hill and the Rattlesnake projection of the Green Hill range." But this location, after other settlements were made, did not seem to be the right one, and in a few years this first meeting-house (which had never been completed, though some of the early settlers, as before mentioned, had already been laid to rest in the graveyard that surrounded it) was taken down and moved near to the graveyard at Conway Centre. At first there were religious services whenever they could be obtained. The Rev. Timothy Walker, "a learned, orthodox minister of the Plantation of Pennycook," some of whose par-

ishioners had emigrated to "Pig-wacket, upon the Saco," used often to visit them, making the long journey on horseback. In 1771 a Mr. Kelly preached part of the year. Previous to 1774 Mr. Moses Adams had preached on probation, and received a "call" (which he did not accept) to settle permanently in Conway. The Rev. William Fessenden, of Fryeburg, used to preach for them after this until the Rev. Nathaniel Porter, D. D., was installed pastor, October 28, 1778. On the 18th of August of that year, Mr. Fessenden had "gathered into 'The Church of Christ in Conway'" these eight persons: Timothy Walker, Martha Walker, Abiel Lovejoy, Anna Lovejoy, Thomas Russell, Sarah Russell, Richard Eastman, Abiah Eastman.

Dr. Porter was a man of learning. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1768, and during the Revolution was chaplain in the Continental army when it was encamped around Boston. He had a keen intellect and sharp wit; religious controversies or discussions never disturbed the even tenor of his way or belief. It is recorded of him that, "He did not aim to excite the passions, but to reach the heart and consciences of men by convincing the understanding."

His pastorate here was full of hardships; his days were occupied with hard labor on his farm, and at night by the blaze of pitch-knots he wrote his sermons. Benjamin G. Willey wrote: "In going to his meetings on the Sabbath, which were always miles from his home, he generally went, in early times especially, on horseback, often facing a stiff northwest wind. The same was true in



East Conway Meadows.

relation to the funerals he attended, and his weddings and visitings. He never knew much about the luxury of an easy carriage."

The town voted to pay Dr. Porter £55, the first year, and his salary was never very much larger than that. He continued in charge until his death, November 10, 1836, at the age of ninety-three years, though in his later life, assistants were employed to help him. He did his duty faithfully and his works will follow him through unborn generations among these mountains.

The Baptists were not long in forming a church organization of their own. At first every freeholder was taxed for his part of the minister's salary and was obliged to pay unless he could prove that he paid toward the support of a minister of another denomination from that of the one employed by the town. The town employed a pastor of the Congregational faith, so in 1795 Thomas Densmore, John Thompson, Isaac Chase, Enoch Merrill, Austin George, Amos Merrill, and Capt. John Chase protested against paying their minister's tax and certified that

"they have given themselves as members of the society of that Branch of the Baptist Church of Christ in Sandwich belonging to Eaton and do Support the Preaching of the Gospel hear to our Satisfaction."

The Baptist society of Conway was formed at the house of Samuel Willey August 26, 1796. October 19 of that year "Richard R. Smith was ordained minister by a council held at the house of brother Elijah Densmore, Senior." A parsonage farm was purchased for Elder Smith, the place now owned by Mr. Frank Allard.

In 1800, "The inhabitants of Conway voted to exempt the Baptists from all the Minister tax that now stands against them provided the sd Baptists Petition the General Court the next Session to be Incorporated into a Separate Society and that the town will give their Approbation."

After varying fortune and rise and fall there was a reorganization of the Baptist society in 1836, an ecclesiastical council being convened on the 14th of June, for the purpose. At this council the following naïve resolution was passed unanimously:

"*Resolved*, That we will not make use of ardent spirits only as a medicine, neither will we admit to our fellowship any who use ardent spirits as a drink."

In 1838 the Baptist meeting-house was built at North Conway; previous to this, meetings had been held in dwelling-houses, barns, and school-houses. Mrs. Betsy Whitaker, now the oldest living member, was admitted to fellowship in 1837.

The whirligig of time brings strange changes. In these days the beautiful name of Kearsarge Village seems a most appropriate title for a beautiful place, but Mr. Eastman says that when it was so called, the name of "Hardscrabble" was singularly appropriate. The *intervale* lands were so valuable that it was impossible for those who had no other means than the labor of their hands to procure an *intervale* farm in such condition as to meet their immediate wants, so they located on the back upland lots, and supported themselves and their families by working the greater part of their time "by the day" for the *intervale* farmers. The women and children were also employed in the busiest seasons, and he draws a graphic picture of whole families working together in the fields at planting-time or harvest. In planting-time the men did the "holeing," the children dropped the corn in the hill, and the women covered it. The men mowed and pitched the hay, the boys spreading, and the women raking it. Whole families pulled and shocked or spread the flax. If at these seasons there came up showers severe enough to stop out-door work, the energetic old housewives would always find a little something for each

one to do while they *rested*! There was always wool to pick or spin, corn to shell, flax to comb, beans to pick over, and the pewter to scour, so there was scant time or place for rust or idleness. A day's work was from sunrise to sunset at the spot where the work was to be performed, so they had to travel from one to three miles before sunrise, and then after sunset often take their wages in grain upon their shoulders, go to the mill and get it ground, and from there home at the end of the day's work.

A picturesque character of the early Conway days was Dr. Alexander Ramsey, a learned Scotch physician and professor of McGill College, Montreal. He had a small medical school here, usually numbering from a dozen to twenty students, in a house now forming a part of the Sunset Pavilion. Those were the days when subjects for dissection were obtained with great difficulty, and gruesome were the tales told of the robbing of graveyards by Dr. Ramsey's students. Not for a great deal would the writer tell which room in the "Sunset" was once Dr. Ramsey's dissecting-room.

He was said to have the largest and best collection of charts and anatomical preparations in the United States, excepting only that of the Medical College of Philadelphia. In winter he used to visit Canada, lecturing in Montreal and Quebec where his ability was so highly appreciated that they paid him three hundred dollars for each evening lecture, and urged him to return year after year. Mr. Seth Chase of East Conway used to go with him as *factotum*, driving the team of two strong horses, the sleigh filled with blankets, buffalo rugs, and

several cases of specimens for illustrations. He was an able speaker, eloquent and magnetic, with a clear, distinct utterance and a fascinating brogue. In Conway he usually lectured only to his students, but occasionally he would give a public evening lecture to propagate his theories as to proper modes of living. He was a great hater of pork, or "hog-meat" as he called it, which he contended was the deposit of scrofula, and—largely at his own expense, so great was his determination and zeal—he got henhouses built and the people to raising chickens and eggs as a substitute for the hated "hog-meat." But he left the country during the War of 1812, returning after peace was proclaimed, and to his indignation and disgust found many of his charge returned to their "wallowing," as in his wrath he cursed the eating of pork. He rode through the neighborhood storming and upbraiding, and when a pious deacon took him to task for profanity, he asserted that the swine *were* "damned" since Scripture taught they were the appropriate vehicles for devils to ride to destruction in, away from the presence of virtue.

The doctor was said to have a life annuity of some twelve dollars per day which he expended principally for the benefit of the people of the town, in establishing theories in accordance with his convictions and in relieving the poor and needy, for his benevolence and liberality were unbounded.

The "young doctors" were the social lions of the town. They boarded at the different farmhouses of the neighborhood, and Mr. Eastman says that the beginning of the

summer boarding business in North Conway was Dr. Ramsey's medical school. A party of the students were the first to ascend Mount Washington from the east side through the unbroken forest. They got lost and wandered around for two or three days and came near starving, but at last, in sorry plight, they were brought back to town where they were more talked about than ever—that perennial delight to the student heart.

The awful tragedy of the White Mountain Notch caused great sorrow in Conway. The privation and poverty of those times drew people closer together than do the prosperity and plenty of these, and the ties of neighborhood were guaranties of sympathy, loving kindness, and help to the utmost. Samuel Willey, Jr., being the son of Capt. Samuel Willey, and Polly Willey, the wife and mother, being the daughter of Deacon Abiel Lovejoy, and the first settlers being nearly all related by inter-marriages, the slide was of the nature of a family affliction to the dwellers on the Pequawket plains.

In the autumn of 1825, Samuel Willey, Jr., with his family, moved into the "Willey House," in the notch. They went to open a public house, sorely needed by travellers through the deep-drifted mountain gorge in winter, as there was no stopping place between the old Crawford House and the Rosebrook place, a distance of thirteen miles. So Mr. Willey was hailed as a benefactor, and during the next winter he and his shelter were greeted with as much warmth by travellers through the mountain pass, as the monks of St. Bernard by the wanderers upon the Alps.

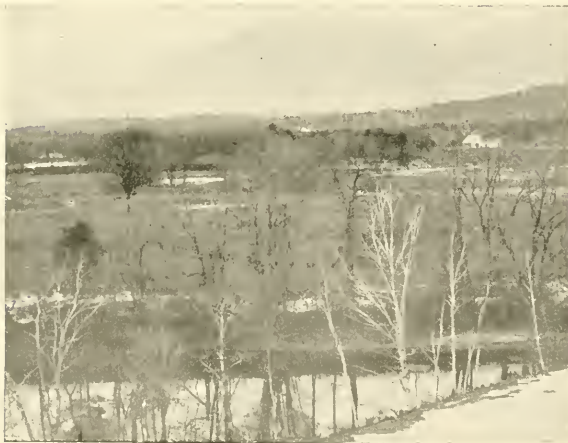
On that dreadful Monday night of the 28th of August, 1826, the Saco did immense damage, and all day Tuesday and up to the close of the day Wednesday, all the men of the neighborhood were engaged "swimming cattle and horses and boating sheep from patches of land surrounded with water, on the intervale lands in Conway and Lower Bartlett." Towards dusk the town physician, Dr. William Chadbourne, a veritable "doctor of the old school," was on his way home from Bartlett, whither he had breasted the floods to visit his patients; he hailed the men, and told them that a man had come through the notch, staying the night before at the Willey House, and that no human beings were there. Immediately all who could safely endure the severity of such a trip commenced moving in that direction.

The flood had made the way well-nigh impassable, but the strong and athletic pushed over every incumbrance, climbing over rocks, trees, and brush, and wading through the yet swift-running waters. Some who had not the power of endurance,

stopped at farmhouses until the next morning. Two pressed on to the old Crawford House where they learned that a small party had left there an hour before. It was past midnight, but they replenished their tin lanterns, and after snatching a hasty lunch, resumed the journey and overtook the others, who had been delayed by having to fell trees on which to cross the streams. They arrived at the Willey House before daylight, and by the flickering light of the lanterns entered that desolate house, from which had fled their trembling and horror-stricken friends to meet a fate they were trying to shun. When daylight dawned they commenced the search whose result all the world knows.

The Rev. Mr. Eastman was the last survivor of the searching party that went up from Conway, and the writer was once one of several to visit with him the scene of the slide more than fifty years after its occurrence. He was greatly affected and tears rolled down his aged cheeks when he told of how they entered the desolated home. Upon the table lay the open

Bible, the goodman's spectacles marking the chapter he had read at family prayers that last dismal night; a candle-stick stood beside it. There was the trundle-bed in which the three youngest children had slept, the little shoes and stockings they had taken off for the last time, with other wearing apparel lying near. The bread was set to raise in a corner of the hearth and covered with a white cloth. It



Mount Mountain from Conway Bridge, Conway.

was a homely, domestic scene, but oh, what a pall had fallen upon it!

One common wide grave was dug for the bodies after the dreadful search was ended, and Elder Samuel Haseltine, a personal friend of the family, performed the burial service. When with slow and distinct utterance, at the commencement of his prayer he referred to the magnificence of the Deity, as described by the Prophet

Isaiah, saying, "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," the echo from the mountains gave back every word of this sublime description in a tone equally clear and solemn with that in which they were first uttered. The scene in that wild glen was soul-stirring and heart-rending beyond description.

"And then one summer evening's close
We left them to their last repose."

The following winter the bodies were re-interred in the family graveyard on what is now the Bigelow farm.

The object of this sketch is primarily to show the sort of times those were when the town of Conway was first settled, and the sort of men the first settlers were. The history of the years that came afterward is familiar as a nursery tale to all who know anything of White Mountain history. It has been written and re-



East Branch House and Pitman Hall, Lower Bartlett.

written by the tribe of newspaper correspondents for the last score of years, and if it seem that the present writer gives scant space to it, she begs to assure her readers that it is only because she does not wish to bore them with what they have been told a thousand times already.

In 1825 a few summer tourists began to come to the region. Then the taverns were Thomas Abbott's Pequawket House, at Conway; Benjamin Osgood's, at Black Cat, in the lower end of the town; the McMillan House, Daniel Eastman's Washington House, S. W. Thompson's small tavern, where now stands the Kearsarge, at North Conway; and the Meserve's Eastering Branch House, at Lower Bartlett, on the site of the Pitmans' beautiful, though less poetically called, hotel of the same name.

From 1825 the tourists increased in numbers, but only tourists came, for it was not till late into the thirties that people came to pass the entire season. At that time the three hamlets of Conway were but little dots along the pleasant, winding roads, with Chataouque or Conway Corner

as the starting-point for various stage lines to distant parts of the state. There were lines from Concord, Dover, Littleton, and also one from Portland; these were mail routes. From 1825 to 1829 Samuel W. Thompson carried the mail from Conway to Littleton once a week on horseback; after that a two-horse team was driven over the route until the stage line was established. In 1775 a messenger had brought "ye post monthly," and in 1781 the state had employed "a mounted post-rider" to bring mail fortnightly from Portsmouth, so those mail-coach days were stirring times indeed!

Most of the tourists came on the coach from Centre Harbor, though the other lines were well patronized. It was an exhilarating sight to see the picturesque coaches and prancing horses careering along, the jolly driver cracking his long whip, passengers crowded on top and inside, the rumble piled high with luggage. The older people and conservative and pessimistically inclined people declare that those were the best days in the business prosperity of the town, and indeed it is sometimes hard not to believe that they really were.

Great numbers of people travelled by private conveyances through the mountains, vastly more than do now. Samuel W. Thompson and John Smith put on an opposition stage line from Portland to the old Crawford House, and times were still livelier. It soon began to be evident that North Conway was going to be the summer metropolis of the east side. In 1850 Samuel Thom, Nathaniel Abbott, and Hiram C. Abbott built the Conway House, the finest hotel in the north part of the state,

and put it in charge of that famous landlord, Horace Fabyan.

From this time until the two railroads entered the town at the beginning of the seventies, there were several men whose names inevitably occur to those who knew Conway in its transition state. At Conway village the prominent men were Hiram C. Abbott, Samuel Thom, William K. Eastman, and Jonathan T. Chase, the first judge of probate of Carroll county. At Conway Centre, was the great lawyer, Joel Eastman, who was United States district attorney and held many other offices with distinction, and of whom it was said that "if he had lived in Exeter or Concord there is scarcely a doubt but that he would have passed many years of his life in Congress." No lawyer of his time in New Hampshire was more eloquent in addressing a jury. Leander S. Morton was another important man at Conway Center, a trader on a large scale, selectman, representative, and town clerk for eighteen years. At North Conway were John McMillan, lord of the manor at the McMillan House, as his grandfather Andrew had been before him, and whose witticisms and *bon mots* were current coin of the east side, Samuel W. Thompson, the builder and for many years proprietor of the Kearsarge, Nathaniel R. Mason, W. H. H. Trickey, Stephen Mudgett, Isaac Edwin Merrill. These men contributed to the growth and prosperity and helped to establish the present fame of the place.

Landscape painters, too, Benjamin Champney and his friends, had done much to spread abroad a knowledge of the grandeur and beauty of the scenery. Mr. Champney first came

here in 1838. He writes: "For some time I had been studying a series of illustrations, drawn by an English artist named Bartlett, and engraved in England in a pleasing, captivating manner. These pictures so inflamed the imaginations of a young artist friend and myself that we resolved to consecrate our first sketching trip to the study of the same scenery." In 1850 Mr. Champney came again, and with him Mr. J. W. Casilear and Mr. J. F. Kensett, Kensett painting at that time, from the point where now stands the Hon. Payson Tucker's beautiful summer house, the picture that became so widely known, "The White Mountains and valley of the Saco, from Sunset Hill, North Conway." Mr. Champney says, "We went to the Kearsarge House, then kept, as it was for many years after, by Mr. S. W. Thompson. We interviewed him and he agreed to board us for the modest sum of three dollars per week." After that artists came in dozens and scores to the region, and its fame grew apace.

With the coming of the Portland & Ogdensburg (now the Maine Central) and Eastern railroads the names of three men must always be associated in Conway; those of Gen. Samuel J. Anderson and John Anderson of Portland and the Hon. John W. Sanborn of Wolfeborough Junction (now Sanbornville). General Anderson was the president of the Portland & Ogdensburg and a foremost promoter of its construction. Being a most gifted

and persuasive speaker it was easy for him to induce the town of Conway to raise five per cent. of its valuation for the building of the road. His brother, the late lamented John Anderson, was a famous engineer who maintained that the bridging of the terrific gorges of the Notch was possible, and accomplished it after it had



Echo Lake and North Conway, from White Horse Ledge.

been repeatedly declared impossible by other engineers. The Hon. John W. Sanborn has been one of the most important factors in the development of the Eastern, afterwards the Boston & Maine railroad, the continuation of whose line to here has made such a difference in the life and business of the town.

But the Conway of to-day: here again one approaches what, notwith-



Walker's Pond, Conway Centre.

standing its fascination, is felt to be a threadbare theme, for the letters of the summer correspondent have made it a household phrase wherever the name of the White Mountains has ever been heard. The great, and thus far only partially developed, resource of the town is its natural scenery. Bishop Niles, of New Hampshire, is fond of saying that "taking North Conway as the centre of the radii, the drives for ten miles in all directions about it, are not to be equalled for beauty and charm in any other part of this country, or in Europe, in a similar extent of territory." This statement ought probably to be changed by setting the length of the radii at fifteen miles instead of ten.

The roads that lead from one to the other of the three oldest settlements of North Conway, Conway (or Chatauque as it used to be prettily called), and Conway Centre, might be said to form an isosceles triangle, extended north and south, North Conway at the northern vertex, Conway and Conway Centre at the southwestern and southeastern vertices, respectively, the road connecting Conway and Conway Centre forming the base of the triangle.

Every one in North Conway is either directly or indirectly interested in the summer hotel business. The neighborhood includes North Conway, Intervale, Lower Bartlett, and Kearsarge Village. The best known hotels are the Kearsarge, the Sunset Pavilion, Eastman House, Intervale House, the Bellevue, East Branch House, Pitman Hall, the Ridge and Russell Cottages, and there are a great many smaller hotels and boarding-houses, and the number of these

increases each year.

There are six places of worship in this neighborhood. Christ church (Protestant Episcopal) is under the rectorship of the Rev. William Greer. The Rev. William B. Allis is pastor of the Congregational society, and the Rev. Albert B. Todd of the Baptists'. The Methodist minister is the Rev. Charles E. Jones. Mr. Greer holds services Sunday afternoons at Grace chapel, Kearsarge, and the Methodist minister preaches Sunday forenoons at the meeting-house in Lower Bartlett, and afternoons at the North Conway meeting-house; and in summer time the Rev. Dr. John Worcester (a Swedenborgian clergyman) preaches every Sunday in his little chapel, at his summer place at Intervale.

There is the usual number of fraternal and social organizations at North Conway: a large lodge of Free Masons (a Royal Arch chapter was also established last autumn), Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Independent Order of Red Men, and the Moat Mountain Good Templars lodges, the latter very recently formed. The poetically named Pequawket Grange is an important and

helpful organization, and there is a live Woman's Club that is coming to have more and more a potent influence in the community. A chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is also in process of formation; Mrs. Annie E. Ricker of the Kearsarge has been appointed regent. The Keely Institute has done a noble work, and since it was first opened in 1891, its influence has been felt all over the country. There is an admirable public library and a good circulating library. The *White Mountain Reporter*, a newsy little sheet, is published here; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Blanchard are the editors and publishers.

There is an excellent system of water-works, the pure and unfailing supply being from a reservoir on Artist's brook, above Artist's Falls. There are two very well known mineral springs, the White Mountain, at the foot of Pine hill, and the Forest Glen, at the Keely Institute establishment. And this summer it is hoped that the streets and buildings may be lighted by electricity, the Bethlehem Electric Light Company having purchased Goodrich Falls and at the present writing being about to put in their plant there.

There are two physicians, George H. Shedd and John Z. Shedd. The Shedd brothers are studious and clever men in their profession. There are also two lawyers, the Hon. G. W. M. Pitman and Frederic B. Osgood, Esq. Judge Pitman (he was judge of probate 1874-'76) has been as conspicuous in the politics as in the law of Carroll county, having been elected thirteen times as representative and twice as senator from his district. He has also been a

member of three constitutional conventions in New Hampshire, those of 1850, 1876, and 1889, a distinction said to have been conferred upon no other citizen of the state. One of Judge Pitman's sons, the Hon. Lycurgus Pitman, is one of the leading and most public-spirited citizens of North Conway, and has also been prominent in politics. He served as state senator in 1886. Mr. Osgood is a scholarly and able man, known as one of the best lawyers of the county, and with a constantly increasing reputation. From 1886 to 1889 inclusive, he served as county solicitor.

Mr. N. W. Pease, one of the important men of the town, and one of the present Republican representatives in the state legislature, has his home at North Conway.

Just why North Conway instead of Conway Corner (at present known as Conway) should have become the summer resort, after early circumstances changed and lines of travel were adjusted, is one of the things in the development of the town that is not easy to understand. The landscape views at Conway are beautiful, and several of them are exceptionally so. The junction of the Saco and Swift rivers, around



Scene at Redstone Quarry.

a thick-wooded, tiny island, with Mount Washington up the long valley vista; the magnificent panorama of mountains unrolled from the crest of the little hill at the northern end of the village; Mount Chocorua from the lower end; the lovely stretch of the Saco intervale walled by the great mountain-ranges to the north of the main road on which stands that ancient tavern, the Pequawket House, these are not surpassed in New Hampshire, nor often equalled.

It was the Pequawket House that Whittier described as,

“ . . . that quiet inn
Which looks from Conway on the mountains
piled
Heavily against the horizon of the north
Like summer thunder-clouds.”

An old guide-book published in 1825 instructs tourists to “stop at Abbott’s, which is a good private inn,” and goes on to say, “at that place the range of the White Mountains opens to view in the most magnificent manner.”

But there is a valuable water power on the Pequawket stream that flows through the village, and Conway was early engaged in manufacturing. The whole year round, it is by far the most important part of the town. Its furniture and dry-goods shops, though they are still called “stores” here, are like those one finds in cities.

Sturtevant’s peg-wood mill, and John B. Smith’s chair and ladder factory are considerable industries, and A. C. Kennett’s spool factory is an exceedingly valuable one, doing a business of \$100,000 a year. Spools for both cotton and silk are made and shipped all over the country, though the larger part goes to Clark’s Mile End Spool Cotton Company, of Newark, N. J. This is the only spool

mill in New Hampshire and there are only eleven in the whole United states. The peg-mill was the first ever built to make the ribbon peg. The pegs are sent to the shoe towns of this country, to Montreal, and a great many to Germany.

Mr. B. F. Clark is superintendent of the Sturtevant mill. Both he and Mr. Kennett are distinguished Republicans, Mr. Clark having served in the legislature of the state as representative in 1891 and 1893, and Mr. Kennett in 1895. Mr. Kennett is also chosen alternate delegate to attend the Republican presidential convention at St. Louis in June.

The Conway Savings Bank, chartered in 1869, is an important factor in the progress of the whole town as well as of Conway Village. It has been conservatively managed and very successful. B. F. Clark is the president, and Christopher W. Wilder, the treasurer. Mr. Wilder is one of Conway’s leading men, and has been much in public life.

There is a single meeting-house that suffices for both Congregationalists and Methodists, the Methodists using it in the forenoon and the Congregationalists in the afternoon, a worthy example of denominational toleration surely not often observable. The Rev. J. H. Trask is the Methodist pastor and the Rev. Elisha A. Keep the Congregationalist.

The two hotels are the fine Conway House, and the Pequawket House. There is a pure water supply from a spring at the base of Moat mountain.

There is an Odd Fellows lodge and one of the Independent Order of Red Men, also an excellent, progressive, and enterprising Woman’s Club.

There are three physicians, Samuel N. Greenlaw, Benjamin F. Horne, and C. P. Buzzell. John C. L. Wood, Esq., is the Conway lawyer, a painstaking and reliable practitioner.

Conway Centre is a pleasant, little place and prosperous from its proximity to the Redstone quarries and

by Lieut. Barnet Walker. There has been a tavern here for about a hundred years. Here, too, is the old Ebenezer Burbank stand where that sturdy pioneer "kept tavern" after his marriage to fair Fanny Stark, a near relative of Gen. John Stark. The beautiful "Odell place," once the home of Joel Eastman, is now owned by his nephew, Joel Eastman Morrill, the father of a strikingly handsome and intellectual family. His three daughters and a son have all received a collegiate education. Mr.



Washington, Adams, and the Centre Notch, from the Summit of Kearsarge.

H. B. Cotton's mills on the Walker's pond water-privilege. Mr. Cotton manufactures boxes, employing quite a number of men and deals to quite an extent in flour and grain.

He is one of the leading men of the town and has served very acceptably in the state legislature.

The town-house is located at the Centre, near where was once the inn of Joshua Heath, and there is a neat chapel in which the Methodist minister from Conway Corner preaches Sunday afternoons. The Centre House is an old house of entertainment, a part of the building having been the first framed house occupied



One Mile up Kearsarge—Moat Mountain and the Ledges, from the Prospect Ledge.

Morrill is an advanced and model practical farmer, and all movements to advance the well-being of the town and state are sure of his intelligent advocacy and assistance.

The Centre lawyer, John B. Nash, Esq., has made himself widely known. He has served a term in the state legislature as representative in 1894, and in the same year was the Democratic candidate for congress from this district.

In the old days the ties of neighborhood and fraternal feeling united the different parts of the town very closely, as has been seen; but in later times, after North Conway had become the great summer resort of the east side, diversity of business interests tended to isolation, and in 1891 an unsuccessful attempt was made to induce the New Hampshire legislature to set off the North Conway neighborhood and incorporate it into a town by itself.

The schools of Conway have not kept pace in improvement with her other interests. Those at Conway village are probably the best, and those of North Conway the poorest, but on the whole, for this day and generation, they are deplorably inadequate. The late ex-Senator Patterson, then state superintendent of the public schools of New Hampshire, told the writer more than a dozen years ago, that the schools of Conway were a hundred years behind those of other parts of the state; and there has been no signal improvement in the last score of years. The rule is generally a new teacher for every term, that method so fatal to progress for the pupils. The present school board is an able one, and will do all they may to improve the present state of the schools. Its members are Mrs. Abbie M. D. Blonin, the Rev. Elisha A. Keep, and the Rev. William B. Allis.

Half way on the line or road between North Conway and Conway Centre is the little settlement of Redstone, its romantic situation lending a picturesque look; to the east and towering above it, is Rattlesnake mountain, on the gashed sides of which is the quarry whose fine red-

tinted stone gives the little village and the quarry itself, its name. It is a wild, romantic-looking height, and always reminds the writer of Drachenfels on the Rhine, from whose *Domburch*, or cathedral quarry, was taken the granite to build the Cologne cathedral.

Redstone quarry is owned and operated by the Maine and New Hampshire Granite Company, of which Ara Cushman, Esq., is president, and the Hon. Payson Tucker, treasurer; Mr. George A. Wagg of North Conway is the general agent. It is an important industry, and Redstone granite is sent all over the country. The names of the buildings made from it since the quarry was first opened in 1886 would make a long list. The Union railway station in Portland, the new Union station in Boston, the New Hampshire State Library building in Concord, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Temple in Chicago, and some of the finest business blocks in New England and of the West, are among them. Besides the building stone, nearly two millions of paving blocks are made here annually, the greater part of them being sent to New York city. A green variety of granite of the best quality and apparently inexhaustible (as the red is thought to be) is also quarried here.

From North Conway to Intervale, from Intervale to Kearsarge village, down the long stretch of Kearsarge road and then back to North Conway, forms a charming drive of four miles, popularly known as "Around the Square," though the sides of the "square" would not exactly conform to the geometrical requirement that these should be of equal length.

At Intervale is the beautiful summer cottage colony, the home during six months of the year of a number of distinguished men and their families, among whom may be mentioned Dr. James Schouler, the eminent historian and jurist, the Rev. George B. Currie, D. D., the Rev. Daniel Merriam, D. D., Melancthon M. Hurd, formerly of the publishing firm of Hurd & Houghton, the Rev. Harry Nichols, and W. Eliot Fettee, Esq., and the Rev. Dr. John Worcester, and James H. Gamble, Esq.

At Kearsarge, too, a summer cottage contingent is growing up. Capt. S. H. Newman and Prof. James Wallace have pleasant places on the Kearsarge "Sunset Hill," and Mr. George E. Carter is just completing a handsome house there. Mr. Fred I. Pratt has a fine house close to the Ridge hotel, and Mr. F. S. Boyse a cosy house with wide grounds and pretty pine trees, in a pleasant field by itself.

These times are a great contrast to the days away back in the forties, when Edwin Merrill took artists to board for two dollars per week, but he led the way in making Kearsarge village what it is to-day.

And it has been said that the south end of North Conway village, that was getting to look a little decayed, for all its stately trees and magnificent outlook, seems once more the "court end," from the neighborhood of beautiful "Birchmont," and the stimulus it has given to "village improvement" feeling there.

The farming districts of the town are becoming popular for summer residence. At Walker's pond, South Conway, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Nesmith, of Lowell, have a lovely place, and Mrs. Greenhalge has just purchased a farm there. The late Governor Greenhalge was fond of that neighborhood and intended to build a summer house there this year, if he had lived.

Walker's pond is a wonderfully



Glimpse of an East Side White Mountain Coaching Parade.

lovely sheet of water. It is three miles long, has an area of nearly two square miles, and contains four small islands. Starr King declared the view from it more fascinating than any other along the south-eastern avenue to the mountains. He says: "The Rattlesnake range, one of the guardian walls of North Conway, stretches off to the right, overtopped by the feminine beauty of the slopes of Kearsarge. To the left are 'The Ledges' and the neighboring heights. A little below these, and on nearly the same line, rise Moat and Chocorua, towering over intervening hills. And in the centre, the White Moun-

tains, back of all, have their bulk crowned by the dome of Mount Washington."

It is not pleasant to refer to an occurrence in the history of Conway, in which Conway people take the greatest pleasure and pride—not pleasant because another town in the state claims that the honor paid to Conway was meant for this other town.

But the writer would be unfaithful, if she failed to tell how that the Union war ship *Kearsarge* that sunk the rebel ship *Alabama*, was named after the Carroll county Mount Kearsarge; and how that every one in town was very proud of this, and agreed more perfectly than before with Mr. G. V. Fox, assistant secretary of the navy under President Lincoln, in his opinion that, "Taking everything into consideration, it is unquestionably the finest mountain in New Hampshire," and how when there was an attempt made to change the name of the mountain from "Kearsarge" to "Pequawket," a petition was sent to the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of New Hampshire, signed by the late Judge Joel Eastman, of Conway, and all the best known men of Carroll county, asking that the proposed change of name be not sanctioned; and how that a passage in the petition read:

"There is no one in our region who has asked for a change of the name Kearsarge, endeared to us by the associations of three generations and rendered memorable by the illustrious success of the United States steamer named after it, over the rebel cruiser *Alabama*, in 1864."

And then it seems that a member from Merrimack county arose and said that the war ship was not named

for the Carroll county mountain, but was named for the mountain in the member's county, Merrimack! Thereupon (in 1876) Judge Lory Odell, of Portsmouth, wrote to the Hon. Gideon Welles, ex-secretary of the navy, to the effect that upon the occasion of the presentation to the general court of New Hampshire of a remonstrance by the people of the county of Carroll against any recognition of an attempt then being made to change the name of their Kearsarge mountain to Pequawket, the claim that the mountain provided a name for the sloop-of-war *Kearsarge*, was disputed by a member from Merrimack county, who asserted that it was not named from the mountain in the county of Carroll, near North Conway, but from that in the county of Merrimack, west of Concord.

Judge Odell informed Mr. Welles that the authority for the latter statement was said to be a letter of his, and he appealed to him for his decision in the matter in the following language: "The inhabitants of the towns adjacent to the county of Carroll Kearsarge, recognize that the secretary of the navy, who was required by law to name the vessels of war, is the only person whose decision and statements cannot be controverted."

The ex-secretary of the navy, in his reply, wrote: "Mrs. Fox, the wife of the assistant secretary, and daughter of Hon. Levi Woodbury, knew, what I did not, that there were two mountains bearing the name of 'Kearsarge,' and as she states the Carroll mountain was the one in view I think it entitled to the paternity. . . . Only Mr. Fox and his wife were consulted in the matter, and she, familiar with New Hampshire mountains and

scenery, is entitled to the honor and credit of deciding the question."

The Hon. Ithiel E. Clay, of Chatham, was very indignant at the assumption of the member from Merri-mack county. Mr. Clay owns the greater part of the Carroll county Mount Kearsarge, and his other land possessions are so extensive that it is said one may ride thirteen miles on his domain, all the time going onward. Naturally he takes the greatest interest in the history of the region, and no one is better versed in it than he. He wrote as follows :

"In the autumn of 1876 I met G. V. Fox, who was assistant secretary of the navy during Abraham Lincoln's administration, at the Kearsarge House, North Conway, and in a conversation in regard to which mountain the war steamer *Kearsarge*—that sunk the *Alabama*—was named for, he said positively for the Chatham mountain, and gave the circumstances or reason why it had that name, which was as follows : He said when he was quite a small boy his father took him to North Conway, and after staying there several days they went to the top of Kearsarge, it

being the first mountain that he was ever on, and that the scenery from the top made an impression on him that lasted through his life. During the war there were built three steamers, and he well remembered that the right to name them was with the secretary of the navy, who delegated that right to Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the president, Mrs. G. V. Fox, and another lady whose name he had forgotten, and that the latter suggested to his wife to call it Kearsarge, which she did, and she had in view the mountain in Chatham and Bartlett and no other."

The assertion of the ex-secretary of the navy who alone had the right to name the war vessel, coupled with the statement of Assistant Secretary Fox, to that of Mr. Clay, of Chatham, is believed in Conway to be conclusive as to the right of Carroll county Mount Kearsarge to lay claim to the honor of having had the historic war vessel named after it.

The statements of the Hon. Gideon Welles, and of G. V. Fox, Esq., his assistant secretary, are to be seen in the records of the Appalachian Mountain Club.

AMONG THE HILLS.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

The springtide's flood of glory brings me here
 'Midst Nature's bridal bloom to pause awhile ;
 In shadowy aisles, by rock-rimmed pools so clear,
 Or nooks bird-haunted, to the poet dear,
 To rest and dream, forget the world, and smile !
 Here, where the half-veiled peak of Moat is seen,
 The Giant's Stairs, the swift and foamy fall,
 Mine eyes to feast, while sprays of living green
 Touch and caress, and God is over all !



The Old French Well.

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

By Helen E. Phillips.



CLOUDLESS, azure sky; quiet, dreamy ripples on the distant basin; sleepy, hazy solitude over the time-honored dikes, that so faithfully served to keep in safety the happy homes of the Acadian peasantry. So appears the fair country of Evangeline on any summer day. The very locomotive is imbued with the peace of the scene, and ushers its load of eager passengers into the little station, with a plaintive wail, which seems to be the echo of a distant past, rather than the bustling herald of our nineteenth century customs.

Leaving the dusty train with its suggestions of timetables and baggage-checks, we walk through the little village of Wolfville, past its busy stores, white churches, and pretentious academy, straight up the hill into the sunset. As we stand there in the rosy glow and watch the shadows come creeping over the land from the eastward, we make haste to discover tangible objects, that we may afterwards locate, lest with the falling darkness all should disappear and leave but the memory as of a beautiful dream.

To the left, far, far away, the Bay of Fundy, mingles with the gray hills beyond, and over its broad expanse

"Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced ocean speaks."

Farther to the south but near at hand rises Blomidon, stately, majestic, its crown just kissed by the rays of the departing sun, the lazy ripples fawning at its feet, craving the protection of so mighty a monster. To the eastward are the low, flat meadows with their border of foot-hills, and at our very feet, its waters making gentle inroads upon the soil, the Basin of Minas, doing its homage to the fairest and quaintest of all the land, the onetime Acadian village, Grand Pré.

Down the valley of the Gaspereau, in the bright morning light, the drive is a delightful one; for three miles the road winds over the ridge, down into the valley and up again on the other side, at each turn bringing into view clusters of tidy farm-houses, and goodly acres well tilled. At last we leave the river to find its way to the ocean, alone, and turning to the right and to the left come directly into the little village, this new Grand Pré, which is builded on the site of the ruined homes of the Acadian peasants. Here and there, on the outskirts, peeps

out a gabled roof with its dormer windows, and at the doors as we pass,

"Matrons and maidens sit in snow-white caps
and in kirtles,
Scarlet and blue and green."

On a little eminence in the midst of the village, looking down with venerable pity on its modern usurper, stands an old church, now long past use, its weather-beaten sides and broken panes mournfully testifying to its age; so pathetic it seems, standing alone with its sentinel of yew trees, keeping guard over the dead of past generations, one might fancy that it had escaped the fury of the English invaders, and could it speak might unfold wondrous tales to listening ears; so quaint and old is it that here Evangeline might have worshipped and sung the hymns of her people, as when,

"On Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal."

Turning toward the sea, a short walk from the village brings us to

the row of willows near the old French well, so designated among the villagers. Sturdily these patriarchs have withstood the turbulent waters, as at flood tides the gates of the dikes have opened to receive them; valiantly have they held their ground in later years and withstood the encroachments of time, and now they are proudly pointed out by the pleasant-voiced farmer as the site of the forge of Basil, the blacksmith, and perhaps they are, who shall say? Here could we imagine Gabriel and Evangeline as

"There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders."

Too beautiful is the country and too content, to have its peace disturbed by the frenzied demand for fact of our eager life, so unquestioning we turn from our all too brief stay, and leave the solemn old willows, the placid bay, and over all, well guarding his many charges, stately Blomidon.



The Old Church.

ANNIS GAGE MARSHALL.

By Col. Wm. H. Stinson.

ANNIS GAGE MARSHALL is a woman of more than ordinary note and ability. She was a daughter of Solomon and town was subsequently her home until after Mr. Marshall's decease in September, 1891. Of an active temperament, and gift-



Annis Gage Marshall.

Dolly (Chase) Gage, born at the old farm home in Bedford, August 1, 1832. She received her education in the district school and the institutes in Nashua and at Reed's Ferry, and was for some time successfully engaged in teaching, until her marriage, January 23, 1853, with Enoch P. Marshall of Dunbarton, which

ed with strong mental powers, Mrs. Marshall realized most fully the social and intellectual limitations of life in our farming communities, especially so far as woman is concerned, and when the Grange movement began to be developed in the state she was among the first to realize its importance, and the advantages which it

offered her sex in common with the other. She became a charter member of Stark Grange No. 42 of Dunbarton, organized in 1874, and was a devoted member of that organization and of the order at large, serving most efficiently for seven years altogether as lecturer, and occupying other official positions.

An earnest and eloquent speaker, and gifted also with poetic talent of no mean order, she has often been heard effectively in Grange gatherings, public and private, as well as at general agricultural meetings, under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture and otherwise, in addresses and poems. The cause of temperance has ever found in her an ardent friend and champion; and at all proper times and occasions she has spoken freely and forcibly in its

interest, though never neglecting, even in the slightest degree, the paramount duty of wife and mother.

Mrs. Marshall was a member of the Baptist church while residing in Dunbarton, and an active leader and efficient worker for every good cause and object in which the church was interested.

In 1892, after her husband's decease, she removed to the beautiful village of Milford, where, in a cosy cottage with attractive surroundings and a beautiful outlook, her home is now established, in companionship with her daughter Jessie, a teacher in the Milford schools. Lydia, another daughter, for a time engaged in departmental work in Washington, is now a teacher in that city, while Bertha, the third, is the wife of L. O. Goodhue of Bow.

I GLIDE ADOWN THE FLASHING STREAM.

A CHARADE.

By Edward A. Jenks.

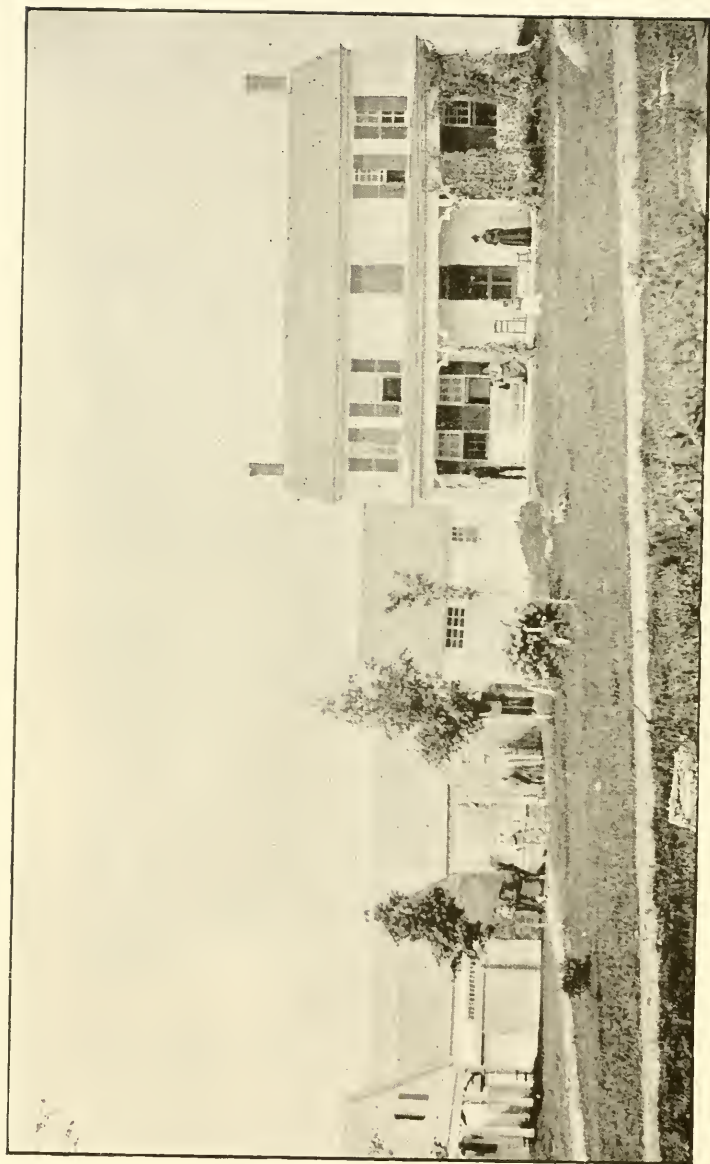
I glide adown the flashing stream
Serenely in my First;

I trail my lines for yellow bream,
Of fish nor best nor worst;

And when I of Sahara dream,
I quench my dreamy thirst.

When every breezy summer dell
Is full of frozen dreams,
I sometimes deem it passing well
To mass the sun's warm beams,—
And in a corner of my cell
Ah! how my Second gleams!

The axis of the spinning earth
Extends from pole to pole,
And has since morning had its birth;
Withdraw it, and a hole
Of mighty length and breadth and girth
Will need my strengthening Whole.



Cass—Carr Homestead at Wilmot.

A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

By H. H. Metcalf.

IT has been asserted that, within a radius of twenty miles, about the base of Kearsarge mountain, there have been born and reared a greater number of men of national prominence than in any other section of equal extent in America. It is a rugged section, so far as its physical aspect is concerned, and strong men have gone out from its limits to make deep and lasting impress upon the national life and character. Men, too, of sterling worth have remained to pursue the avocation of their fathers, promote the welfare of their communities, and maintain the honor and dignity of the state.

There is no better type of American citizenship than that embodied in the intelligent and successful farmers of our New England hill towns, a worthy representative of whom is found in the person of John M. Carr of Wilmot, proprietor of Cass-Carr farm on the westerly slope of Kearsarge mountain in that town.

This farm was settled by Benjamin Cass, who, with William Morey, was among the first to locate in what was then known as "Kearsarge Gore," the upper portion of which, with the northerly part of New London, was incorporated as the town of Wilmot in June, 1807. Kearsarge Gore was lotted in 1779, and Benjamin Cass must have located there soon after. He was a brother of Maj. Jonathan Cass of Exeter, who was the father of

Lewis Cass and a soldier of the Revolution, enlisting the day after the Battle of Lexington. He was born March 27, 1752, and married Abigail Bartlett in June, 1784, bringing her to his home over the old "Salisbury trail," which led around the slope of the mountain from the town of Salisbury.

Mr. Cass was a blacksmith as well as a farmer, and did a prosperous business at the trade in a shop whose site is still indicated. That he was a prominent citizen and active in public affairs is manifest from the fact that he was one of the two men named in the legislative act of incorporation as authorized to call the first town meeting in Wilmot. From the old family Bible it appears that Benjamin and Abigail (Bartlett) Cass had children as follows: Abigail, born July 19, 1785; Elizabeth, December 28, 1790; Gershom Bartlett, November 4, 1792; Mary, March 2, 1805. After his first wife's death he married Molly Dole, September 25, 1817. He died March 11, 1831, and she survived him several years. The son, Gershom Bartlett Cass, was a soldier of the War of 1812, being the first man in Wilmot to respond to the call for troops, though but twenty years of age. He received a lieutenant's commission and served throughout the war.

The first home of Benjamin Cass was a rude cabin of the primitive

order. He subsequently erected a frame dwelling, which forms the central part of what is now known as the "old house," in the left of the accompanying picture. The son built a new house, near that of his father, and there brought his wife, Phebe Dole, a daughter of his step-mother. Elizabeth, the second daughter, married Nathaniel Carr, and they settled on a part of the Cass farm, near the road leading from the old Salisbury trail to the site of the present Winslow House. Here Nathaniel Carr died, leaving two children—Joseph Brown and Sally. The widow subsequently married a Harriman, and removed to New London; but upon her death, not long after, the Carr children returned to the Cass homestead.

Joseph B. Carr married Mehitable Cilley and lived in the Benjamin Cass house. He became an influential citizen, was conspicuous in town affairs, and was made a colonel of the state militia in 1846. He had one son, John Moore Carr, born October 30, 1836, who, on attaining manhood, decided to remain upon the old farm which had come into his father's possession. He repaired and refitted the house which his great uncle, Gershom Bartlett Cass, had erected, and there brought his wife, Rhoda E. Haskins, to whom he was married January 3, 1858.

The Cass-Carr farm, comprising the first lot conveyed to Benjamin Cass, being "lot No. 16, originally drawn to the right of Theodore Atchinson," and subsequent large accessions, includes about 1,000 acres of land, of which a large portion is wood and pasture. It has been operated by Mr. Carr in the ordinary

course of New England mixed farming, with special attention to particular lines of production at different times. Potato culture was once a leading feature, when 3,000 bushels per annum were produced. Sheep husbandry was for a time largely engaged in, when about 250 sheep thrived on the place. Cattle were also reared for the market to some extent; but of late milk production is the leading feature, about twenty-five cows being kept for this purpose.

A spacious barn, 150 feet in length, gives storage for the 150 tons of hay cut on the place, while some 400 bushels of grain are also produced. There is also a silo of about seventy-five tons capacity.

Like his father, Mr. Carr has been a leading citizen of the town, giving his time and service freely to promote its interests. He has served upon the board of selectmen, as supervisor for several years, and is now serving his third term as a member of the school committee. In 1881 he represented the town in the legislature, being the first Republican chosen in that strongly Democratic town.

He has been an interested member of the order, Patrons of Husbandry, for many years, having joined Kearsarge Grange, No. 87, at its reorganization in November, 1878. He served five years as master and two years as lecturer of this grange; is a working member of Merrimack County Pomona Grange; has served two years as a district deputy of the state grange, and has been twice elected a member of the executive committee of the latter organization, holding this position at the present time. He has been connected with various agricultural organizations and

is now a vice-president of the Merri-mack County Grange Fair Association and president of the local section of the New England Milk Producers' Union. He has been for 35 years a member of the Masonic fraternity.

Mr. Carr's son and only child, Joseph Bertrand Carr, a young man of much promise, died from consumption at the early age of 24, October 14, 1883, eight months after his marriage with Luvia M. Collins of Wilmot. Six months later his wife died, and his son's widow, the younger Mrs. Carr, has remained at the head of the household—the guiding spirit of a true New England country home, taking an interest in all that pertains to the success of the

farm work and in the social and educational welfare of the community in which Mr. Carr himself is so deeply concerned.

No man in any community is more thoroughly respected by his fellow-citizens, of all shades of opinion and belief, than is John M. Carr of Wilmot. The widow and the fatherless seek his counsel and aid, and his neighbors and townsmen rely upon his judgment in all matters of business where the advice of others is considered desirable.

Such men are the strong pillars of our rural New England communities, and their sterling character contributes in large degree to the stability of our institutions.

ONE MORNING.

By Virginia B. Ladd.

The wonderful book of the seasons
Is open again at June,
A bird, on the high, swinging elm bough,
Is singing a jubilant tune.

The elm seeds are falling like snowflakes
As the branches respond to the breeze,
And a shower in the night has brought freshness
Alike to the flowers and the trees.

The emerald tint of the lawn grass
Has changed to a deeper hue,
Far above, a white cloud mass is sweeping
Across a pure surface of blue.

The whole world is vibrant with music,
All the summer's still life speaks to-day
In a joyous, unsyllabled language,
A gladness no words can convey.

Much too fine for our dull ears to hear it
We can still *feel* the eloquent tune,
So we join with our hearts in the rapture
And know we are glad it is June.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

By Edwin Osgood Grover.

MISS STANTON was truly forlorn. "What ever made me come back to this deserted place," she said despairingly as she sat by her open window and looked out across the lawn of the Intervale House to the flush meadows and the proud mountains beyond.

"I've half a mind to compel Mamma to pack our trunks to-morrow and go to Nantucket or Buzzard's Bay. Ten to one Harry learned that I was here and has gone to the beach simply to avoid me. He knows how I hate the glare of the sand and the salt water."

"I wonder who could have told him that we were here," she said thoughtfully. "It must have been Miss Van Wildt."

"Mamma!" she called, "are you quite certain that you overheard Miss Van Wildt say that Harry Osmond was to spend the season here?"

"Oh, I'm very positive, Alice. You remember it was at Mrs. Benson-Smyth's Easter ball and we had planned to summer at the Adirondacks."

"Then why doesn't he come? Here it is the first of August and Harry always came before by the middle of July."

With an audible sigh of disappointment Miss Stanton took up her novel and pretended to be reading though it was evident that she was much more interested in the love affairs of

Miss Stanton than of a thousand "Old Maids." Just now they were causing her not a little concern for there was not a single young man among the score or more already at the mountains that interested her in the least. In fact she had returned to North Conway instead of going to the Adirondacks solely to have an opportunity to win back her whilom lover, Harry Osmond. That had been her last engagement and after a winter without a proposal Miss Stanton had become alarmed for her life—the married one I mean—and fallen back with a sort of adoring despair upon the neck of her lover of last season. She recalled the many little "accidents" which had led up through a jolly summer to their happy engagement, how she was the open envy of the other girls. Then came that dreadful Miss Van Wildt and the affair at the coaching parade ball which was wholly inexpiable in her jealous eyes and when a few days later he had mentioned a wedding at some distant date she had sternly answered "Never!" and coldly returned his engagement ring and trinkets. "Poor Harry did take it desperately hard," she confessed half aloud. "And I guess I was too hard on him, though he deserved it every bit. Yet I know I could make him love me again if he would only give me an opportunity."

Then she went back to her preten-

sions at reading, laughing lightly at the stupidity of the "Old Maid" at not managing her love affairs more shrewdly.

"Alice!" called her mother at last, "who is that young gentleman on the box? I don't find my glasses."

Miss Stanton glanced carelessly out of the window at the gay tally-ho that came rolling swiftly up to the front piazza, loaded with "new arrivals" from the evening train.

"Oh, its Mr. Osmond, Mamma!" she exclaimed, so delighted that her mother gave a warning "Hush!"

Miss Stanton was full of ecstasies. "I knew he would come!" she cried confidently. "Now Harry Osmond beware," she thought to herself as she went to dress for dinner. Even Miss Van Wildt would have had to confess that she was charming as she entered the dining-hall that evening wearing her most dashing gown and winning smile and carrying an immense bunch of sweet peas which, by the way, were Mr. Osmond's favorite flowers.

Early in the evening while promenading with her mother she met Harry Osmond with a pleasant smile.

"I am delighted to see Mr. Osmond," she said. "We all had begun to fear that you had quite deserted us."

"It was not intentional I assure you, Miss Stanton. A foolish fellow took it into his head to have a mid-summer wedding and as I had a chance acquaintance I felt obliged to stay in town till the event was over."

"It was awfully good of you to stay, but a little unkind of him, don't you think, to set such an unreasonable day and torture his friends with August heat?"

"Possibly, Miss Stanton, but he only asked a very few to remain. It was a very quiet affair. On the whole I am rather glad I stayed for I fear it would not have gone smoothly without me."

"Nothing does," said Miss Stanton with a smile that would have won an Indian's heart.

"Thank you, Miss Stanton. Shall we promenade a few moments?"

"With pleasure," she answered. "Mamma," she added, "I'm afraid the evening air will be too cool. Shan't I arrange a chair in the parlor for you?"

"The air is chilly, Alice, but I won't trouble you. I'll go in and finish 'Trilby.' Do you know, Mr. Osmond, I'm so fascinated by that charming creature that I'm reading the book for the fourteenth time?"

"Good-night, Mamma," said Miss Stanton, turning to Harry Osmond with a smile that made him forget to answer her mother.

After a few moments' walk on the lighted piazzas they became uncomfortably crowded and Miss Stanton suggested that they cross to the summer house, and Mr. Osmond said he would be very happy there; so they went.

"You don't know how pleasant it seems, Harry, to find you just as of old," she said confidently as soon as they were alone. "I feared you might think I ought to wait for an introduction after our little *bataille des coeurs* of last season. But it isn't necessary that one sign a treaty of peace after every foolish love quarrel, do you think so, Harry?"

"Well, that depends whether they intend to continue hostilities or not. Still treaties are frangible as well as

hearts and other playthings," said Mr. Osmond, thoughtfully.

"I suppose so," sighed Miss Stanton, "but I'm not a connoisseur on war and international relations. I wish I were though," she said, longingly.

"May I ask why, Alice? Did you want to make a treaty with some one?"

"O Harry!" she cried, bursting into a little flood of tears that was quickly dried under his affectionate caresses, "how did you know I have been utterly miserable without you all winter?" she sobbed, "and that I have been waiting here three whole weeks just for you to come?"

"Why, you told me," he said, laughingly, so that she looked at him in surprise through her tears.

"I? It was that Miss Van Wildt, you mean."

"Pardon me, Alice, but I did not know it till to-night. I see you are still a bit jealous over my attentions to her last coaching parade day."

"I, jealous? Why, Harry, how could you think such a thing? But, then, I had cause enough, the idea of your dancing twice with her when you had been engaged to me for three weeks!"

"I suppose it was a criminal offence, Alice, but you know she is Jack's cousin, and a fellow has to sacrifice something to a chum's relative. It was only courtesy to Jack."

"But you were so sensitive when I accused you of it next day. Why, you just *made* me break our engagement," she said apologetically.

"Well, who would n't have been sensitive when you told him that you had no further use for a fickle summer dude. Then you said ——"

"But *you* called me a flighty sum-

mer girl, you know you did, and without the slightest provocation, for I had n't danced with a soul except you all summer?" Miss Stanton exclaimed through fresh tears.

"Well, well, Alice! where is your treaty now? We shall be at war again if we don't sign it soon."

"That is just like you, Harry, so forgiving and thoughtful!" she said, drying her tears. "May we make all up again, and forget our quarrel? Be as much to each other as if it never had happened?"

"Yes, certainly, if you wish it!"

"Then, there is the treaty of peace!" she said, extending her hand, which Harry raised silently to his lips.

"Do you know, Harry, I think our engagement last year was too long, don't you?"

"I'm not sure but it was," he said, half doubtfully. "I have come to believe in short engagements, in fact, they are the only thing this season."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" and Miss Stanton looked at him in that fond way she had done when he proposed last season. "Then we can have our's announced before coaching parade day," she said earnestly, seeing a means of escape from last year's misfortune, "and be married during the winter holidays!" she added, clapping her tiny hands in unrestrained happiness.

"And where shall we go for the wedding tour?" asked Harry Osmond, with apparent interest.

"Oh, we'll only run to Pasadena or St. Augustine for a few weeks, you know we planned last fall to go directly to London and Paris, but I think it will be pleasanter to wait till spring, don't you?"

"I certainly do! The ocean trip will be beastly in winter."

"And, Harry! I know the cosiest place on Huntington avenue that will just suit us, I know it will. Oh, this is worth the whole winter of waiting. What are you thinking of, Harry?"

"Oh, I was only thinking, Alice, how downright hard hearted you were when you jilted me last fall."

"Don't let's think of it, Harry! We've signed a treaty of peace, you know."

"Yes, but do you remember how you said you hoped never to see me again and went off in a huff?"

"I'm afraid I do!" she acknowledged, sadly.

"And how you threw my photo on the table and told me ——"

"There, Harry, if I did n't know you were trying to torment me I should say you were horrid to remind me of all those things. But you said a hundred things a hundred times worse, you know you did. But I'd a good deal rather talk about my trousseau and our wedding trip. Come, you've got to talk about them if you don't want to. What are your favorite colors in silks, Harry?"

"Pink and electric blue," he said, thoughtfully.

"And your flowers? Sweet peas, I know," and she transferred a sprig from her bouquet to his button hole.

"And when may I tell mamma?"

"As soon as you wish; to-night, if you choose."

"You are so kind, Harry, I wish I hadn't sent her away."

"It may be as well in the end," he explained.

"Perhaps so, mammas can't understand love gossip. Do you think

it would be too soon to have our announcement out the last of the month?"

"Why, no, but you can decide that later."

"I did n't know you could be so good, Harry. What if you *had n't* come back this year?" and she seized his hand, sighing at the possibility that was past.

"But I fear there may possibly be a misunderstanding, Miss Stanton," said Mr. Osmond, withdrawing his hand and rising, coldly. He stood a moment looking down at the startled girl who had refused his hand the year before and near broken his heart in the process. Now was the time for his revenge.

"What is the trouble, Harry?" she cried. "Are you ill?"

"I am perfectly well, thank you. But did you think—er—well, possibly you thought we were engaged?"

"Ar n't we, Harry?" she asked, with a last appealing look. But Harry Osmond's heart was hardened.

"I was not aware of it, I certainly have not proposed."

"But didn't you say we could make up again and forget our quarrel? You certainly did, Mr. Osmond!" she said, decidedly, her anger rising.

"I certainly did," repeated Mr. Osmond, calmly. "But forgetting a quarrel does not make us lovers again, does it, Miss Stanton?"

She stood a moment abashed. "And so you have been deceiving me all the evening, have you, Mr. Osmond, with your false pretensions of love? I am not in the least surprised in you!" she said, with bitter sarcasm.

"Thank you, Miss Stanton! I am very sorry not to surprise you. Shall

I escort you to the parlors? My wife will think I have deserted her already and we have only been married three days. You may like to meet in her your old friend, Miss Van Wildt. But as I have kept you waiting for three weeks I won't detain you long."

"The evening air is becoming very chilly, Mr. Osmond, and I think I'll go to my room. I wish you good-night!"

"Good-night!"

And Harry Osmond went to tell his wife of the unexpected sweetness of his revenge.

ASPIRATION.

By Fletcher Harper Swift.

I saw a fountain leap up to the sky,
A thousand times I saw it leap and fall:
Each time it fell, it sank with piteous cry,
Then sprang again up toward the shining wall.

I saw a rose-bud, near a cottage door,
Unfold to heaven its wealth of petals round,
It burst in striving to unfold them more,
And shed its perished beauty o'er the ground.

I saw a flame creep toward its father Sun,
I saw it climbing, climbing toward its goal,
I saw it smoulder where it was begun,
I closed my eyes and wept,—“My Soul,—My Soul.”

THE LEGEND OF JOHN LEVIN AND MARY GLASSE.

[CONTINUED.]

By E. P. Tenney.

CHAPTER XXV.

THAT dark winter morning at Glasse Head was brightened by the incoming of a guest very welcome to Mary. Although her persistency in deferring her marriage with John Levin had borne fruit in quieting that warning spirit which had sometimes startled her, she had in place of it an incubus quite as dreadful to her as ghostly visitation,

since Mary, by subtle sympathy, carried upon her own heart all of John Levin's misdeeds, as if they had been her own. And it was too hard for her. She was growing old apace, swiftly spanning the years between herself and Levin, and hastening to number as many months as he. Night after night she dreamed of doing what she knew he did, and

morning by morning she awoke under a moral cloud.

Last night, however, she had dreamed that she no longer had conscience, that her personality had been merged in an unknown power, as a fleck of cloud is lost in a tempest, and that she was no longer responsible for her misdeeds in slumber; and she had awakened with a singularly exultant feeling inspired by the thought that there was now no God separate from humanity, that blind impulse might be followed at will,—as John Levin had often said.

"I am too old, too old, as old as the universe," Raymond heard Mary saying, as she was swinging the crane to remove the steaming teakettle.

"You do look old, Mary," interrupted the early visitor. "I never thought of it before; but you look many years older than when I went to jail. I must have been imprisoned long; too long, I know. Prithee, what makes your eyes so dim? You need spectacles."

Youth leaped into Mary's eyes, and the incubus went up chimney, the instant she heard Raymond's tread and voice. "Yes, I am your grandmother, and glad to see so bright a boy, so early in the morning," and she approached, placing both hands upon both his shoulders, and looking into his eyes till she saw her own image. "I am glad to see you, Raymond. I am always glad to see you." And her dark eyes flashed, and her dark features flushed slightly. "No, Raymond," she added, as he seated himself upon the settle in the chimney corner, "I am not so very old, not so old as I feel. In fact, I presume that my sorrow over your prison life has had its effect upon my

constitution. Do you not see that I am slightly bent with age?" And Mary drew herself up to full height, and threw her head and shoulders back. "Yes, Raymond, my age tells upon my spirits, you see."

The bean porridge being hot, the twain broke their fast.

"Did it never occur to you, Raymond, that John Levin has aged fast of late? He seems much older than when I first knew him?"

"You and I, Mary, must not talk of John Levin. I can only say that he appears to me to be in perennial youth, every day younger and more full of life's energies than the day before. Why do you ask?"

"I had forgotten that you and I may not suitably speak of John Levin. But you know that it is as natural for me to speak my thought as to breathe. You do but listen to my breathing if I speak of him, he being always—almost always," she added, archly, looking up to see if Raymond's eyes met hers—"uppermost in my thoughts. I have been of late heavily oppressed with the sense of his being very old; that is, of life experience too far beyond me. And I find myself growing old beyond my years in trying to catch up with his life and keep pace with him. I do not know what I should do, if he and I were to be married. I even now dream that I do just what he does,—of evil if he does evil."

"But, Mary, it's nonsense for a young girl to bear all of another's shortcomings. Look at me. I was a very wicked fellow at sea, and from my youth up. Would you begin to bear my sins if you should engage to marry me? I trow not."

"No, I should not. I have no

such feeling toward you as I have toward Mr. Levin. You, I trust. You, I am friendly with. Possibly, Raymond," she said, looking sharply into his eyes, "I might sometime love you if you had not been so wicked as to go to jail! But John Levin is a part of my life's life; as much so, as if he and I were of the same piece, the same stock, as if vine and branch, as our Master says. His thoughts throb in my brain; his passions touch me, soiling my nature, I never knew myself to be so strangely wrought into sympathy with another person's life before. My mind has broadened out resembling his, to take in the world, the universe. And I am, like him, almost at sea religiously since I knew him. I am becoming his counterpart every way. And I am as powerless to resist the thoughts and mental experiences that come surging in upon me, as I am to check the tide-flow between the Ram islands. See it whiten there on the ledges now."

So were they drawn on to debate that baneful subject, John Levin. Raymond defended him, saying that his early life was the parent of to-day's life, that before he could have been conscious of free will his life had been warped by his mother, who had been twisted by her ancestry. "How can John Levin be other than he is?"

"What! Is there no free will?"

"Yes, but I cannot judge how far he is what he is by his own conscious voluntary choice."

"Be that as it may, Raymond, I am conscious in every fibre of my being that I am interlocked with him beyond power to escape, and that I must bear his life as part of my life.

You will laugh at me,—no, you cannot do that, it's too serious a matter; but I carry John Levin in my heart as some mother,—I tell you nay," she added laughing, "but a grandmother,—does a child. He is a burden, a care. My love to him is not love in the sense of companionship, of friendship answering to friendship, of heart to heart, but the love of self-devotement. I am distressed beyond all expression to say it, and to say it to you; I do not dare to tell even Martha what I tell you so frankly, for she almost hates John Levin, or rather she despises him. You have charity for him, so I speak freely. I believe him to be a man capable of any and every wickedness, and yet he loves me. His whole soul is centered upon me. He does not believe in one indivisible God hating wickedness, but he has faith in me, the chief of sinners, and confidence in my moral instincts. He has apparently only the slightest perception of right and wrong, and what little he has seems to be the outgrowth of his devotion to me. He begins to hate what I hate in some respects, but he is perfectly enslaved by old habit and cannot free himself. And in other respects he has absolutely no more conscience than a shell-fish. Now this would matter little, as we say, for the world is full of such men; but this one man, John Levin, throws himself at my feet and adores me as a goddess, much as a Hindoo does some grotesque image, and protests that I am morally of some use to him. Not much, of course. Nor would this matter, for we cannot keep men from protesting,—even you, Raymond," and she looked across the pine table into his eyes; "but

the strange thing about it is, that on my part, I am certain God out of heaven has somehow made me of one piece with him, so that I am at one with him in nature; and he calls me his conscience, his better self, and begs me never to forsake him. And what can I do,—for I feel that I am carrying him as I would a sick child; and my arms are breaking through weakness, although they are not weary of their burden, for I would do anything for John Levin, except give him dutiful support in his wickedness."

Raymond drew a long breath, and asked after Mary's father and the fishing business. And they went out to watch the great rocks shouldering off the seas; for everywhere the fringe of the sea was white. And overhead they saw the dull eastern sky slowly lighting up behind the clouds, so offering an apology for sunshine. All that dark, wintry day Raymond—to change the topic from John Levin—rehearsed to Mary the story of that burning bush which he had repeatedly seen in the wet grounds a little northerly from Chubb's creek.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When, upon that same morning, Peltiah Perkins reached home, he found Farmer Ross pounding at his front door.

"Who would have thought. Jock," said Ross to himself, "that you would have been found in a deacon's doorway?"

He called it a yard, although the house stood upon the edge of unfenced land held in common, not far from the shipyard and meeting-house. The tap-room in the L., on the south

side, had an odor about it which reconciled Jock to calling upon a deacon, although he had never been there before.

"What, are you here so early!" exclaimed Wybert Merry, a ship carpenter who usually came to his work before the hour, so as to see the deacon. "You cannot then be a stranger. It is a jolly place to come to on a winter morning, I wot. But where's the bar-keeper?"

"Don't be so merry, my good man," responded the elder, just approaching. "I'll wet your whistle for you betimes. What now, Mr. Ross? It's long since we met. You, too, must be athirst, if you've been afloat all night."

"Nay, Deacon, I've not been on the bay, but sitting up with John Levin. I left him asleep in his office at moonrise. My horse is in your shed. He needs hay more than I need to tickle my tongue."

"All in a moment, sir, after I wait on Wybert. For your part, Jock, you look as though you'd had enough over night. But I'll entertain you, both man and beast. Pray tell me, what have you and the 'squire been doing all night?"

"Nothing uncommon, I assure you," replied Ross, setting down his mug and wiping his mouth on his sleeve.

"Mischief, I wager," interposed Merry, after first smacking his lips. "You look it, and 'Squire Levin I've sailed with."

"You sailed with? Drink again then, I pray, for his sake."

"For his sake? For my own rather."

"Be seated, and help yourselves, my good men, out of this bottle,"

said Perkins, cordially. "I'll bait the horse."

"Do you know the deacon well?" asked Ross.

"Yea," jerked out Merry, between sips, "he is the standing dickey of our church,—starched generally; but he wilts when in liquor. How frosty it is this morning! It takes a good deal to thaw out my finger tips, and to warm my toes."

"He must be very pious like, to be a deacon."

"Sort er pious. Our pastor appears to think so. The deacon allus keeps him in rum, and advises him some, and kind er supports him. He's a regeler piller you know, the deacon is."

"Wybert, why do you tarry?" exclaimed Mr. Norton, sharply, as he opened the door. "I hope you are not drunk, so early."

"Ah, ha, Mr. Norton," answered Perkins, coming in, "I do my best to keep Wybert in good health by watering his rum. I fear that Mr. Ross has given it to him too stiff. Ah, ha, Wybert, you had better work near the rudder post this morning while the tide is up to the ways, and so season your rum with salt water. What will you have, Mr. Norton? It's a chilly morning. You must have found it so. Come in again, Wybert, when you quit work. I want to see you."

"Peltiah, Peltiah, why don't you come to breakfast? And bring in Mr. Ross. You are welcome, Mr. Ross. Excuse the shrillness of my invitation. I thought you were at the barn."

"Good morning, Mistress Perkins. It's long since you were at the farm."

"It's not a good time to go visiting, I trow, in cold weather. But come in. Won't you have a bite too, Mr. Norton? You look thin. Come in and sit down and eat one more herring."

In the course of the day, Ross and the elder picked up the men whom Levin wanted to enlist for Canada: rough fellows from down the Cape, and fishermen who called at the tap-room,—Wybert Merry, Thomas Sympkins, Nicholas Gungill, and David O'Killia, the first Irishman on this part of the coast. Sympkins and Gungill, the elder said, were most to be depended upon; he knew them. And Andrew Bangs from Kettle cove was to go as their leader; to him Ross imparted the secret of their going. Merry was well cushioned with fat, and O'Killia looked good natured enough, but Ross was satisfied that they were equal to their business, having both been old cruisers on the *Hawly*, in her early days. The merry-eyed David long sat winking in the corner, and cheery Wybert stopped puffing his pipe to listen at every critical point in what Ross said; and before night they started noisily with the others to the recruiting camp at Salem. Mr. Norton noticed that they all staggered a little except Banges, as they walked past his orchard; and Bobby Dune ran in to tell his mother that the men walked as though they had an earthquake tied to their feet.

At Salem, Ross introduced Andy Banges to John Levin, and they spent most of the night in his office,—Ross upon the floor, sleeping so soundly that the thunder of his own snoring did not wake him up.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Upon that spring day on which Raymond Foote started for the frontier, the wild geese were flying over the sea as if they had no prognostications of a storm at hand. A laughing, revelling crowd, small, but including the major part of the home guard, snickering boys and giggling girls, and the careless merry-makers whose animal spirits relieved the seventeenth century of gloom, had gathered to see the soldiers move on Canada.

"It's a beautiful morning, sir, quite soft as compared with what it was yesterday," said O'Killia to Chaplain Foote, not unwilling to make his acquaintance; and even Banges smiled on the parson, like a lowering cloud in the "nigger hole" northwest, which upon a morning of clearing weather betokens the speedy return of a foul sky. And not far away, arm in arm, paced up and down, Tom Sympkins and Nick Gungill, with disquieting mien.

Doctor Jay, correct and dull, like an untiring machine, had set himself also to move on Canada. And Simeon Strait, the school-master, was also of the soldiers, a corporal, tall, gaunt, bony, with strong jaws and massive forehead, and an air of solidity about him. His native dignity was fantastically set off by long tangled hair and wild flowing beard. He was a man, methodical, slow, prosaic, but of right instincts in every hour, a man always astir at daybreak and awake far into the night. And Major Treate of Chebacco was on hand, who had long known Raymond Foote: a man of prodigiously developed muscles.

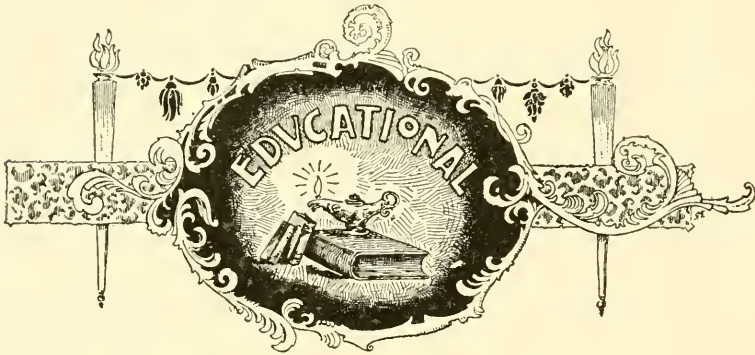
Stiff jointed, with gait like a pair of bars, walked Elder Perkins, upon this solemn and interesting occasion, noting to himself the profits he had made out of the fustian doublets, russet hose, unpinked trade shoes, and leather girdles, which he had furnished for the expedition. The widow Angelica, this morning pallid and waxen faced, with cheeks slightly pendant, and hair disarranged, stood with clasped hands, looking alternately at Mr. Ross and John Levin. No one ever saw Mr. Levin when he was not irreproachably well dressed. And this morning he had expended more care, since he was to sail for England at high noon. His nattiness, in the eyes of the crowd, well set off his deferential suavity of manner toward the soldiers; but a slight frigidity was noticed by Martha, who stood near her husband while the doctor attempted to bind up Jack Byrd's splintered wooden leg.

Raymond Foote looked away from the light of flashing weapons, when the march began, to catch the gleam of the sea; and he saw Mary Glasse drawing near to Martha under the great beach at the southwest corner of the parade. As soon as they entered the forest Raymond separated himself from the soldiers in order that he might have company; as William the Norman used to leave his place when homesick, and find fit society by traversing the woods alone. Raymond encountered here and there a scolding squirrel and the Canadian jay. The sunny atmosphere was glistening with recent rain; and the tips of the maples were beginning to show color. But the sky sprang a leak before night, and the traveler

experienced the delights of inclement weather. Toward evening he nibbled at a little parched corn, and then left his horse to nibble at the scant grass, while he searched a silvery stream for a shad. Then he kindled a fire under a spruce upon the bank of the brook which wriggled through the dank meadows; and illuminated the gloom of the forest; then lay down for the night covered by the darkness.

That same night the angelic widow Adipose began to bestir herself to get Mary Glasse also out of the country, under such circumstances as to make John Levin on his return break off from her if a spark of manliness still glowed in his bosom, a circumstance concerning which the widow was uncertain. If Mary Glasse would not go forth as a camp-follower, she should go as the follower of Raymond Foote.

[To be continued.]



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

CONNECTION BETWEEN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.¹

By Ada M. Thompson, Dover High School.

There is an old definition of librarian which is destined, in the near future, to be marked obsolete. To Dover teachers, at least, a librarian is not a "custodian of books"—one who jealously guards her treasures—but rather a giver and a very generous giver of books and of information in regard to them.

unusual library privileges: Special cards put within reach of teacher and pupil countless books for daily use; most valuable aid is gladly and constantly given by the librarian and her assistants. Our library privileges are indeed great; we appreciate them and strive to use them wisely.

Dover teachers and students enjoy

In carrying out modern methods of

¹ A paper read before the Strafford County Teachers' Association, May 1, 1896.

instruction, the public library is unquestionably a very important factor. In a very general way I wish to speak of the value of the public library to the teacher and to the student of English history and literature.

If all that was to be done in our schools were mere lesson-learning and lesson-hearing, the public library would be of small concern. But, *subjects* not *text-books* are studied; the laboratory method is the method for history as well as science work. We no longer commit to memory *verbatim* "Barnes' History" or "Loomis' Geometry." Neither is Thomas Gradgrind's method in vogue. The object of education is to make the brain not a store-house, but a tool; and in recognition of this object methods of teaching are being transformed. Research is the new watch-word.

Study of English literature no longer means committing to memory the facts of an author's life, the names of his principal works, the date of his birth and death, but rather, the intelligent reading of his works. Intelligent reading implies the use of certain literary apparatus. The book is a tool and belongs to the scholastic workshop. The woman's cook-books are tools; the minister's commentaries are tools; the lawyer's reports are tools; the "Century Dictionary" is a tool. And the histories, literature manuals, novels, poems, dictionaries, and cyclopædias are the tools for our school boys and girls to use.

Is it not the function of the schools to show the value of these tools and teach the children how to use them? "High school graduates ought to be experts in handling dictionaries, cyclopædias, and books of reference; they ought to be quick to surmise which

way to turn to find information about men and things." Most children like to rummage, and why not set them to rummaging through histories, biographies, and books of travel, in search of rich treasures. Teachers often have occasion to wish that masculine curiosity were equal to feminine—but you all know it is n't—and literary exploration is not usually the passion of the school-boy's mind. Curiosity makes a good reader. It is usually little Miss Curiosity who—provided the books are within reach—will search through many histories, novels, and stirring poems, just to satisfy herself in regard to Richard, the Lion-hearted, or the "Kingmaker," or the Spanish Armada, and then how she will enliven the recitations with her tales.

Of course every one would like to use the laboratory method in teaching history, but the success of this method depends upon the abundance and accessibility of books of reference.

An attempt to teach English history with a mere outline in the hands of the pupil and few library books accessible is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Those recitations were dry, uninteresting and unprofitable—the teacher's fault, no doubt! Occasionally, a pupil who preferred to exercise his imagination rather than to read his one textbook, aroused the class from its apathy by some such astounding statement as this: "The crusades were vessels which cruised along the coast from Boston to Portland."

To make history an interesting subject, every available means must be used to produce a vivid impression: mere facts from an outline history will not have the desired effect. Maps, pictures, and as many different histories as possible are essentials; but to awaken

the sympathies and move the imagination most aid is derived from poetry and the historical novel. Without the public library to furnish these many additional books, how could we teachers of history accomplish the desired end?

Although lying on our school tables may be fifty or more books from the public library, do not imagine that the whole of every book is always read; that is not essential. One day we wish for a vivid picture of a tournament; where can we find a better than in "*Ivanhoe*," or "*The Talisman*?" Another day Elizabethan pageants interest us, and then "*Kenilworth*" gives us just what we want; or the brave soldier, Henry V, enlists our attention, and we forget, for the moment, his warlike achievements as we let Shakespeare tell us of the difficulties of his wooing. Perhaps the question is, why is the laurel sacred to Apollo? or who is the "half-regained Eurydice"? and then in "*Classic Myths*" and "*The Age of Fable*" we find fresh fields. Interest in the Norman castles and the Gothic cathedrals of England makes us somewhat familiar with another class of books. Guide books and books of travel have enabled a few of the literature class to feel personally acquainted with London, Chester, Stratford, Oxford, and other historic places.

Then again, in turning over the pages of many of these library books other information than that actually sought is often acquired; the table of contents is more or less mastered. Of course there are some pupils who make long and perhaps futile searches: e. g., the pupil who read through "*Æsop's Fables*" and then searched diligently the classical dictionary, confident that he would find something about Jacob and the

"wise mother who wrought in his behalf."

We read "*The Merchant of Venice*," and Shylock the Jew becomes a real person to us. What more natural than to desire to know more about the Jew in fiction? Mere mention of Isaac and his beloved daughter, of the enthusiastic and aspiring Mordecai, of the gentle Mr. Riah, or the villainous old Fagin, does not satisfy the aroused student; he wants to read these novels and will find the time provided the public library will furnish him with the books.

To Dover teachers and pupils the public library is not a storehouse where all the treasures of wisdom are hid, but rather a literary workshop. The books are there to be read, studied, compared, digested, and made to serve in the development of new truth.

Our library is well equipped to meet the current wants of the literature and history classes, and I like to think that our high school has one very important course, though not laid down in the curriculum, and that a practice course in the use of books. This practice course calls upon each student to learn the use of the library catalogue and to become familiar with many books which otherwise would remain unknown quantities to him. By this course, the student learns to use books rightly; he learns to go to them for help; he learns to appeal to them when his own knowledge and power of thought fails; he learns to seek the opinion of the wisest scholars; he learns to search books and to master the thoughts enshrined in them; thus, slowly but surely, in his four years' course, the pupil gains some idea of the inestimable value of the public library.

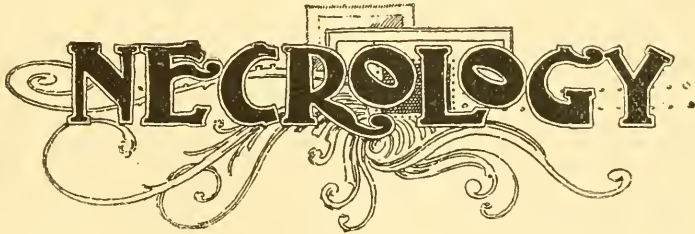
In training pupils to appreciate and use the library, literature teachers are

finding a new style edition of the English classics most helpful. In these editions the notes—no longer labor-saving devices explaining everything in advance—send the pupil for the desired information away from his one little book to the larger and abundant books of the public library; or taking the form of comment or question, the notes prick the student's mind into alertness.

"A teacher watches for the eye that lights, for the lip that asks the question, what does that mean? For the hand that turns instinctively toward dictionary and cyclopedia to make the brain,

which that hand serves, master ever after of the mysterious saying."

To enjoy such library facilities as Dover teachers do enjoy is then of unquestionable advantage to both teacher and pupil; it enables the former to employ up-to-date methods of instruction and educates the latter in the use and value of many books. The right use of such library facilities tends to the formation of correct scholarly habits, gives most valuable mental training, makes the pupil an earnest and enthusiastic student, a pleasure and source of joy to his teacher.



JOHN K. CHANDLER.

John K. Chandler was born in Charlestown, Mass., November 17, 1831, and died at Washington, D. C., May 5. He early engaged in mercantile life, and was for many years the representative of Weld & Co., of Boston, at Manilla. After passing two decades in retirement upon his handsome country estate at Canterbury he returned to public life upon the formation of the Bureau of American Republics by Secretary Blaine. His thorough knowledge of the Latin countries and their languages made him a most valuable promoter of the success of the bureau and its work. Mr. Chandler was a member of the Somerset club, Boston, and a gentleman of wide acquaintance and many friends. He is survived by one brother, Senator William F. Chandler, and a daughter, Alice.

G. L. HORN.

George Leonard Horn was born in Dover in May, 1837, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1857, with the reputation of being the most brilliant student in a remarkable class. For thirty years he was a successful New York lawyer, and died at Boston, whither he had come for medical treatment, April 30.

DR. EMIL CUSTER.

Dr. Emil Custer, at the time of his death the oldest practising physician in Manchester, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, June 12, 1820, and died at Manchester May 18. He received a complete education in his mother country and came to America in 1847. After practising for a year at Syracuse, N. Y., Dr. Custer came to Manchester where he had since resided. He was prominently identified with Masonic and other secret society interests.

J. J. WALWORTH.

James J. Walworth, born in Canaan, November 18, 1808, died at Boston, April 28. He engaged in the hardware business at Boston in 1829, and since 1841 had been prominent in the manufacture of steam-heating and ventilating apparatus. He was for many years president of the Walworth Manufacturing Co., and of the Malleable Iron Fittings Co.

J. H. ABBOT.

Joseph H. Abbot, a native of Concord, born Feb 6, 1838, died in the same city, May 10. At the end of his school days, he immediately entered the famous firm of the Abbot-Downing Company, coach and carriage manufacturers, and gave his life to the faithful promotion of its interests, serving for twenty years as its vice-president.

ROBERT BUNTON.

Robert Bunton was born in Goffstown in 1822. He was a California forty-niner, and was later employed by the government at Washington in the construction of some of the department buildings. Since 1865 he had been engaged in the stone business at Manchester until his death, which occurred May 4.

FRANCIS JEWETT.

Francis Jewett died at Lowell, April 22. He was born in Nelson, September 19, 1820, but had been engaged in the meat business at Lowell since 1850. He had been three times mayor of Lowell, twice senator, and three times member of the governor's council.

